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The Poems

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

WHIMS AND WAIFS:

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

NEW YORK:
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MDCCCLX.

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

As this Collection is intended to form the third volume in a new edition of Hood's Works, now in preſs, a few poems have been inſerted that do not fall within the plan originally contemplated, and set forth in the Preface. Theſe inſertions have been made with a view to the convenience in publication of diſtributing the matter in volumes of about the ſame number of pages, and do not interfere with the general deſign of rendering the preſent collection a deſirable supplement to any of the editions of Hood now in circulation. Nine-tenths of the volume will be as novel to moſt of its readers as if it were publiſhed from the manuſcript.

PREFACE.

The rank which is now assigned to Thomas Hood, as one of the most original and ingenious humorists who have written in any language, gives interest to all the productions of his pen; and induces us to believe that the present volume, composed of Dramatic Sketches, Odes, Political Satires, and Miscellaneous Pieces not contained (with a few exceptions) in former collections of his works, will meet with a favorable reception from his friends.

True it is that many of these poems were suggested by topics of casual and temporary interest, written hastily to fill the pages of a magazine or annual, in reply to the inexorable call for copy. But many of Hood's least elaborated poems were among his best, and they all bear the impress of his peculiar powers, his effervescing fancy, his sparkling wit, his inimitable humor, his unvarying benevolence and kindness of heart, his hatred of hypocrisy and cant. The longest of the poems contained in the present volume is in the dramatic form, and upon a subject which also employed the pen of Keats. It gives us a new phase of Hood's versatile and many-colored genius. In the *Epping Hunt*, we have a story, in the metre of *John Gilpin*, which does not require the aid of the original cuts to make its humor intelli-

gible. The new collection of *Odes and Addresses* is worthy the authors of the clever volume which was so great a favorite with COLERIDGE. Of these, the *Remonstratory Ode from the Elephant*, and probably one or two others, are from the pen of JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS, the brother-in-law of HOOD, and his associate in the production of the *Odes and Addresses*. Some account of this very clever writer will be found in a note at the end of the volume.

The poems which fall under the head of Miscellaneous, have been drawn from a variety of sources, but they are all authenticated as the productions of HOOD. Many of them have been taken from the *Comic Annual;* others from the gilt-edged and silk-bound volumes that were so popular for Christmas time and New Year's, five-and-twenty years ago. To these HOOD was a liberal contributor before the commencement of his own annual publication. We have also been indebted to *Punch* and to the columns of the *Literary Gazette* and *London Athenæum*—to all of which periodicals HOOD was a sometime contributor—for poems that have hitherto escaped the diligence of his editors.

While thus gleaning from the fields of ephemeral letters the scattered sheaves of genius, we have run our eye over many pages of contemporaneous criticism, sometimes gentle and generous, but not unfrequently conceived in a harsh and unindulgent temper. Many persons were disposed to regard HOOD as a mere punster and witling. The very fertility of his genius was a drawback on his reputation. That he should throw off his effusions with such marvellous

readiness, and with so little apparent effort, diminished their value with critics, who never seemed to reflect that what HOOD could do so easily, no other man could do at all. In the hosts of wits and humorists, who gave such brilliancy, during HOOD'S career, to the periodical literature of England, there was no one who could compete with him, or imitate him in the style of writing which he had made so truly his own. Writers there were who were rich in conceits and fluent in versification, and who could play readily with words; but there was an inexpressible and original something that HOOD infused into his most trivial pleasantries, in which none of his cleverest contemporaries rivalled or resembled him. In this peculiar vein he still remains not only unsurpassed but unequalled.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

LAMIA: A ROMANCE, ... 17

THE EPPING HUNT, ... 73

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

Guido and Marina; a Dramatic Sketch, ... 95

Farewell to the Swallows, ... 100

Stanzas to Tom Woodgate of Hastings, ... 102

MORE ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

To N. A. Vigors, Esq., on the publication of "The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society," 109

To Joseph Hume, Esq., M. P., ... 113

To Spencer Perceval, Esq., M. P., ... 116

To Admiral Gambier, G. C. B., ... 117

To Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., ... 120

To J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M. P., on the Report of the Committee on Drunkenness, ... 124

To Messrs. Green, Hollond, and Monck Mason, on their late Balloon Expedition, ... 137

Remonstratory Ode, from the Elephant, at Exeter 'Change, to Mr. Matthews, at the English Opera House, ... 141

Address to Mr. Cross, of Exeter 'Change, on the death of the Elephant, . . 146

To the late Lord Mayor, on the publication of his "Visit to Oxford," . . . 150

Ode to George Colman the Younger, Deputy Licenser of Plays, ... 155

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Domestic Asides: or Truth in Parentheses, ... 161

Town and Country, ... 162

Lament for the Decline of Chivalry, ... 165

The Green Man, ... 168

All round my Hat,—a new Version, ... 172

Playing at Soldiers, ... 176

Sonnet, ... 180

On the Portrait of a Lady, ... 180

Party Spirit, ... 180

Art of Book-Keeping, ... 181

Dog Days, ... 183

"Boxiana," 185

On a Royal Demise, ... 186

A Happy New Year, ... 187

A Bull, ... 190

PAGE

A Charity Sermon, ... 191
Sonnet, ... 193
The Cigar, ... 194
Backing the Favorite, ... 196
The Pursuit of Letters, ... 197
The United Family, ... 198
Epigram, ... 203
The Volunteer, ... 204
The Fall of the Deer, (from an old MS.), ... 207
A Rise at the Father of Angling, ... 209
"Napoleon's Midnight Review,"—new Version, ... 214
Poetry, Prose, and Worse, ... 216
The Forlorn Shepherd's Complaint, an unpublished Poem from Sydney, . 222
Clubs, turned up by a Female Hand, ... 225
Lord Durham's Return, ... 228
The Assistant Drapers' Petition, ... 230
Rural Felicity, ... 233
Stanzas, composed in a Shower Bath, ... 239
A New Song from the Polish, ... 240
Hit or Miss, ... 246
A Flying Visit, ... 258
The Doctor, a Sketch, ... 267
Mary's Ghost, a Pathetic Ballad, ... 269
Tim Turpin, a Pathetic Ballad, ... 271
The Vision, ... 274
The Blue Boar, ... 277
Jack Hall, ... 285
John Trot, a Ballad, ... 294
Drinking Song, by a member of a Temperance Society, as sung by Mr. Spring, at Waterman's Hall, ... 297
Suggestions by Steam, ... 299
Death in the Kitchen, ... 300
The Dead Robbery, ... 303
Agricultural Distress, a Pastoral Report, ... 309
John Jones, a Pathetic Ballad, ... 315
A Bunch of Forget-Me-Nots, ... 317
Ode to Miss Kelly on her opening the Strand Theatre, ... 319
Answer to Pauper, ... 321
Miss Fanny's Farewell Flowers, ... 322
On a Picture of Hero and Leander, ... 324
Incendiary Song, ... 325
A Reflection, ... 327
Ben Bluff, a Pathetic Ballad, ... 328
A Public Dinner, ... 331
A Drop of Gin, ... 336
"Up the Rhine," 339
Joseph's Lament, ... 340
The Pleasures of a Pic-Nic Party, ... 342
A Reflection on New Year's Eve, ... 344
The China Mender, ... 345
The Painter Puzzled, ... 348

PAGE

The Logicians, ... 351
As it fell upon a day, ... 354
Epigram, ... 355
Sonnets, ... 356
Fine Arts, ... 357
Laying down the Law, ... 359
A Winter Nosegay, ... 363
Epigram, ... 364
Lieutenant Luff, ... 365
Elegy on David Laing, Esq., ... 367
Epigram, ... 369
Reflections on a New Year's Day, ... 370
A First Attempt at Rhyme, ... 371
A Discovery in Astronomy, ... 374
The Farewell, ... 375
The Impudence of Steam, ... 376
The University Feud, ... 377
A Row at the Oxford Arms, ... 380
Etching Moralized, ... 385
Ode on a distant Prospect of Clapham Academy, ... 393
A Retrospective Review, ... 397
The Pauper's Christmas Carol, ... 400
Epigram, ... 402
The White Slave, ... 403
A Tale of Temper, ... 405
A Song for the Million, ... 408
Epigram, ... 412
Magnetic Musing, ... 413
The Lark and the Rook, ... 415
The Sausage Maker's Ghost, ... 417
Pythagorean Fancies, ... 420
Anacreontic, ... 423
The Captain's Cow, ... 424
Skipping, ... 429
Epigram, ... 431
"She is far from the Land," 432
The Lay of the Laborer, ... 439
NOTES, ... 465
ADDENDA, ... 474

LAMIA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The romance of LAMIA has never hitherto been inserted in any edition of the author's works. It was originally published in 1852, in the appendix to the first volume of the *Autobiography of William Jerdan*, and is thus alluded to in the text. "I have a matter, as I venture to presume, of peculiar interest to relate, and which I cannot conveniently weave into my narrative, so near the close of the volume; I shall therefore, at the latest hour, beg for an allowance of time and credit till my next *tome* appears, for their revelation. Mr. Canning's Lisbon mission will then also demand my illustration; and, in the meanwhile, not inconsistently with the literary and miscellaneous character of my autobiography, I offer as a reward for granting me this boon, and to enrich these concluding pages with a production that cannot fail to charm every reader of taste and intelligence where the English tongue is spoken, an unpublished work of my late lamented friend, THOMAS HOOD, whose memory will stand on a higher pinnacle with posterity for his serious and pathetic writings than even for those quaint and facetious performances by which he contributed so largely to the harmless mirth of his age, and in which he was unrivalled."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLONIUS, *a philosopher, a sophist, tutor to* LYCIUS.

LYCIUS, *a young man of noble birth, pupil to* APOLLONIUS.

MERCUTIUS,
CURIO,
GALLO, and
others,
} *young wild gallants of Corinth.*

JULIUS, *brother to Lycius.*

DOMUS (*pro tempore*), *butler to* LAMIA.

PICUS (*pro tempore*), *steward to* LAMIA.

LAMIA, *an Enchantress, by nature a Serpent, but now under the disguise of a beautiful woman.*

THE SCENE IS IN OR NEAR CORINTH.

LAMIA;

A ROMANCE.

A mossy Bank with Trees, on the high Road near Corinth.

Enter LAMIA.

LAMIA.

HERE I'll sit down and watch; till his dear foot
Pronounce him to my ear. That eager hope
Hath won me from the brook before I viewed
My unacquainted self.—But yet it seemed
A most rare change—and methinks the change
Has left the old fascination in my eyes.
Look, here's a shadow of the shape I am—
A dainty shadow! [*She sits down on the bank.*
How fair the world seems now myself am fair!
These dewy daffodils! these sweet green trees!
I've coiled about their roots—but now I pluck
Their drooping branches with this perfect hand!
Sure those were Dryades
That with such glancing looks peeped through the green
To gaze upon my beauty. [LYCIUS *enters and passes on without noting her.*
Lycius! sweet Lycius!—what, so cruel still!
What have I done thou ne'er wilt deign a look,
But pass me like a worm?

LYCIUS.

Ha! who art thou? [*Looking back.*

O goddess, (for there is no mortal tint,
No line about thee lower than divine,)
What may that music mean, thy tuneful tongue
Hath sent in chase of me?—I slight! I scorn thee!
By all the light of day, till this kind hour
I never saw that face!—nor one as fair.

LAMIA.

O fie, fie, fie!—what, have you never met
That face at Corinth?—turned too oft towards you,
Like the poor maidens that adored Apollo:—
You must have marked it!—

LYCIUS.

Nay, then hear me swear!
By all Olympus and its starry thrones—
My eyes have never chanced so sweet a sight,
Not in my summer dreams!——

LAMIA.

Enough, enough!—why then I've watched in vain—
Tracked all your ways, and followed like your shadow;
Hung you with blessings—haunted you with love—
And waited on your aspect—all in vain!—
I might as well have spent my loving looks,
Like Ariadne, on the sullen sea,
And hoped for a reflection. Youth, farewell.

LYCIUS.

O not yet—not yet farewell!
Let such an unmatched vision still shine on,
Till I have set an impress in my heart
To cope with life's decay!

LAMIA.

You say but well.
I must soon hie me to my elements;
But take your pleasure at my looks till then.

LYCIUS.

You are not of this earth, then? [*Sadly.*

LAMIA.

Of this earth?
Why not? And of this same and pleasant isle.
My world is yours, and I would have no other.
One earth, one sea, one sky, in one horizon,
Our room is wide enough, unless you hate me.

LYCIUS.

Hate you!

LAMIA.

Then you may wish to set the stars between us,
The dim and utter lamps of east and west.
So far you'd have me from you.

LYCIUS.

Cruel Syren!
To set your music to such killing speech.
Look if my eyes turn from you—if my brows,
Or any hinting feature, show dislike.
Nay, hear my lips—

LAMIA.

If they will promise love
Or talk of it; but chide, and you will kill me!

LYCIUS.

Then, love, speak forth a promise for thyself,
And all heaven's witnesses be by to hear thee.—

LAMIA.

Hold, hold! I'm satisfied. You'll love me, then?

LYCIUS.

With boundless, endless love.

LAMIA.

Ay, give me much on't—for you owe me much,
If you knew all.
I've licked the very dust whereon you tread—

LYCIUS.

It is not true!

LAMIA.

I'll swear it, if you will. Jove heard the words,
And knows they are sadly true.

LYCIUS.

And this for me!

LAMIA.

Ay, sweet, and more. A poor, fond wretch, I filled
The flowers with my tears; and lay supine
In coverts wild and rank—fens, horrid, desolate!
'Twould shock your very soul if you could see
How this poor figure once was marred and vilified,
How grovelled and debased; contemned and hated
By my own self, because, with all its charms,
It then could hope no favor in your eyes;
And so I hid it,
With toads and newts, and hideous shiny things,
Under old ruins, in vile solitudes,
Making their haunts my own.

LYCIUS.

'Tis strange and piteous.—Why, then, you maddened?

LAMIA.

I was not quite myself—(not what I am)—
Yet something of the woman stayed within me,
To weep she was not dead.

LYCIUS.

Is this no fable?

LAMIA.

O most distrustful Lycius! Hear me call
On Heaven, anew, for vouchers to these facts. *[It thunders.*
There! Could'st thou question that? Sweet skies I thank ye!
Now, Lycius, doubt me if you may or can;
And leave me if you will. I can but turn
The wretched creature that I was, again,
Crushed by our equal hate. Once more, farewell.

LYCIUS.

Farewell, but not till death. O gentlest, dearest,
Forgive my doubts. I have but paused till now
To ask if so much bliss could be no dream.
Now I am sure——
Thus I embrace it with my whole glad heart
For ever and for ever; I could weep.
Thy tale hath shown me such a matchless love,
It makes the elder chronicles grow dim.
I always thought
I wandered all uncared for on my way,
Betide me good or ill—nor caused more tears
Than hung upon my sword. Yet I was hung
With dews, rich pearly dews—shed from such spheres
As sprinkle them in amber. Thanks, bounteous stars.
Henceforth you shall but rain your beams upon me
To bless my brightened days.

LAMIA.

O sweet! sweet! sweet!
To hear you parley thus and gaze upon you!
Lycius, dear Lycius!
But tell me, dearest, will you never—never
Think lightly of myself, nor scorn a love
Too frankly set before you! because 'twas given
Unasked, though you should never give again:
Because it was a gift and not a purchase—
A boon, and not a debt; not love for love,
Where one half's due for gratitude.

LYCIUS.

Thrice gracious seems thy gift!

LAMIA.

Oh, no! Oh, no!
I should have made you wait, and beg, and kneel,
And swear as though I could but half believe you;
I have not even stayed to prove your patience
By crosses and feigned slights—given you no time
For any bribing gifts or costly shows.
I know you will despise me.

LYCIUS.

Never, never,
So long as I have sight within these balls,
Which only now I've learned to thank the gods for.

LAMIA.

'Tis prettily sworn; and frankly I'll believe you!
Now shall we on our way? I have a house
(Till now no home) within the walls of Corinth:
Will you not master it as well as me?

LYCIUS.

My home is in your heart; but where you dwell,
There is my dwelling-place. But let me bear you, sweet!

LAMIA.

No, I can walk, if you will charm the way
With such discourse; it makes my heart so light,
I seem to have wings within; or, if I tire,
I'll lean upon you thus.

LYCIUS.

So lean for ever! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Market-place at Corinth.

APOLLONIUS *is discovered discoursing with various young Gallants, namely,* MERCUTIUS, CURIO, &c.

APOLLONIUS.

Hush, sirs!
You raise a tingling blush about my ears,
That drink such ribaldry and wanton jests—
For shame!—for shame!—
You misapply good gifts the gods have granted!

MERCUTIUS.

The gods have made us tongues—brains, too, I hope—
And time will bring us beards. You sages think
Minerva's owl dwells only in such bushes.

CURIO.

Ha! ha!—Why we'll have wigs upon our chins—
Long grizzled ones—and snarl about the streets,

Hugged up in pride and spleen like any mantle,
And be philosophers!

APOLLONIUS.

You will do wisely.

CURIO.

Ay—I hope—why not?
Though age has heaped no winter on our pates.
Is wisdom such a frail and spoiling thing
It must be packed in ice?

GALLO.

Or sopped in vinegar?

APOLLONIUS.

We would you were more gray—

MERCUTIUS.

Why, would you have us gray before our time?
Oh, Life's poor capital is too soon spent
Without discounting it. Pray do not grudge us
Our share;—a little wine—a little love—
A little youth!—a little, little folly,
Since wisdom has the gross. When they are past,
We'll preach with you, and call 'em vanities.

APOLLONIUS.

No!—leave that to your mummies. Sure your act
Will purchase you an embalming. Let me see!—
Here's one hath spent his fortune on a harlot,
And—if he kept to one it was a merit!—
The next has rid the world of so much wine—
Why that's a benefit. And you, Sir Plume,
Have turned your Tailor to a Senator;—
You've made no man the worse—(for manner's sake;

My speech exempts yourself). You've all done well;
If not, your dying shall be placed to your credit.

CURIO.

You show us bravely—could you ever praise one?

APOLLONIUS.

One? and no more! why then I answer, yes—
Or rather, no; for I could never praise him.
He's as beyond my praise as your complexion—
I wish you'd take a pattern!—

CURIO.

Of whose back, sir?

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, there you must begin and try to match
The very shadow of his virtuous worth,
Before you're half a man.

MERCUTIUS.

Who is this model?
An ape—an Afric ape—what he and Plato
Conspire to call a Man.

APOLLONIUS.

Then you're a man already; but no model,
So I must set my own example up;
To show you Virtue, Temperance, and Wisdom,
And in a youth too!—
Not in a withered graybeard like myself,
In whom some virtues are mere worn-out vices,
And wisdom but a due and tardy fruit.
He, like the orange, bears both fruit and flower
Upon his odorous bough—the fair and ripe!—

CURIO.

Why, you can praise too!

APOLLONIUS.

As well as I dispraise :—They're both in one,
Since you're disparaged when I talk of graces.
For example, when I say that he I spoke of
Is no wild sin-monger—no sot—no dicer,
No blasphemer o' th' gods—no shameless scoffer,
No ape—no braggart—no foul libertine—
Oh no—
He hugs no witching wanton to his heart,
He keeps no vices he's obliged to muffle ;—
But pays a filial honor to gray hairs,
And guides him by that voice, Divine Philosophy.

GALLO.

Well, he's a miracle !—and what's he called ?

(ALL.)

Ay, who is he ?—who is he ?

APOLLONIUS.

His name is Lycius.

CURIO.

Then he's coming yonder :—
Lord, how these island fogs delude our eyes !
I could have sworn to a girl too with him.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, ay—you know these eyes can shoot so far,
Or else the jest were but a sorry one.

CURIO.

Mercutius sees her too.

MERCUTIUS.

In faith, I do, sir.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, puppies!—nine days hence you will see truer.

CURIO.

Nay, but by all the gods—

GALLO.

We'll take our oath on't.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, peace! (*aside*) I see her too—This is some mockery,
Illusion, damned illusion!——

What, ho! Lycius!

[LYCIUS (*entering*) *wishes to pass aside.* LAMIA *clings close to him.*

LAMIA.

Hark!—who is that?—quick, fold me in your mantle;
Don't let him see my face!—

LYCIUS.

Nay, fear not, sweet—
'Tis but old Apollonius, my sage guide.

LAMIA.

Don't speak to him—don't stay him—let him pass!—
I have a terror of those graybeard men—
They frown on Love with such cold churlish brows,
That sometimes he hath flown!—

LYCIUS.

Ay, he will chide me;
But do not you fear aught. Why, how you tremble!

LAMIA.

Pray shroud me closer. I am cold—death cold!—

[*Old* APOLLONIUS *comes up, followed by the Gallants.*

APOLLONIUS.

My son, what have you here?

LYCIUS.

A foolish bird that flew into my bosom:—
You would not drive him hence?

APOLLONIUS.

Well, let me see it;
I have some trifling skill in augury,
And can divine you from its beak and eyes
What sort of fowl it is.

LYCIUS.

I have learned that, sir;—
'Tis what is called—a dove—sacred to Venus:—

[*The Youths laugh and pluck* APOLLONIUS *by the sleeve.*

APOLLONIUS.

Fool! drive it out! [*To* LYCIUS.

LYCIUS.

No, not among these hawks here.

APOLLONIUS.

Let 's see it, then.

(ALL.)

Ay, ay, old Graybeard, you say well for once;
Let 's see it;—let 's see it!—

APOLLONIUS.

And sure it is no snake—to suit the fable—
You've nestled in your bosom?

LAMIA (*under the mantle*).

Lost! lost! lost!—

MERCUTIUS.

Hark! the dove speaks—I knew it was a parrot!—

APOLLONIUS.

Dear Lycius—my own son (at least till now),
Let me forewarn you, boy !—

LYCIUS.

No, peace, I will not.

CURIO.

There spoke a model for you.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius, Lycius!
My eyes are shocked, and half my age is killed,
To see your noble self so ill accompanied !—

LYCIUS.

And, sir, my eyes are shocked too—Fie! is this
A proper retinue—for those gray hairs ?
A troop of scoffing boys !—Sirs, by your leave
I must and will pass on. [*To the Gallants.*

MERCUTIUS.

That as you can, sir—

LYCIUS.

Why then this arm has cleared a dozen such.

[*They scuffle: in the tumult* APOLLONIUS *is overturned.*

APOLLONIUS.

Unhappy boy !—this overthrow's your own !—

[LYCIUS *frees himself and* LAMIA, *and calls back.*

LYCIUS.

Lift—help him—pick him up !—fools—braggarts—apes—
Step after me who dares !— [*Exit with* LAMIA.

GALLO.

Whew !—here's a model !—
How fare you, sir (*to* APOLLONIUS)—your head ?—I fear
Your wisdom has suffered by this fall.

APOLLONIUS.

My heart aches more.
O Lycius! Lycius!—

CURIO.

Hark! he calls his model!—
'Twas a brave pattern. We shall never match him.
Such wisdom and such virtues—in a youth too!
He keeps no muffled vices.

MERCUTIUS.

No! no! not he!—
Nor hugs no naughty wantons in his arms—

CURIO.

But pays a filial honor to gray hairs,
And listens to thy voice—Divine Philosophy!

[*They run off, laughing and mocking.*

APOLLONIUS.

You have my leave to jest. The gods unravel
This hellish witchery that hides my scholar!
O Lycius! Lycius! [*Exit* APOLLONIUS.

SCENE III.

A rich Chamber, with Pictures and Statues.

Enter DOMUS *unsteadily, with a flask in his hand.*

DOMUS.

Here's a brave palace! [*Looking round.*
Why, when this was spread
Gold was as cheap as sunshine. How it's stuck
All round about the walls. Your health, brave palace!
Ha! Brother Picus! Look! are you engaged too?

(*Enter* Picus.)

Hand us your hand: you see I'm butler here.
How came you hither?

PICUS.

How? Why a strange odd man—
A sort of foreign slave, I think—addressed me
I' the market, waiting for my turn,
Like a beast of burthen, and hired me for this service.

DOMUS.

So I was hired, too.

PICUS.

'Tis a glorious house!
But come, let's kiss the lips of your bottle.

DOMUS.

Ay, but be modest: wine is apt to blush.

PICUS.

'Tis famous beverage:
It makes me reel i' the head.

DOMUS.

I believe ye, boy.
Why, since I sipped it—(mind, I'd only sipped)—
I've had such glorious pictures in my brains—
Such rich rare dreams!
Such blooms, and rosy bowers, and tumbling fountains,
With a score of moons shining at once upon me—
I never saw such sparkling! [*Drinks.*

PICUS.

Here's a vision!

DOMUS.

The sky was always bright; or, if it gloomed,
The very storms came on with scented waters,

And, if it snowed, 'twas roses; claps of thunder
Seemed music, only louder; nay, in the end,
Died off in gentle ditties. Then, such birds!
And gold and silver chafers bobbed about;
And when there came a little gush of wind,
The very flowers took wing and chased the butterflies!

PICUS.

Egad, 'tis very sweet. I prithee, dearest Domus,
Let me have one small sup!

DOMUS.

No! hear me out.
The hills seemed made of cloud, bridges of rainbows,
The earth like trodden smoke.
Nothing at all was heavy, gross, or human:
Mountains, with climbing cities on their backs,
Shifted about like castled elephants;
You might have launched the houses on the sea,
And seen them swim like galleys!
The stones I pitched i' the ponds would barely sink—
I could have lifted them by tons! *[Drinks.*

PICUS.

Dear Domus, let me paint, too—dear, dear Domus.

DOMUS.

Methought I was all air—Jove! I was feared,
I had not flesh enough to hold me down
From mounting up to the moon.
At every step—
Bounce! when I only thought to stride a pace,
I bounded thirty.

PICUS.

Thirty! Oh, let me drink!

DOMUS.

And that too when I'd even eat or drank
At the rate of two meals to the hour! [*Drinks.*

PICUS.

Two meals to the hour—nay Domus—let me drink,
Dear Domus let me drink—before 'tis empty!—

DOMUS.

But then my fare was all so light and delicate,
The fruits, the cakes, the meats so dainty frail,
They would not bear a bite—no, not a munch,
But melted away like ice. Come, here's the bottle!

PICUS.

Thanks, Domus—Pshaw, it's empty!—Well, who cares—
There's something thin and washy after all
In these poor visions. They all end in emptiness,
Like this. [*Turns down the bottle.*

DOMUS.

Then fill again, boy—fill again!
And be ——. I say, look there!—

PICUS.

It is our Lady!

[LAMIA *enters leaning upon* LYCIUS.

DOMUS.

Our Lady's very welcome: (*bowing*) yours, my lady—
Sir, your poor butler: (*to* LYCIUS) Picus—man—speak up,
The very same that swam so in my dreams;
I had forgot the goddess!—

LAMIA.

Peace, rude knave!
You've tasted what belonged to nobler brains,

And maddened!—My sweet love (*to* LYCIUS) 'twas kept for you,
'Tis nature's choicest vintage.
(*to* DOMUS) Drink no more, sir!
Except what I'll provide you.

DOMUS.

O sweet Lady!
Lord, and I had a cup I'd thank you in it!—
But you've been drunk—sweet lady—you've been drunk!
Here's Master Picus knows—for we drunk you.

PICUS.

Not I, in faith.

LYCIUS.

Ha! ha! my gentle love,
Methinks your butler should have been your steward.

DOMUS.

Why you are merry, sir—
And well you may. Look here's a house we've come to!
O Jupiter!
Look here are pictures, sir, and here's our statues!—
That's Bacchus! [*Pointing.*
And there's Apollo—just aiming at the serpent.

LAMIA.

Peace, fool—my dearest Lycius,
Pray send him forth.

LYCIUS.

Sirrah, take him off! [*To Steward.*

PICUS.

Fie, Domus—know your place.

DOMUS.

My place, slave!
What, don't I know my place? [*Falls on his back.*
Ain't I the butler?

LYCIUS.

No more—no more—there—pull him out by the heels—
[DOMUS *is dragged out.*
(*To* LAMIA.) My most dear love—how fares it with you now?
Your cheek is somewhat pale.

LAMIA.

Indeed, I'm weary,
We'll not stay here—I have some cheer provided
In a more quiet chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street in Corinth; on one side a very noble building, which is the residence of LAMIA. MERCUTIUS, *with the other Gallants, come and discourse in front of the house.*

MERCUTIUS.

So, here they're lodged!
In faith a pretty nest!

GALLO.

The first that led us hither for revenge—
O brave Mercutius!

CURIO.

Now my humor's different,
For while there's any stone left in the market-place
That hurt these bones, when that pert chick o'erset us
I'd never let him sleep!—

GALLO.

Nor I, by Nemesis!
I'd pine him to a ghost for want of rest.
To the utter verge of death.

MERCUTIUS.

And then you'd beat him.
Is that your noble mind?

GALLO.

Lo! here's a turncoat!
D'ye hear him, gentles?—he's come here to fool us!

MERCUTIUS.

Nor I; but that I'm turned, I will confess it;
For as we came—in thinking over this—
Of Lycius, and the lady whom I glanced
Crouching within his mantle—
Her most distressful look came so across me—
Her death-white cheeks—
That I, for one, can find no heart to fret her.

CURIO.

Shall Lycius then go free?

MERCUTIUS.

Ay for her sake:—
But do your pleasure; it is none of mine.

GALLO.

Why, a false traitor! [*Exit.*

CURIO.

Sirs, I can expound him;
He's smit—he's passion-smit—I heard him talk
Of her strange witching eyes—such rare ones
That they turned him cold as stone.

GALLO.

Why let him go then—but we'll to our own.

CURIO.

Ay, let's be plotting
How we can vent our spites on this Sir Lycius—
I own it stirs my spleen, more than my bruises,
To see him fare so well—hang him!—a model!—
One that was perked too, underneath our noses,
For virtue and for temperance.
I have a scheme will grieve 'em without end:
I planned it by the way.
You know this fellow, Lycius, has a father
Some fifteen leagues away. We'll send him thither
By some most urgent message.

GALLO.

Bravely plotted:
His father shall be dying. Ah! 'tis excellent.
I long to attempt the lady;—nay, we'll set
Mercutius, too, upon her! Pray, let's to it.
Look! here's old Ban-dog. [APOLLONIUS *appears in the distance.*

CURIO.

Nay, but I will act
Some mischief ere I go. There's for thee, Lycius!
[*He casts a stone through the window, and they run off.*

Enter APOLLONIUS.

APOLLONIUS.

Go to, ye silly fools!—Lo! here's a palace!
I have grown gray in Corinth, but my eyes
Never remember it. Who is the master?
Some one is coming forth. Lycius again!
[LYCIUS *comes out disordered, with his face flushed, and reels up to* APOLLONIUS.

LYCIUS.

Why, how now, Graybeard? What! are these your frolics,
To sound such rude alarum in our ears?
Go to!

APOLLONIUS.

Son, do you know me?

LYCIUS.

Know you? Why?
Or how? You have no likeness in our skies!
Gray hairs and such sour looks! You'd be a wonder!
We have nothing but bright faces. Hebes, Venuses;
No age, no frowns!
No wrinkle, but our laughter shakes in wine.
I wish you'd learn to drink.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius! Lycius!
Would you had never learned to drink, except those springs
We supped together! These are mortal draughts;—
Your cup is drugged with death!

LYCIUS.

Grave sir, you lie!
I'm a young god. Look! do you not behold
The new wings on my shoulders? You may die;
That moss upon your chin proclaims you're mortal,
And feel decays of age. But I'm renewable
At every draught I take! Here, Domus! Domus!

Enter DOMUS.

Bring a full cup of nectar for this churl. [*Exit* DOMUS.
'Twill give you back your youth, sir—ay, like magic—
And lift you o'er the clouds. You'll dream of nothing

That's meaner than Olympus. Smiling goddesses
Will haunt you in your sleep. You'll walk on flowers,
And never crush their heads.

Enter DOMUS *with wine.*

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, madman, peace!
None of your draughts for me—your magic potions,
That stuff your brains with such pernicious cheats!
I say, bear off the bowl!

LYCIUS.

What!—will he not?—
Then cast it over him—'twill do as well;—
He shall be a demi-god against his will.
Cast it, I say!— [*To* DOMUS.

DOMUS.

'Tis such a sinful waste!
Why, there, then—there! [*He throws it over* APOLLONIUS.
Look how it falls to the ground!
Lord, you might soak him in it year by year,
And never plump him up to a comely youth
Like you or me, sir!—

LYCIUS.

Let him go. Farewell!—
Look, foolish Graybeard—I am going back
To what your wisdom scorned. A minute hence
My soul is in Elysium! [*Exit with* DOMUS.

APOLLONIUS.

Fool, farewell!
Why, I was sprinkled; yet I feel no wet.
'Tis strange!—this is some magic, against which

Philosophy is proof. I must untangle it.
Hold!— [*He stands in meditation.*
I have it faintly dawning in my brain.
'Tis somewhere in my books (which I'll refer to)—
Speaking of Nature's monstrous prodigies,
That there be witching snakes—Circean births—
Who, by foul spells and forgeries, can take
The mask and shape of woman—fair externe,
But viperous within. And so they creep
Into young hearts, and falsify the brain
With juggling mockeries. Alas, poor boy,
If this should be thy case! These are sad tales
To send unto thy father.

[MERCUTIUS *enters without perceiving* APOLLONIUS: *going up to* LAMIA'S *house, he recollects himself.*

MERCUTIUS.

Here again?
What folly led me hither? I thought I was
Proceeding homeward. Why I've walked a circle,
And end where I began! [APOLLONIUS *goes up and calls in his ear.*

APOLLONIUS.

I'll tell you, dreamer;
It's magic, it's vile magic brought you hither,
And made you walk in a fog.
There, think of that;—be wise, and save yourself!
I've better men to care for! [*Exit* APOLLONIUS.

MERCUTIUS.

What did he say?
The words were drowned in my ear by something sweeter.
[*A strain of wild music within the house.*
Music! rare music!—It must be her voice;
I ne'er heard one so thrilling! Is it safe

To listen to a song so syren-sweet—so exquisite?—
That I might hold my breath, entranced, and die
Of ardent listening? She is a miracle!

Enter DOMUS.

Look, here's a sot will tell me all he knows.
One of her servants—
Is that your lady's voice? (*to* DOMUS) her pipe's a rare one.

DOMUS.

Ay, marry. If you heard it sound within,
Till it makes the glasses chime, and all the bottles,
You'd think yourself in heaven.

MERCUTIUS.

I wish she'd sing again.

DOMUS.

And if you saw her eyes, how you would marvel!
I have seen my master watch them, and fall back
Like a man in his fits. I'm rather dizzy,
And drunken-like myself. The vile quandaries
Her beauty brings one into— [*Staggers about.*
Ay, I'm crazed. But you should see our Pieus—
Lord, how he stands agape, till he drops his salver,
And then goes down on his knees.

MERCUTIUS.

And so should I,
Had I been born to serve her! [*Sighs.*

DOMUS.

Why you shall, boy;
And have a leather jerkin—marry, shall you!
We need a helper sadly. I'm o'er-burdened
(You see how I am burdened); but I'll teach you
What manners you may want.

MERCUTIUS.

Well, I'm for you—
(I will dislike no place that brings me near her)—
Mind, you have listed me.

DOMUS.

And I can promise
You'll not dislike your fare—'tis excellent, light
As well as savory, and will not stuff you;
But when you've eat your stretch to the outer button,
In half an hour you'll hunger. It is all feasting,
With barely a tithe of fasting. Then such drinking!
There's such a cellar!
One hundred paces long (for I have paced it),
By about two hundred narrow. Come along, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Chamber in LAMIA'S *House.* LAMIA *and* LYCIUS *are discovered sitting on a couch.*

LAMIA.

Nay, sweet-lipped Silence,
'Tis now your turn to talk. I'll not be cheated
Of any of my pleasures; which I shall be,
Unless I sometimes listen.

LYCIUS.

Pray talk on,
A little further on. You have not told me
What country bore you, that my heart may set
Its name in a partial place. Nay, your own name—
Which ought to be my better word for beauty—
I know not.

LAMIA.

Wherefore should I talk of such things
I care not to remember? A lover's memory
Looks back no further than when love began,
As if the dawn o' the world.
As for my birth—suppose I like to think
That we were dropped from two strange several stars
(Being thus meant for one), why should you wish
A prettier theory, or ask my name,
As if I did not answer, heart and eyes,
To those you call me by? In sooth, I will not
Provide you with a worse.

LYCIUS.

Then I must find it. Now I'm but puzzled
To compound sweet superlatives enough
In all the world of words. [DOMUS *enters boisterously with a letter.*

DOMUS.

An express! an express!
Faith, I've expressed it. I did not even wait (*aside*)
To pry between the folds.

[LYCIUS *takes the letter, and reads in great agitation.* LAMIA *watches him.*

LAMIA.

Alas! what news is this? Lycius! dear Lycius!
Why do you clutch your brow so? What has chanced
To stab you with such grief? Speak! speak!

LYCIUS.

My father!

LAMIA.

Dead?

LYCIUS.

Dying—dying—if not dead by this.
I must leave you instantly.

LAMIA.

Alas! I thought
This fair-eyed day would never see you from me!
But must you go, indeed?

LYCIUS.

I must! I must!
This is some fierce and fearful malady
To fall so sudden on him. Why, I left him,
No longer since—ay, even when I met you
We had embraced that morn.

LAMIA.

It was but yesterday!
How soon our bliss is marred! And must you leave me?

LYCIUS.

Oh! do not ask again with such a look,
Or I shall linger here and pledge my soul
To everlasting shame and keen remorse!

LAMIA.

The Fates are cruel!
Yet let me cling to thee and weep awhile:
We may not meet again. I can not feel
You are safe but in these arms! [*She embraces him.*

LYCIUS.

I'm split asunder
By opposite factions of remorse and love;
But all my soul clings here.

DOMUS.

It makes me weep.
He will not see his father. [LYCIUS *casts himself on the couch.*

LAMIA (*striking* DOMUS).

Wretch! take that,
For harrowing up his griefs! Dearest!—my Lycius!
Lean not your brow upon that heartless pillow!

DOMUS.

How he groaned then!

LAMIA.

Lycius, you fright me!
You turn me cold!

LYCIUS (*rising up*).

Oh! in that brief rest,
I've had a waking vision of my father!
Even as he lay on his face and groaned for me,
And shed like bitter tears!
Oh, how those groans will count in heaven against me!
One for pain's cruelty, but two for mine,
That gave a sting to his anguish.
His dying breath will mount to the skies and curse me.
His angered ghost
Will haunt my sight, and when I'd look upon you
Step in like a blot between us.

LAMIA.

Go, go! or you will hate me. Go and leave me!
If I now strive by words or tears to stay you
For my pleasure's sake or pain's,
You'd say there was something brutal in my nature
Of cold and fiendish, and unlike woman;
Some taint that devilish——
Yet give me one long look before you go—
One last, long look! [*She fixes her eyes on his.*

LYCIUS.

O gods! my spirit fails me,
And I have no strength to go, although I would!

LAMIA.

Perhaps he is dead already!

LYCIUS.

Ha! Why, then,
What can I? Or, if not, what can I still?
Can I keep him from his urn? or give him breath?
Or replenish him with blood?

LAMIA.

Alas! alas!
Would I had art or skill enough to heal him!

LYCIUS.

Ay, art and skill, indeed, do more than love
In such extremities. Stay! here, hard by,
There dwells a learned and most renowned physician,
Hath wrought mere miracles.
Him I'll engage, armed with our vows and prayers,
To spend his utmost study on my father,
And promptly visit him. A short farewell.

[*Exit.* DORUS *follows.*

LAMIA.

Farewell—be not o'er long. It made me tremble
That he should see his father! The oldest eyes
Look through some fogs that young ones cannot fathom,
And lay bare mysteries. Ah me! how frail
Are my foundations! Dreams, mere summer dreams,
Which, if a day-beam pierce, return to nothing!
And let in sadder shows. A foot!—so soon!
Why, then, my wishes hold.

Enter DOMUS *and* PICUS.

DOMUS.

He's gone! he's gone!
He had not snuffed the air, outside o' the gate,
When it blew a change in his mind. He bade me tell you,
A voice from the sky-roof, where the gods look down,
Commanded him to his father.

LAMIA.

No more! no more!
(The skies begin, then, to dispute my charms.)
But did he ne'er turn back?

DOMUS.

Ay, more than twice
He turned on his heel, and stood—then turned again,
And tramped still quicker as he got from hence,
Till at last he ran like a lapwing!

LAMIA.

This is a tale
Coined by the silly drunkard. You, sir, speak. [*To* PICUS.

PICUS.

Nay, by our troths—

LAMIA.

Then, sirrah, do not speak.
If such vile sense be truth, I've had too much on't.
Hence! fly! or I will kill you with a frown.
You've maddened me!

PICUS.

I saw her eyes strike fire!

[PICUS *and* DOMUS *run out.* LAMIA *looks round the chamber.*

LAMIA.

Alone! alone!
Then, Lamia, weep, and mend your shatter-web,

And hang your tears, like morning dew, upon it.
Look how your honey-bee has broken loose
Through all his meshes, and now wings away,
Showing the toils were frail. Ay, frail as gossamers
That stretch from rose to rose. Some adverse power
Confronts me, or he could not tear them thus.
Some evil eye has pierced my mystery!
A blight is in its ken!
I feel my charms decay—my will's revoked-
And my keen sight, once a prophetic sense,
Is blinded with a cloud, horrid and black,
Like a veil before the face of Misery!

Another Apartment in LAMIA's *House. Enter* JULIUS (LYCIUS's *brother*) *and* DOMUS.

JULIUS.

Rumor has not belied the house i' the least;
'Tis all magnificent. I pray you, sir,
How long has your master been gone?

DOMUS.

About two quarts, sir;
That is, as long as one would be a drinking 'em.
'Tis a very little while since he set off, sir.

JULIUS.

You keep a strange reckoning.
Where is your mistress? Will she see me?

DOMUS.

Ay, marry;
That is, if you meet; for it is good broad daylight.

JULIUS.

This fellow's manners speak but ill for the house. (*Aside.*)
Go, sirrah, to your lady, with my message:

Tell her, one Julius, Lycius's best friend,
Desires a little converse. [*Exit* Domus.
Now for this miracle, whose charms have bent
The straightest stem of youth strangely awry—
My brother Lycius!
He was not use to let his inclination
Thus domineer his reason: the cool, grave shade
Of Wisdom's porch dwelt ever on his brow
And governed all his thoughts, keeping his passions
Severely chastened. Lo! she comes. How wondrously
Her feet glide o'er the ground. Ay, she is beautiful!
So beautiful, my task looks stern beside her,
And duty faints like doubt. [Lamia *enters.*
Oh, thou sweet fraud!
Thou fair excuse for sin, whose matchless cheek
Vies blushes with the shame it brings upon thee,
Thou delicate forgery of love and virtue,
Why art thou as thou art, not what here seems
So exquisitely promised?

LAMIA.

Sir, do you know me?
If not—and my near eyes declare you strange—
Mere charity should make you think me better.

JULIUS.

Oh, would my wishful thought could think no worse
Than I might learn by gazing.
Why are not those sweet looks—those heavenly looks,
True laws to judge thee by, and call thee perfect?
'Tis pity, indeed 'tis pity,
That anything so fair should be a fraud!

LAMIA.

Sir, I beseech you, wherefore do you hang
These elegies on me? For pity's sake
What do you take me for? No woman, sure,
By aiming thus to wound me (*weeping*).

JULIUS.

Ay, call these tears
Into your ready eyes! I'd have them scald
Your cheeks until they fade, and wear your beauty
To a safe and ugly ruin. Those fatal charms
Can show no sadder wreck than they have brought
On many a noble soul, and noble mind
Pray count me:
How many men's havocks might forerun the fall
Of my lost brother Lycius?

LAMIA.

Are you his brother?
Then I'll not say a word to vex you: not a look
Shall aim at your offence. You are come to chide me,
I know, for winning him to sell his heart
At such a worthless rate. Yet I will hear you,
Patiently, thankfully, for his dear sake.
I will be as mild and humble as a worm
Beneath your just rebuke. 'Tis sure no woman
Deserved him; but myself the least of all,
Who fall so far short in his value.

JULIUS.

She touches me! (*Aside.*)

LAMIA.

Look, sir, upon my eyes. Are they not red?
Within an hour, I've rained a flood of tears.

To feel, to know
I am no better than the thing I am,
Having but just now learned to rate my vileness.
You cannot charge
My unworthy part so bitterly as I do.
If there's about me anything that's honest,
Of true and womanly, it belongs to Lycius,
And all the rest is Grief's.

JULIUS.

Then I'll not grieve you—
I came with frowns, but I depart in tears
And sorrow for you both; for what he was,
And what you might have been—a pair of wonders,
The grace and pride of nature—now disgraced,
And fallen beyond redress.

LAMIA.

You wring my heart!

JULIUS.

Ay, if you think how you have made him stain
The fair-blown pride of his unblemished youth,
His studious years—
And for what poor exchange? these fading charms—
I will not say how frail.

LAMIA.

O hold—pray hold!
Your words have subtle cruel stings, and pierce
More deeply than you aim! This sad heart knows
How little of such wrong and spiteful ill
Were in love's contemplation when it clasped him!
Lycius and bliss made up my only thought;
But now, alas!

A sudden truth dawns on me, like a light
Through the remainder tatters of a dream,
And shows my bliss in shreds.

JULIUS.

I pity you!
Nay, doubtless, you will be, some wretched day,
A perished cast-off weed when found no flower—
Or else even then, his substance being gone,
My brother's heart will break at your desertion.

LAMIA.

O never, never! [*Fervently.*
Never, by holy truth! while I am woman
Be false what may, at least my heart is honest.
Look round you, sir; this wealth, such as it is,
Once mine, is now all his; and when 'tis spent,
I'll beg for him, toil for him, steal for him!
God knows how gladly I would share his lot
This speaking moment in a humble shed,
Like any of our peasants!—ay, lay these hands
To rude and rugged tasks, expose these cheeks
You are pleased to flatter, to the ardent sun;
So we might only live in safe pure love
And constant partnership—never to change
In each other's hearts and eyes!

JULIUS.

You mend your fault.
This late fragmental virtue much redeems you;
Pray, cherish it. Hark! what a lawless riot.
[*A loud boisterous shout is heard from below.*
O hope—Again! (*the noise renewed*) why then this is a triumph
Of your true fame, which I had just mistaken;

Shame on thee, smooth dissembler—shame upon thee!
Is this the music of your songs of sorrow,
And well-feigned penitence—lo! here, are these
Your decent retinue——

Enter the wild Gallants, flushed with wine.

LAMIA.

Sir, by heaven's verity
I do not know a face! *indeed I do not;*
They are strange to me as the future.

CURIO.

Then the future
Must serve us better, chuck. Here, bully mates,
These, lady, are my friends, and friends of Lycius!

JULIUS.

Is it so?—then Lycius is fallen indeed!

CURIO.

Ay, he has had his trip—as who has not, sir?
I'll warrant you've had your stumbles.

JULIUS.

Once—on an ape.
Get out o' the way of my shins. [*Going.*

LAMIA.

Sir, dearest sir,
In pity do not go, for your brother's sake,
If not for mine—take up my guardianship,
'Gainst these ungentle men. [*She lays hold of* JULIUS.

JULIUS.

Off, wanton, off!
Would you have me of your crew, too? [*Exit roughly.*

GALLO.

Let him go !—
He has a graft in him of that sour crab,
The Apollonius—let him go, a churl !

CURIO.

Sweet lady, you look sad—fie, it was ill done of Lycius,
To leave his dove so soon—but he has some swan
At nest in another place.

GALLO.

I'll bet my mare on't.

LAMIA.

Kind sirs, indeed I'm sorry
Your friend's not here. If he were by,
He would help you to your welcome.

CURIO.

We've no doubt on't; [*Bitterly.*
But we'll not grieve, since here we are quite enough
For any merriment.

GALLO.

And as for a welcome,
We'll acknowledge it on your cheer.

LAMIA.

Then that's but sorry, sir,
If you mean what lies in my heart.

GALLO.

No, no in faith,
We mean what lies in your cellar—wine, rare wine,
We will pledge you in floods on't, and when knocked off our legs,
Adore you on our knees.

LAMIA.

Hear me, sweet gentles,
How you shall win my favor. Set to work and copy—
Be each a Lycius.

GALLO.

Lycius, forsooth! hang him!
A model again! the perfect model.

CURIO.

As if we could not match his vices!
Pray ask your Lycius, when he's new come back,
(If ever he come back)
What his father ailed, or if he ailed at all,
And how it ailed too, that his brother Julius
Got no such forged advice.

GALLO.

It had charmed your heart to see how swift he ran,
(Whether to get from hence or gain elsewhere,
I know not), but I never saw such striving,
Save at the Olympic games to win the goal.

(ALL.)

Ha! ha! ha!

LAMIA.

Laugh on, I pray, laugh on. Ye puny spites!
You think to fret me with these ill coined tales;
But look, I join in your glee, [*She attempts to laugh.*
Or if I cannot, 'tis because I'm choked with a curse.
[*She hurries out.*

GALLO.

It works! it wings her! What shall we next?
Follow her, or carry her off?

CURIO.

These are too violent,
And perilous to ourselves; but I will fit
Our revenge to its other half. Sir Lycius now
Must have the green eye set in his head, and then
They'll worry each other's hearts without our help.
Julius or Apollonius will be our ready organs
To draw his car.

GALLO.

'Tis plausible, and cannot fail to part 'em,
And when he has shaken her from off his bough
It needs she must fall to us.

CURIO.

I wonder where
That poor sick fool Mercutius is gone?
He hath a chance now.

GALLO.

Methought I glanced him
Below, and forsooth, disguised as a serving-man;
But he avoided me.

CURIO.

The subtle fox!
Let us go beat him up. [*Exeunt hallooing.*

SCENE VI.

The Street before LAMIA'S *House. Enter* APOLLONIUS *with* JULIUS.

APOLLONIUS.

I say she is a snake—

JULIUS.

And so say I;

APOLLONIUS.

But not in the same sense—

JULIUS.

No, not exactly.
You take that literal, which I interpret
But as a parable—a figure feigned
By the elder sages (much inclined to mark
Their subtle meanings in dark allegories)
For those poisonous natures—those bewitching sins
That armed and guarded with a woman's husk,
But viperous within, seduce young hearts,
And sting where they are cherished

APOLLONIUS.

Your guess is shrewd;
Nay, excellent enough to have been my own.
But, hark you, I have read in elder oracles
Than ever you will quote, the fact which backs me.
In Greece, in the midst of Greece, it hath been known,
And attested upon oath, i' the faith of multitudes,
That such true snakes have been—real hissing serpents,
Though outwardly like women.
With one of such, a youth, a hopeful youth,
Sober, discreet, and able to subdue
His passions otherwise—even like our Lycius—
For a fortnight lived, in a luxury of wealth,
Till suddenly she vanished, palace and all,
Like the shadow of a cloud.

JULIUS.

The dainty fable!
But now unto the proof. Methinks this sounds
Like a real door (*knocking*); a cloud scarce wars so,

But when Jove strikes it with a thunderbolt.
I'll tell you, sir,
She is a wanton, and that's quite enough
To perish a world of wealth. [Picus *comes to the door.*
Ho, sirrah! fellow!
Is your lady now within?

PICUS.

No, sir, she's out.
Something hath put her out—she will see nobody.
She's ill, she's grievous bad—her head won't bear
The rout of company. [*A loud shout within.*

APOLLONIUS.

Why, then, I think
The medical conclave might observe more quiet.
Look, knave! are these her grave, her learned physicians?
Well met, sirs. [*Another shout, and* Curio, *etc., issue forth.*

CURIO.

That's as may be. Ha! old mastiff!
Go to your kennel.

JULIUS.

You are just in time, sirs,
To settle our dispute: we have a gage on't,
The sophist here and I.
There is one lives in that house—(*pointing to* Lamia's)—
how would you call her?
A woman?

CURIO.

Ay; and sure a rare one,
As I have proved upon her lips.
[Lamia *opens a window gently and listens.*

GALLO.

Ay, marry, have we!
She was kind enough, for our poor sakes, to send

One Lycius, her late suitor, on an errand
That will make him footsore.

CURIO.

Yes, a sort of summons
Cunningly forged to bid him haste to his father,
Who lay in the jaws of death. Lord, how he'll swear
To find the old cock quite well!

JULIUS.

This is too true. [*To* APOLLONIUS.
I left our father but this very morn
The halest of old men. He was then on his way
Toward this city, on some state affair.
They'll encounter upon the road!

APOLLONIUS.

Here is some foul and double damned deception.
[LAMIA, *by signs, assents to this reflection.*
I'll catechise myself. Here, sir—you—you— [*To* CURIO.
Who have gazed upon this witch, touched her, and talked with her,
How know you she is woman, flesh and blood,
True clay and mortal lymph, and not a mockery
Made up of infernal elements of magic?
Canst swear she is no cloud—no subtle ether—
No fog, bepainted with deluding dyes—
No cheating underplot—no covert shape,
Making a filthy masquerade of nature?
I say, how know ye this?

CURIO.

How? by my senses.
If I nipped her cheek, till it brought the white and red,
I wot she is no fog.

APOLLONIUS.

Fie on the senses!
What are the senses but our worst arch-traitors?
What is a madman but a king betrayed
By the corrupted treason of his senses?
His robe a blanket, and his sceptre a straw,
His crown his bristled hair.
Fie on the shallow senses! What doth swear
Such perjuries as the senses?—what give birth
To such false rumors, and base verdicts render
In the very spite of truth? Go to: thy senses
Are bond-slaves, both to madness and to magic,
And all the mind's disease. I say the senses
Deceive thee, though they say a stone's a stone.
And thou wilt swear by them an oath, forsooth,
And say the outer woman is utter woman,
And not a whit a snake! Hark! there's my answer.
[LAMIA *closes the window violently.*
That noise shall be my comment.

GALLO.

He talks in riddles,
Like a sphinx lapped in a blanket. Gentles—Curio—
Let us leave him to his wisdom.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, I'll promise
'Twill dive far deeper than your feather wits
Into some mysteries. [*Going toward the door.*

CURIO.

There's one I know in her house,
By name Mercutius, a most savage fellow:
I commend ye to his wrath. [*Exeunt* CURIO, GALLO, *etc.*

APOLLONIUS.

So, get ye gone,
Ye unregarded whelps.

JULIUS.

But will you in,
Whether she will or no?

APOLLONIUS.

Indeed I mean it.
Sirrah (*to* PICUS), lead on. I'll charge you with your message. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Chamber in LAMIA'S *House. Enter* MERCUTIUS *in a distracted manner.*

MERCUTIUS.

Where is this haunting witch? Not here! not here!—
Why then for a little rest and unlooked calm—
Ay, such a calm
As the shipmate curses on the stagnate sea
Under the torrid zone, that bakes his deck
Till it burns the sole of his foot. My purpose idles,
But my passions burn without pause; O how this hot
And scarlet plague runs boiling through my veins
Like a molten lava! I'm all parched up.
There's not a shady nook throughout my brain
For a quiet thought to lie—no, not a spring
Of coolness left in my heart. If I have any name,
It is Fever, who is all made up of fire,
Of pangs—deliriums—raving ecstacies—

And desperate impulse. Ha! a foot!—I know it!—
Now then, I'll ambush here, and come upon her
Like a wild boar from a thicket.

[*He hides himself behind an arras:* LAMIA *enters, holding her forehead betwixt her palms.*

LAMIA.

This should be a real head, or 'twould not throb so;
Who ever doubts it?
I would he had these racking pains within;
Ay, and those he hath set in my heart, to drive him mad.
How now, sir!

Enter PICUS.

PICUS.

There are two below beseech you
For a conference. The one's a wrinkled graybeard,
The other—

LAMIA.

You need not name. I will see neither;
And tell them—look—with a copy of this frown,
If they congregate again beneath my caves,
I have that will hush their twitting. [*Exit* PICUS.
Why must I reap
These uncarned spites where I have sown no hate?
Do the jealous gods
Stir up these cankered spirits to pursue me?
Another! (MERCUTIUS *comes forward*) What brings thee hither?

MERCUTIUS (*gloomily*).

I do not know—
If love or hate—indeed I do not know—
Or whether a twine of both—they're so entangled.
Mayhap to clasp thee to my heart, and kiss thee,

To fondle thee, or tear thee, I do not know:
Whether I come to die, or work thy death,
Whether to be thy tyrant or thy slave,
In truth, I do not know.
But that some potent yearning draws me to thee,
Something, as if those lips were rich and tempting,
And worthy of caressing—fondly endeared—
And something as if a tortured devil within me
Sought revenge of his pangs: I cannot answer
Which of these brings me hither.

LAMIA.

Then prythee hence,
Till that be analysed.

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! ha! turn back:
Why if I am a tiger—here's my prey—
Or if the milk-mild dove—here is my choice—
Do you think I shall turn back howe'er it be?
Let the embrace prove which. Nay, do not shrink,
If an utter devil press into thy arms,
Thyself invoked him!

LAMIA.

Ah! I know by this
Your bent is evil!

MERCUTIUS.

Then 'twas evil born!
As it works 'twas wrought on—look—say what I am,
For I have no recognizance of myself.
Am I wild beast or man—civil or savage—
Reasoning or brutal—or gone utter mad—
So am I as thou turned me—hellish or heavenly,
The slavish subject of thy influence—

I know not what I am—nor how I am,
But by thy own enforcement—come to force thee,
Being passion-mad.

LAMIA.

How have I wrought hither?
I would thou wert away!

MERCUTIUS.

Why dost thou sit then
I' the middle of a whirlpool drawing me unto thee;
My brain is dizzy, and my heart is sick,
With the circles I have made round thee and round thee!
Till I dash into thy arms!

LAMIA.

There shalt thou never!
Go! desperate man; away!—and fear thy gods,
Or else the hot indignation in my eyes
Will blast thee. O, beware! I have within me
A dangerous nature, which if thou provoke,
Acts cruelty. Ne'er chafe me; thou had'st better
Ruffle a scorpion than the thing I am!
Away!
Or I'll bind thy bones till they crack!

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! ha! dost threaten?
Why then come ruin, anguish or death,
Being goaded onward by my headlong fate
I'll clasp thee!—
Though there be sugared venom on thy lips
I'll drink it to the dregs—though there be plagues
In thy contagious touch—or in thy breath
Putrid infections—though thou be more cruel

Than lean-ribbed tigers—thirsty and open-fanged,
I will be as fierce a monster for thy sake,
And grapple thee.

LAMIA.

Would Lycius were here!

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! would'st thou have him gashed and torn in strips
As I would scatter him? then so say I
"Would Lycius were here!" I have oft clenched
My teeth in that very spite.

LAMIA.

Thou ruthless devil!
To bear him so bloody a will!—Why then, come hither,
We are a fit pair.

[MERCUTIUS *embracing her, she stabs him in the back with a small dagger.*

MERCUTIUS (*falling*).

O thou false witch!
Thou hast pricked me to the heart! Ha! what a film
Falls from my eyes!—or have the righteous gods
Transformed me to a beast for this! Thou crawling spite,
Thou hideous—venomous— [*Dies.*

LAMIA.

Let the word choke thee!
I know what I am. Thou wilful desperate fool
To charge upon the spikes!—thy death be upon thee!—
Why would'st thou have me sting? Heaven knows I had
spared thee,
But for thy menace of a dearer life.
O! Lycius! Lycius!
I have been both woman and serpent for thy sake—

Perchance to be scorned in each :—I have but gored
This ill-starred man in vain !—hush, methought he stirred;
I'll give him another thrust (*stabs the body*); there—lie thou quiet.
What a frown he hath upon his face ! May the gods ne'er mention it
In their thunders, nor set the red stain of his blood
For a sign of wrath in the sky !—O thou poor wretch !
Not thee, dull clod !—but for myself I weep—
The sport of malicious destinies !
Why was I heiress of these mortal gifts
Perishing all whether I love or hate ?
Nay, come out of sight [*To the body.*
With thy dismal puckering look—'twill fright the world
Out of its happiness. [*She drags the body aside, and covers it with drapery.*
Would I could throw
A thicker curtain on thee—but I see thee
All through and through, as though I had
The eyes of a god within ; alas, I fear
I am here all human, and have that fierce thing,
They call a conscience ! [*Exit.*

THE EPPING HUNT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Striding in the Steps of Strutt—the historian of the old English Sports—the author of the following pages has endeavored to record a yearly revel, already fast hastening to decay. The Easter Chase will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its Deer will be Fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon.

In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing.

"Sir,

"About the Hunt. In anser to your Innqueries, their as been a great falling off laterally, so much so this year that there was nobody allmost. We did a mear nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, wich is a proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a decline.

"I am, Sir,

"With respects from

"Your humble Servant,

"Bartholomew Rutt."

THE EPPING HUNT.

"On Monday they began to hunt."—CHEVY CHASE.

JOHN HUGGINS was as bold a man
As trade did ever know;
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round
And single Glos'ter flat;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat*.

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter*, with his apron tied
About his *counter-part*.

The seventh, in a sluice-house box
He took his pipe and pot;
On Sundays, for *eel-pie*ty,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed!
One Easter-tide, some evil guide
Put Epping in his head!

Epping, for butter justly famed,
And pork in sausage popped;
Where, winter time or summer time,
Pig's flesh is always *chopped*.

But famous more, as annals tell,
Because of Easter chase:
There every year, 'twixt dog and deer,
There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapped his leather thigh,
And sang the burden of the song,
"This day a stag must die."

For all the live-long day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourished "Thoughts
On Hunting" in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poets' wit hath every writ
In *dog*-rel verse of *hounds*.

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer!*

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, although
'Twas whispered of his *eggs!*

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As once upon a stag;
Thus well equipped, he gayly skipped,
At once, upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein
A crown he nimbly flung;
For holding of the horse?—why, no—
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own
Would only be a brag;
His neighbor Fig and he went halves,
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray,
Unknown to brother cit;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Although it was a *tit*.

A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly "rearing up within
The way he ought to go."

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss;
Wherever she set down her *orts*,
Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had changed his mind
Meanwhile upon the case!
And meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase!

For why, his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood
May break a bit of bone.

"Now, be his wife a plague for life!
A coward sure is he!"
Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on through Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Though followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclined;
And minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-eared jacks, some knacker's hacks
(However odd it sounds),
Let out that day *to hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it:
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here rolled along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slaved for all the Nine!

Yet marvel not at any load
That any horse might drag;
When all, that morn, at once were drawn
Together by a stag.

Now when they saw John Huggins go
At such a sober pace;
"Hallo!" cried they; "come, trot away,
You'll never see the chase!"

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answer quite as blunt;
"It will be time enough to trot,
When I begin to hunt!"

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jovial elf:
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.

A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master reynard's brush;

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learned it from;
His age about three-score and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
So many guests to boast;
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

"Now welcome, lads," quoth he, "and prads,
You're all in glorious luck:
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom,
In red already ride;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse,
You soon may go *a stride*."

So off they scampered, man and horse,
As time and temper pressed—
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branched off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators, up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambled to and fro!
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough!*

Change Alley bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climbed a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood;
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse—though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased!*

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison doors were opened wide,
And Robin bounded out!

His antlered head shone blue and red,
Bedecked with ribbons fine;
Like other bucks that comes to 'list
The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
He turned and shortly took:
Then gently ran adown the mead,
And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins, standing far aloof,
Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game!

Good lord! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoyed their "early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in showers;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers!

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue* quo.

"O dear! O dear!" now might you hear,
"I've surely broke a bone;"
"My head is sore"—with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide Satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the Devil grinned,
To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses "throwing off,"
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the Courts among;
Before those Barristers the dogs
Proceed to "giving tongue."

But now Old Robin's foes were set
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows:
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all,
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack followed suit.

No spur he lacked; fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

Away, away! he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to "hills we know not of,"
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
Went off at furious pitch;—
A perfect Tam O'Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did endorse,
And, like a poet, seemed to ride
Upon a winged horse?

A whipper-in? no whipper-in:
A huntsman? no such soul:
A connoisseur, or amateur?
Why, yes—a Horse Patrole.

A member of police, for whom
The county found a nag,
And, like Acteon in the tale,
He found himself in stag!

Away they went, then, dog and deer,
And hunters all away;
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they!

Some gave a shout, some rolled about,
And anticked as they rode;
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-ho'd!*

About two score there were, and more,
That gallopped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase!

But even those that gallopped on
Were fewer every minute;
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and "ran a muck,"
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense;
What else could be premised of blades
That never learned to fence?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap-years in a day!

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bitt.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate;
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

"Hold hard! hold hard! you'll lame the dogs!"
Quoth Huggins, "so I do;
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you!"

Good lord! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side
That he was drawing out!

And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook;
Till bumped and galled—yet not where Gall
For bumps did ever look!

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride;
With every kick he gave a prick
Deep in the horse's side!

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn;
And, like a bird, was singing out
While sitting on a thorn!

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign:
"Possession is nine points," but his
Seems more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That entered in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!

Now had a Papist seen his sport,
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Although no horse he had to cross,
He might have crossed himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair;
A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare!

A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone;
For down upon her knees she went
To many a stock and stone!

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolved, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage!

Though felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own?

And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seemed willing, horse and all,
To go before the *mare!*

So up on Huggins horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins' mounted on the mare
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The Farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be—
All leaping and alive!

And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!

Whereas the mare, although her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopped short
As stiff as any log;

While Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—"to see
The *gate* his *hart* had gane."

And, lo! the dim and distant hunt
Diminished in a trice:
The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seemed dwindling into mice;

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark—
Though still the forest murmured back
An echo of the bark!

But sad at soul John Huggins turned:
No comfort could he find;
While thus the "Hunting Chorus" sped,
To stay five bars behind.

For though by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray.

Now many a sign at Woodford town
Its Inn-vitation tells:
But Huggins, full of ills, of course
Betook him to the Wells,

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
With many a merry laugh:
But Huggins thought of neighbor Fig,
And called for half-and-half.

Yet, spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss;
To drown a care like his, required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door—
The mounted mob were all returned;
The Epping Hunt was o'er!

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only "*beasts of draught.*"

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken men discussed
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could:—

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunned a beast, whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives!

How Huggins stood when he was rubbed
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How worse "remained behind."

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly gray!
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray;

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jumped up with sudden glee;
"A goodly gray! why, then, I say,
That gray belongs to me!

"Let me endorse again my horse,
Delivered safe and sound;
And, gladly, I will give the man
A bottle and a pound!"

The wine was drunk—the money paid,
Though not without remorse,
To pay another man so much
For riding on his horse;—

And let the chase again take place
For many a long, long year—
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping Deer!

MORAL.

Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The publisher begs leave to say, that he has had the following letter from the author of this little book:—

DEAR SIR,

"I am much gratified to learn from you, that the Epping Hunt has had *such a run*, that it is *quite exhausted*, and that you intend therefore to give the work what may be called "*second wind*," by a new impression.

I attended the last Anniversary of the Festival, and am concerned to say that the sport does not improve, but appears an ebbing as well as Epping custom. The run was miserable indeed; but what was to be expected? The chase was a Doe, and, consequently, the Hunt set off with the *Hind* part before. It was, therefore, quite in character, for so many Nimrods to start. as they did, before the hounds, but which as you know, is quite contrary to the *Lex Tallyho-nis*, or Laws of Hunting.

I dined with the Master of the Revel, who is as hale as ever, and promises to reside some time in the *Wells* ere he *kicks the bucket*. He is an honest, hearty, worthy man, and when he dies there will be "a cry of dogs" in his kennel.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.,
T. HOOD.

Winchmore Hill, June, 1830.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

GUIDO AND MARINA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

[GUIDO, having given himself up to the pernicious study of magic and astrology, casts his nativity, and resolves that at a certain hour of a certain day he is to die. MARINA, to wean him from this fatal delusion, which hath gradually wasted him away, even to the verge of death, advances the hour-hand of the clock. He is supposed to be seated beside her in the garden of his palace at Venice.]

Guido. Clasp me again! My soul is very sad;
And hold thy lips in readiness near mine,
Lest I die suddenly. Clasp me again!
'Tis such a gloomy day!

Mar. Nay, sweet, it shines.

Guido. Nay, then, these mortal clouds are in mine eyes.
Clasp me again!—ay, with thy fondest force,
Give me one last embrace.

Mar. Love, I do clasp thee!

Guido. Then closer—closer—for I feel thee not;
Unless thou art this pain around my heart.
Thy lips at such a time should never leave me.

Mar. What pain—what time, love? Art thou ill? Alas!
I see it in thy cheek. Come, let me nurse thee.
Here, rest upon my heart.

Guido. Stay, stay, Marina.
Look!—when I raise my hand against the sun,
Is it red with blood?

Mar. Alas! my love, what wilt thou?

Thy hand is red—and so is mine—all hands
Show thus against the sun.

Guido. All living men's,
Marina, but not mine. Hast never heard
How death first seizes on the feet and hands,
And thence goes freezing to the very heart?

Mar. Yea, love I know it; but what then?—the hand
I hold, is glowing.

Guido. But my eyes!—my eyes!—
Look *there*, Marina—there is death's own sign.
I have seen a corpse,
E'en when its clay was cold, would still have seemed
Alive, but for the eyes—such deadly eyes!
So dull and dim! Marina, look in mine!

Mar. Ay, they are dull. No, no—not dull, but bright:
I see myself within them. Now, dear love,
Discard these horrid fears that make me weep.

Guido. Marina, Marina—where thy image lies,
There must be brightness—or perchance they glance
And glimmer like the lamp before it dies.
Oh, do not vex my soul with hopes impossible!
My hours are ending. [*Clock strikes.*

Mar. Nay, they shall not! Hark!
The hour—four—five—hark!—six!—the very time!
And, lo! thou art alive! My love—dear love—
Now cast this cruel phantasm from thy brain—
This wilful, wild delusion—cast it off!
The hour is come—and *gone!* What! not a word!
What, not a smile, even, that thou livest for me!
Come, laugh and clap your hands as I do—come.
Or kneel with me, and thank th' eternal God
For this blest passover! Still sad! still mute!—
Oh, why art thou not glad, as I am glad,

That death forbears thee? Nay, hath all my love
Been spent in vain, that thou art sick of life?

Guido. Marina, I am no more attached to death
Than Fate hath doomed me. I am his elect,
That even now forestalls thy little light,
And steals with cold infringement on my breath:
Already he bedims my spiritual lamp,
Not yet his due—not yet—quite yet, though Time,
Perchance, to warn me, speaks before his wont:
Some minutes' space my blood has still to flow—
Some scanty breath is left me still to spend
In very bitter sighs.
But there's a point, true measured by my pulse,
Beyond or short of which it may not live
By one poor throb. Marina, it is near.

Mar. Oh, God of heaven!

Guido. Ay, it is *very* near.
Therefore, cling now to me, and say farewell
While I can answer it. Marina, speak!
Why tear thine helpless hair? it will not save
Thy heart from breaking, nor pluck out the thought
That stings thy brain. Oh, surely thou hast known
This truth too long to look so like Despair?

Mar. O, no, no, no!—a hope—a little hope—
I had erewhile—but I have heard its knell.
Oh, would my life were measured out with thine—
All my years numbered—all my days, my hours,
My utmost minutes, all summed up with thine!

Guido. Marina—

Mar. Let me weep—no, let me kneel
To God—but rather thee—to spare this end
That is so wilful. Oh, for pity's sake!
Pluck back thy precious spirit from these clouds

That smother it with death. Oh! turn from death,
And do not woo it with such dark resolve,
To make me widowed.

Guido. I have lived my term.

Mar. No—not thy term—not the natural term
Of one so young. Oh! thou hast spent thy years
In sinful waste upon unholy—

Guido. Hush!
Marina.

Mar. Nay, I must. Oh! cursed lore,
That hath supplied this spell against thy life.
Unholy learning—devilish and dark—
Study!—O God! O God!—how can thy stars
Be bright with such black knowledge? Oh, that men
Should ask more light of them than guides their steps
At evening to love!

Guido. Hush, hush, oh hush!
Thy words have pained me in the midst of pain.
True, if I had not read, I should not die;
For, if I had not read, I had not been.
All our acts of life are pre-ordained,
And each pre-acted, in our several spheres,
By ghostly duplicates. They sway our deeds
By their performance. What if mine hath been
To be a prophet and foreknow my doom?
If I had closed my eyes, the thunder then
Had roared it in my ears; my own mute brain
Had told it with a tongue. What must be, must.
Therefore I knew when my full time would fall;
And now—to save thy widowhood of tears—
To spare the very breaking of thy heart,
I may not gain even a brief hour's reprieve!
What seest thou yonder?

Mar. Where ?—a tree—the sun
Sinking behind a tree.
Guido. It is no tree,
Marina, but a shape—the awful shape
That comes to claim me. Seest thou not his shade
Darken before his steps ? Ah me ! how cold
It comes against my feet ! Cold, icy cold !
And blacker than a pall.
Mar. My love !
Guido. Oh, heaven
And earth, where are ye ? Marina— [Guido *dies.*
Mar. I am here !
What wilt thou ? dost thou speak ?—Methought I heard thee
Just whispering. He is dead !—O God ! he's dead !

FAREWELL TO THE SWALLOWS.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,
See ye not the falling leaves?
See ye not the gathered sheaves?
Farewell!
Is it not time to go
To that fair land ye know?
The breezes, as they swell,
Of coming winter tell,
And from the trees shake down
The brown
And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly;
See ye not the altered sky?
Know ye not that winter's nigh?
Farewell!
Go, fly in noisy bands,
To those far distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem (of which they tell
In books of travel strange),
And range
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows, on your pinions glide
O'er the restless, rolling tide
Of the ocean deep and wide.
Farewell!
In groves, far, far away,
In summer's sunny ray,
In warmer regions dwell;
And then return to tell
Strange tales of foreign lands;
In bands,
Perched on the eaves! Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray
That I, like you, might fly away;
And to each coming evil say
Farewell!
Yet, 'tis my fate to live
Here, and with troubles strive;
And I some day may tell
How they before me fell,
Conquered; then calmly die,
And cry—
"Trials and toils, farewell!"

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE,

OF HASTINGS.

Tom !—are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
  Or roaming on the waves;
Or has some billow o'er you rolled,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
  A seaman in her graves ?

On land the rush-light lives of men
Go out but slowly; nine in ten,
  By tedious long decline—
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
  The apoplectic brine !

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed—
  I hope 'tis far from truth !—
With periwinkle eyes;—your bone
Beset with mussels, not your own,
  And corals at your tooth !

Still does the Chance pursue the chance
The main affords—the Aidant dance
In safety on the tide?
Still flies that sign of my good-will
A little *bunting* thing—but still
To thee a flag of pride?

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp—
With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady-fear—
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
On smooth Macadam seas?

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
Where sand and shells abound—
With some old Triton on your chest,
And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest,
To find that you are—drowned?

Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden doom—perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain;
You have endured the utter strife—
And are—the same in death or life,
A good man in the main!

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb, and flood, and sky;
That still the old brown shoes
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed!
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian—which you choose.

I like you, Tom! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
No puff at honor's cost;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You, somehow, never crossed!

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that Pacific main,
Beyond this planet's brink;
Yet as we erst have braved the weather,
Still may we float awhile together,
As comrades on this ink!

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
Some perils we have passed;
When huge and black the wave careered,
And oft the giant surge appeared
The master of our mast:—

'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger only as a child,
The waters rocked to sleep.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in might,
Come rampant like a snake!
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake!

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
  The herdsman roams the vale—
With both their fancies I agree;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
  That is both hill and dale!

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
  Uplift the plunging keel;
That merry step we used to dance
On board the Aidant or the Chance,
  The ocean 'toe and heel.'

I long to feel the steady gale
That fills the broad distended sail—
  The seas on either hand!
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
  Of waves against the land.

It is no fable—that old strain
Of syrens!—so the witching main
  Is singing—and I sigh!
My heart is all at once inclined
To seaward—and I seem to find
  The waters in my eye!

Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each,
  Rebounding o'er the flints;
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatmen standing nigh!
  The maids in morning chintz!

And there they float—the sailing craft!
The sail is up—the wind abaft—
The ballast trim and neat.
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!
A printer's imp is standing by,
To haul my mizzen sheet!

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
My craft is that of bookish men—
My sale—let Longman tell!
Adieu, the wave, the wind, the spray!
Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away!
Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!

MORE

ODES AND ADDRESSES

TO

GREAT PEOPLE.

ODES.

ODE TO N. A. VIGORS, ESQ.,[1]

ON THE PUBLICATION OF "THE GARDENS AND MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY."

"Give you good den."—SHAKESPEARE.

So Mr. V.,—no Vigors—I beg pardon—
You've published your Zoological Garden!
A book of which I've heard a deal of talk,
And your Menagerie—indeed, 'tis bad o' me,
But I have never seen your Beast Academy!
Or set my feet
In Brute-on street,
Or ever wandered in your "Bird-cage Walk."

Yet, I believe that you were truly born
To be a kind of brutal overseer,
And, like the royal quarterings, appear
Between a lion and a unicorn:
There is a sort of reason about rhyme
That I have pondered many, many a time;
Where words, like birds of feather,
Likely to come together,
Are quite prophetically made to chime;

So your own office is forestalled, O Vigors!
Your proper Sirname having but one single
Appropriate jingle,
——— Tigers!

Where is your gardening volume! like old Mawe's!
Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
Like fruits,
Through April, May, or June,
As thus—now rake your Lions' manes, and prune
Your Tigers' claws;
About the middle of the month, if fair,
Give your Chameleons air;
Choose shady walls for Owls,
Water your Fowls,
And plant your Leopards in the sunniest spots;
Earth up your Beavers; train your Bears to climb;
Thin out your Elephants about this time;
And set some early Kangaroos in pots.
In some warm sheltered place,
Prepare a hot-bed for the Boa race,
Leaving them room to swell;
Prick out your Porcupines; and blanch your Ermine;
Stick up Opossums; trim your Monkeys well;
And "destroy all vermin."

Oh, tell me, Mr. Vigors! for the fleas
Of curiosity begin to tease—
If they bite rudely I must crave your pardon,
But if a man may ask,
What is the task
You have to do in this exotic garden?

If from your title one may guess your ends,
You are a sort of Secretary Bird
To write home word
From ignorant brute-beasts to absent friends.
Does ever the poor little Coatamondi
Beg you to write to ma'
To ask papa
To send him a new suit to wear on Sunday?
Does Mrs. L. request you'll be so good
—Acting a sort of Urban to Sylvanus—
As write to her "two children in the wood,"
Addressed—post-paid—to Leo Africanus?
Does ever the great Sea-Bear *Londinensis*
Make you amanuensis
To send out news to some old Arctic stager—
"Pray write, that Brother Bruin on the whole
Has got a head on this day's pole,
And say my Ursa has been made a Major?"
Do you not write dejected letters—very—
Describing England for poor "Happy Jerry,"
Unlike those emigrants who take in flats,
Throwing out New South Wales for catching sprats?
Of course your penmanship you ne'er refuse
For "begging letters" from poor Kangaroos;
Of course you manage bills, and their acquittance,
And sometimes pen for Pelican a double
Letter to Mrs. P., and brood in trouble,
Enclosing a small dab, as a remittance;
Or send from Mrs. B. to her old cadger,
Her full-length, done by Harvey, that rare draughtsman,
And skillful craftsman,
A game one too, for he can draw a Badger.

Does Doctor Bennett never come and trouble you
To break the death of Wolf to Mrs. W.?
To say poor Buffalo his last has puffed,
And died quite suddenly, without a will,
Soothing the widow with a tender quill,
And gently hinting—"would she like him stuffed?"
Does no old sentimental Monkey weary
Your hand at times to vent his scribbling itch?
And then your pen must answer to the query
Of Dame Giraffe, who has been told her deary
Died on the *spot*—and wishes to know *which?*
New candidates meanwhile your help are waiting—
To fill up cards of thanks, with due refinement,
For Missis 'Possum, after her confinement;
To pen a note of pretty Poll's dictating—
Or write how Charles the Tenth's departed reign
Disquiets the crowned Crane,
And all the royal Tigers;
To send a bulletin to brother Asses
Of Zebra's health, what sort of night he passes:—
Is this your duty, Secretary Vigors?

Or are your brutes but Garden-brutes indeed,
Of the old shrubby breed,
Dragons of holly—Peacocks cut in yew?
But no—I've seen your book,
And all the creatures look
Like real creatures, natural and true!
Ready to prowl, to growl, to prey, to fight,
Thanks be to Harvey who their portraits drew,
And to the cutters praise is justly due,
To Branston always, and to always Wright.
Go on then, publishing your Monthly parts,

And let the wealthy crowd,
The noble and the proud,
Learn of brute beasts to patronise the Arts.
So may your Household flourish in the Park,
And no long Boa go to his long home,
No Antelope give up the vital spark,
But all, with this your scientific tome,
Go on as swimmingly as old Noah's Ark!

ODE TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M. P.[2]

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Oh, Mr. Hume, thy name
Is travelling post upon the road to fame,
With four fast horses and two sharp postillions;
Thy reputation
Has friends by numeration,
Units, Tens, Hundreds, Thousands, Millions.
Whenever public men together dine,
They drink to thee
With three times three—
That's nine.
And oft a votary proposes then
To add unto the cheering one cheer more—
Nine and One are Ten;
Or somebody for thy honor still more keen,
Insists on four times four—
Sixteen!

In Parliament no star shines more or bigger,
And yet thou dost not care to cut a figure;
Equally art thou eloquent and able,
Whether in showing how to serve the nation

Or laying its petitions on the Table
Of Multiplication.
In motion thou art second unto none,
Though Fortune on thy motions seems to frown.
For though you set a number down
You seldom carry one.
Great at a speech thou art, though some folks cough,
But thou art greatest at a *paring* off.

But never blench,
Although in stirring up corruption's worms
You make some factions
Vulgar as certain fractions,
Almost reduced unto their lowest terms.
Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench;
Go on, for ridicule not caring;
Sift on from one to nine with all their noughts,
And make state cyphers eat up their own aughts,
And only in thy saving be unsparing;
At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,
Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets.
Allow the tin mines no tin tax,
Cut off the Great Seal's wax;
Dock all the dock-yards, lower masts and sails,
Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,
Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,
And crop their horses' tails.
Look well to Woolwich and each money vote,
Examine all the cannons' charges well,
And those who found th' Artillery compel
To forge twelve pounders for a five pound note.
Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its Cadets—
Those Military pets.

Take Army—no, take Leggy Tailors
Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincum
Out of our nation's narrow income
Would furnish such wide trowsers to the Sailors.
Next take, to wonder him,
The Master of the Horse's horse from under him;
Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills
Wherewith to gild their pills.
And tell the Stag-hound's Master he must keep
The deer, &c., cheap.
Close as new brooms
Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms;
Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies
Of his very moneys;
In short, at every salary have a pull,
And when folks come for pay
On quarter-day,
Stop half, and make them give receipts in full.

Oh, Mr. Hume, don't drink,
Or eat, or sleep, a wink,
Till you have argued over each reduction:
Let it be food to you, repose and suction;
Though you should make more motions by one half
Than any telegraph,
Item by item all these things enforce,
Be on your legs till lame, and talk till hoarse;
Have lozenges—mind, Dawson's—in your pocket,
And swing your arms till aching in their socket;
Or if awake you cannot keep,
Talk of retrenchment in your sleep;
Expose each Peachum, and show up each Lockit—

Go down to the M.P.'s before you sup,
And while they're sitting blow them up,
As Guy Fawkes could not do with all his nous;
But now we live in different Novembers,
And safely you may walk into the House,
First split its ears, and then divide its members!

ODE TO SPENCER PERCIVAL, ESQ., M.P.[3]

Oh Mr. Spencer!—
I mean no offence, sir—
Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's;
Maker of days of ember,
Eloquent member
Of the House of Com—I mean to say short commons—
Thou Long Tom Coffin singing out, "Hold Fast"—
Avast!
Oh, Mr. Percival, I'll bet a dollar, a
Great growth of cholera,
And new deaths reckoned,
Will mark thy Lenten twenty-first and second.
The best of physicians, when they con it,
Depose the malady is in the air:
Oh, Mr. Spencer—if the ill *is* there—
Why should you bid the people live upon it?

Why should you make discourses against courses;
While Doctors, though they bid us rub and chafe,
Declare, of all resources,
The man is safest who gets in the safe?
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
Discard their dinners,

Thoughtless how Heaven above will look upon't,
For men to die so wantonly of want!

By way of variety,
Think of the ineffectual piety
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
Lecturing such chameleon insides,
Only to find
He's preaching to the wind.
Whatever others do or don't,
I cannot—dare not—must not fast and won't,
Unless by night your day you let me keep,
And fast asleep;
My constitution can't obey such censors;
I must have meat
Three times a day to eat,
My health's of such a sort—
To say the truth in short—
The *coats* of my stomach are not *Spencers!*

ODE TO ADMIRAL GAMBIER, G.C.B.[4]

"Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country."—TEMPERANCE SOCIETY'S HERALD, vol. i., No. 1, p. 8.

"My father, when last I from Guinea
Came home with abundance of wealth,
Said, 'Jack, never be such a ninny
As to drink—' says I, 'Father, your health?'"
NOTHING LIKE GROG.

Oh! Gam—I dare not mention *bier*
In such a temperate ear—
Oh! Admiral Gam—an admiral of the Blue,
Of course to read the Navy List aright,

For strictly shunning wine of either hue,
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White:—
Oh, Admiral Gam! consider ere you call
On merry Englishmen to wash their throttles
With water only; and to break their bottles
To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall
Of Exeter Hall!

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum,
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come
And "*mix* in your society!"
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,
Consider Nature's ends before you league us
To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—
To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—
Or doom—to suit your milk and water view—
The Isle of Sky to nothing but sky-blue!

Consider—for appearance' sake—consider
The sorry figure of a spirit-ridder,
Going on this crusade against the suttler;
A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler!

Consider—ere you break the ardent spirits
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter;
What are your beverage's washy merits?
Gin may be low—but I have known low-water!

Consider well, before you thus deliver,
With such authority, your sloppy cannon;
Should British tars taste nothing but the *river*,
Because the *Chesapeake* once fought the *Shannon!*

Consider too—before all Eau-de-vie,
Schiedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—
To bite a bitten dog all curs agree;
But who would cut a man because he's *cut?*

Consider—ere you bid the poor to fill
Their murmuring stomach with the "murmuring rill"—
Consider that their streams are not like ours,
Reflecting heaven, and margined by sweet flowers;
On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,
By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines;
Consider life's sour taste, that bids them mix
Rum with Acheron, or gin with Styx;
If you must pour out water to the poor, oh!
Let it be *aqua d'oro!*

Consider—ere as furious as a griffin,
Against a glass of grog you make such work,
A man may like a stiff'un,
And yet not be a Burke!

Consider, too, before you bid all skinkers
Turn water-drinkers,
What sort of fluid fills their native rivers;
Their Mudiboos, and Niles, and Guadalquivers.
How should you like, yourself, in glass or mug,
The Bog—the Bug—
The Maine—the Weser—or that freezer, Neva?
Nay, take the very rill of classic ground—
Lord Byron found
E'en Castaly the better for Geneva.

Consider—if to vote Reform's arrears,
His Majesty should please to make you peers,

Your titles would be very far from trumps,
To figure in a book of blue and red:—
The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to dread!
Marquis of Main-pipe! Earl New-River-Head!
And Temperance's chief, the Prince of Pumps!

ODE TO SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.[5]

"At certain seasons he makes a prodigious clattering with his bill."—SELBY.
"The bill is rather long, flat, and tinged with green."—BEWICK.

O ANDREW FAIRSERVICE—but I beg pardon,
You never labored in Di Vernon's garden,
On curly kale and cabbages intent—
Andrew Churchservice was the thing I meant:
You are a Christian—I would be the same,
Although we differ, and I'll tell you why,
Not meaning to make game,
I do not like my Church so very High!

When people talk, as talk they will,
About your bill,
They say, among their other jibes and small jeers,
That, if you had your way,
You'd make the seventh day
As overbearing as the Dey of Algiers.
Talk of converting Blacks—
By your attacks,
You make a thing so horrible of *one* day,
Each nigger, they will bet a something tidy,
Would rather be a heathenish Man Friday,
Than your Man Sunday!

So poor men speak,
Who, once a week,
Perhaps, after weaving artificial flowers,
Can snatch a glance of Nature's kinder bowers,
And revel in a bloom
That is not of the loom,
Making the earth, the streams, the skies, the trees,
A Chapel of Ease.
Whereas, as you would plan it,
Walled in with hard Scotch granite,
People all day should look to their behaviors;—
But though there be, as Shakspeare owns,
"Sermons in stones,"
Zounds! would you have us work at them like paviors?

Spontaneous is pure devotion's fire;
And in a green wood many a soul has built
A new Church, with a fir-tree for its spire,
Where Sin has prayed for peace, and wept for guilt,
Better than if an architect the plan drew;
We know of old how medicines were backed,
But true Religion needs not to be quacked
By an Un-merry Andrew!

Suppose a poor town-weary sallow elf
At Primrose-hill would renovate himself,
Or drink (and no great harm)
Milk genuine at *Chalk* Farm;
The innocent intention who would baulk,
And drive him back into St. Bennet Fink?
For my part, for my life, I cannot think
A walk on Sunday is "the Devil's Walk."

But there's a sect of Deists, and their creed
Is D—ing other people to be d—d;
Yea, all that are not of their saintly level,
They make a pious point
To send, with an "aroint,"
Down to that great Fillhellenist, the Devil.
To such, a ramble by the River Lea,
Is really treading on the "Banks of D—."

Go down to Margate, wisest of law-makers,
And say unto the sea, as Canute did
(Of course the sea will do as it is bid),
"This is the Sabbath—let there be no breakers!"
Seek London's Bishop, on some Sunday morn,
And try him with your tenets to inoculate;
Abuse his fine souchong, and say in scorn,
"This is not *Churchman's* chocolate!"

Or, seek Dissenters at their mid-day meal,
And read them from your Sabbath Bill some passages,
And while they eat their mutton, beef, and veal,
Shout out with holy zeal—
"These are not *Chappel's* sausages!"
Suppose your Act should act up to your will,
Yet how will it appear to Mrs. Grundy,
To hear you saying of this pious bill,
"It *works* well—on a Sunday!"

To knock down apple-stalls is now too late,
Except to starve some poor old harmless madam;—
You might have done some good, and changed our fate,
Could you have upset *that*, which ruined Adam!

'Tis useless to prescribe salt-cod and eggs,
Or lay post-horses under legal fetters,
While Tattersall's on Sunday stirs its *Legs*,
Folks look for good examples from their *Betters!*

Consider—Acts of Parliament may bind
A man to go where Irvings are discoursing;
But as for forcing "proper frames of mind,"
Minds are not *framed*, like melons, for such *forcing!*

Remember, as a Scottish legislator,
The Scotch Kirk always has a Moderator;
Meaning, one need not ever be sojourning
In a long Sermon Lane without a turning.
Such grave old maids as Portia and Zenobia
May like discourses with a skein of threads,
And love a lecture for its many heads;
But as for me, I have the Hydra-phobia.

Religion one should never overdo:
Right glad I am no minister you be,
For you would say your service, sir, to me,
Till I should say, "My service, sir, to you."
Six days made all that is, you know, and then
Came that of rest, by holy ordination,
As if to hint unto the sons of men,
After creation should come re-creation.
Read right this text, and do not further search
To make a Sunday Workhouse of the Church.

ODE TO J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., M. P.,[6]

ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON DRUNKENNESS.

"Steady, boys, steady."—Sea Song.

"*Then did they fall upon the chat of drinking;* and forthwith began Flaggons to go, Goblets to fly, great Bowls to ting, Glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water; so, my Friend, so; whip me off this Glass neatly, bring me hither some Claret, a full weeping Glass till it run over!"—Rabelais.

"Now, seeing that every Vessel was empty, great and small, with not so much at the Bottom as would half befuddle or muddle even a Fly, such as are the Flies of Baieux, I say, seeing this lamentable sight, Gargantua leapt up on one of the Tables, and with Tears in his Eyes as big as Cannon Bullets, did pathetically beseech Pantagruel, as well as he could for the Hiccups and the Drinking Cups, and all sorts of Cups, as he valued his precious Body and Soul, one or both, never to drink more than became a reasonable Man, and not a Hog and a Beast. And the Stint of a reasonably reasonable Man is thus much, to wit, seven Thousand three Hundred and fifty-three Hogsheads, twice as many Kilderkins, thrice as many little Kegs, and as many Flaggons, Bottles, and Tankards as you will, beside. A Christian ought not to drink more. As Gargantua said these Words his Voice grew thick, his Tongue being as it were too huge for his Mouth; and on a sudden he turned dog-sick, and fell off the Table a prodigious Fall, whereby there was a horrible Earthquake, from Paris even unto Turkey in Asia, as is remembered unto this day."—Rabelais.

O, Mr. Buckingham, if I may take
The liberty with you and your Committee,
Some observations I intend to make,
I hope will prove both pertinent and pretty:
On Drunkenness you've held a special court,
But is consistency, I ask, your forte,
When after (I must say) much Temperance swaggering,
You issue a Report
That's staggering!

Of course you labored without drop or sup,
Yet certain parts of that Report to read,
Some men might think indeed,
A corkscrew, not a pen, had drawn it up.

For instance, was it quite a sober plan,
On such a theme as drunkenness, to trouble
A poor old man
Who could not e'en see single, much less double?
Blind some six years,
As it appears
He gives in evidence, and you receive it,
A flaming picture of a flaming palace,
Where gin-admirers sipped the chalice,
And then (the banter is not bad),
Thinks fit to add,
You really should have seen it to believe it!*

That *he* could see such sights I must deny,
Unless he borrowed Betty Martin's eye.
A man that is himself, walks in a line;
One, not himself, goes serpentine,
And as he rambles
In crablike scrambles,
The while his body works in curves,
His intellect as surely swerves,
And some such argument as this he utters:
"While men get *cut* we must have cutters,

* What is your occupation?—My occupation has been in the weaving line; *but having the dropsy six years ago, I am deprived of my eyesight.*

2734. Did you not once *see* a gin-shop burnt down?—*About nine months ago* there was the sign of the Adam and Eve at the corner of Church-street, at Bethnal-green, burnt down, and they had such a quantity of spirits in the house at the time that it was such a terrible fire, that they were obliged to throw everything into the middle of the road to keep it away from the liquor, and it was all in flames in the road; and the gin-shop opposite was scorched and broke their windows; and there was another gin-shop at the opposite corner—at three corners there were gin-shops—and was, from the fire, just like a murdering concern, for you could not get round the corner at all; it was so thronged that *a man could not believe it unless he saw it.*

As long as Jack will have his rum
We must have pink, corvette, and bomb,
Each sort of craft
Since Noah's old raft,
Frigate and brig,
Ships of all rig;
We must have fleets, because our sailors swig,
But only get our tars to broths and soups,
And see how slops will do away with sloops!
Turn flip to flummery, and grog to gravy,
And then what need has England of a navy?"*

Forgive my muse; she is a saucy hussy,
But she declares such reasoning sounds muzzy,
And that, as sure as Dover stands at Dover,
The man who entertains so strange a notion
Of governing the ocean,
Has been but half seas over.

Again: when sober people talk
On soberness, would not their words all walk
Straight to the point, instead of zig-zag trials
Of both sides of the way, till, having crossed
And crossed, they find themselves completely lost
Like gentlemen—rather cut—in Seven Dials?
Just like the sentence following in fact:
"Every Act†
Of the Legislature" (so it *runs*) "should flow

* 3893. *If temperance were universal, do you think we should need any line-of-battle ships?*—It would be very unsafe for us to be without them.

† 1686. Do you mean to infer from that, that the law in all its branches should be in accordance with the divine command?—I do; every Act of the Legislature should flow over the bed of inspired truth, and receive the impregnation of its righteous and holy principles.

Over the bed''——of what?—begin your guesses.
The Bed of Ware?
The State Bed of the Mayor?
One at the Hummums? Of MacAdam's? No.
A parsley bed?
Of cabbage, green or red?
Of onions? daffodils? of water-cresses?
A spare-bed with a friend? one full of fleas?
At Bedford, or Bedhampton?—None of these.
The Thames's bed? The bed of the New River?
A kennel? brick-kiln? or a stack of hay?
Of church-yard clay,
The bed that's made for every mortal liver?
No—give it up—all guessing I defy in it;
It is the bed of "Truth"—"inspired" forsooth,
As, if you gave your best best-bed to Truth,
She'd *lie* in it!
Come, Mr. Buckingham, be candid, come,
Didn't that metaphor want "seeing home?"

What man, who did not see far more than real,
Drink's beau ideal—
Could fancy the mechanic so well thrives,
In these hard times,
The source of half his crimes
Is going into gin-shops changing fives?*
Whate'er had washed such theoretic throats,
After a soundish sleep, till twelve next day,
And, perhaps, a gulp of soda—did not *they*
All change their notes?

* 2512. Are they in the habit of bringing £5 notes to get changed, as well as sovereigns?—Very rarely; *I should think a £5 note is an article they seldom put in their pockets.*

Suppose—mind, Mr. B., I say suppose—
You were the landlord of the Crown—the Rose—
The Cock and Bottle, or the Prince of Wales,
The Devil and the Bag of Nails,
The Crown and Thistle,
The Pig and Whistle,
Magpie and Stump—take which you like,
The question equally will strike;
Suppose your apron on—top-boots—fur-cap—
Keeping an eye to bar and tap,
When in comes, muttering like mad,
The strangest customer you ever had!
Well, after rolling eyes and mouthing,
And calling for a go of nothing,
He thus accosts you in a tone of malice:
"Here's pillars, curtains, gas, plate-glass—What not?
Zounds! Mr. Buckingham, the shop you've got
Beats Buckingham Palace!
It's not to be allowed, sir; I'm a Saint,
So I've brought a paint-brush, and a pot of paint—
You deal in gin, sir,
Glasses of sin, sir;
No words—Gin wholesome?—You're a story-teller;
I don't mind Satan standing at your back,
The Spirit moveth me to go about,
And paint your premises inside and out,
Black, sir, coal black,
Coal black, sir, from the garret to the cellar.
I'll teach you to sell gin; and, what is more,
To keep your wicked customers therefrom,
I'll paint a great Death's-head upon your door—
Write underneath it, if you please—Old Tom!"*

* 3006. Do you think it would be of good effect, were the Legislature to

Should such a case occur,
How would you act with the intruder, sir?
Surely, not cap in hand, you'd stand and bow,
But after hearing him proceed thus far
(Mind—locking up the bar),
You'd seek the first policeman near,
"Here, take away this fellow, here;
The rascal is as drunk as David's Sow!"

If I may ask again—between
Ourselves and the General Post, I mean—
What was that gentleman's true situation
Who said—but could he really stand
To what he said?—"In Scottish land
The cause of drunkenness was education!"*

Only, good Mr. Buckingham, conceive it!
In modern Athens, a fine classic roof,
Christened the *High* School—that is, *over proof!*
Conceive the sandy laddies ranged in classes,
With quaichs and bickers, drinking-horns and glasses,
Ready to take a lesson in Glenlivet!
Picture the little Campbells and M'Gregors,
Dancing half fou', by way of learning figures;
And Murrays—not as Lindley used to teach—
Attempting verbs when past their parts of speech;
Imagine Thompson, learning A B C,
By O D V;
Fancy a dunce that will not drink his wash,

order that those houses should be painted all black, with a large death's-head and cross-bones over the door?—I wish they would do even so much.

* 4502. What are the remote causes that have influenced the habit of drinking spirits among all classes of the population?—One of the causes of drunkenness in Scotland is education.

And Master Peter Alexander Weddel
Invested with a medal
For getting on so very far-in-tosh;
Fancy the Dominie—a drouthy body—
Giving a lecture upon making toddy,
Till, having emptied every stoup and cup,
He cries, "Lads! go and play—the school is up!"

To Scotland, Ireland is akin
In drinking, like as twin to twin;
When other means are all adrift,
A liquor-shop is Pat's last shift,
Till, reckoning Erin round from store to store,
There is one whiskey-shop in four.*
Then who, but with a fancy rather frisky,
And warm besides, and generous with whiskey,
Not seeing most particularly clear,
Would recommend to make the drunkards thinner
By shutting up the publican and sinner
With pensions each of fifty pounds a year?†
Ods! taps and topers! private stills and worms!
What doors you'd soon have open to your terms!

To men of common gumption,
How strange, besides, must seem
At this time any scheme
To put a check upon potheen's consumption,

* 3804. Did you observe the drinking of spirits very general in Ireland? —In Ireland, I think, upon a moderate calculation, one shop out of every four is a whiskey-shop, throughout the whole kingdom. Those who have been unsuccessful in every other employment, and those who have no capital for any employment, fly to the selling of whiskey as the last shift.

† 773. Now, suppose we were to give £50 a-year to every spirit-seller in Belfast, to pension them off (and I am sure it would be much better for the country that they should be paid for doing nothing than for doing mischief).

When all are calling out for Irish Poor Laws!
Instead of framing *more* laws,
To pauperism if you'd give a pegger,
Don't check, but patronise their "Kill the Beggar!"*
If Pat is apt to go in *Irish Linen*
(Buttoning his coat, with nothing but his skin in),
Would any Christian man—that's quite himself,
His wits not floored, or laid upon the shelf—
While blaming Pat for raggedness, poor boy,
Would he deprive him of his "Corduroy!"†

Would any gentleman, unless inclining
To tipsy, take a board upon his shoulder,
Near Temple Bar, thus warning the beholder,
"BEWARE OF TWINING?"
Are tea-dealers, indeed, so deep designing,
As one of your select would set us thinking,
That to each tea-chest we should say, Tu Doces
(Or doses),
Thou tea-chest drinking?‡
What would be said of *me*
Should I attempt to trace
The vice of drinking to the high in place,
And say its *root* was on the *top o' the tree?*§

* 794. We have in our neighborhood a species of whiskey of this kind, called "Kill the Beggar."

† 795. Another description of what would be termed adulterated spirits, is by the vulgar termed "Corduroy."

‡ 798. It is quite common, in Dublin particularly, to have at one end of the counter a large pile of tea-chests for females to go behind, to be hid from sight; but the dangerous secrecy arises chiefly from the want of suspicion in persons going into grocers' shops.

788. It is a well-known fact, that mechanics' wives not unfrequently get portions of spirituous liquors at grocers' shops, and have them set down to their husbands' accounts as soap, sugar, tea, &c.

§ 816. Do you ascribe the great inclination for whiskey at present existing

But *I* am not pot-valiant, and I shun
To say how high potheen might have a *run*.*

What would *you* think, if, talking about stingo,
I told you that a lady friend of mine,
By only looking at her wine
Flushed in her face as red as a flamingo?†
Would you not ask of me, like many more,
"Pray, sir, what had the lady had before?"

Suppose at sea, in Biscay's bay of bays,
A rum-cask bursting in a blaze,
Should *I* be thought half tipsy or whole drunk,
If, running all about the deck, I roared
"I say, is ever a Cork man aboard?"
Answered by some Hibernian Jack Junk,
While hitching up his tarry trowser,
How would it sound in sober ears, O how, sir,
If I should bellow with redoubled noise,
"Then sit upon the bung-hole, broth of boys!"‡

among the lower classes, originally to the use of it by the higher classes as a favorite drink?—I attribute a very large portion of the evils arising from the use of spirituous liquors to the sanction they have received from the higher classes: the respectable in society I hold to be the chief patrons of drunkenness.

* 759. What do you mean by the phrase run?—It means, according to a common saying, that *for one gallon made for the King, another is made for the Queen.*

† 4627. A lady informed me lately, that, in dining out, although she should not taste a drop in the hob and nob at dinner, yet the lifting of the glass as frequently as etiquette requires, generally flushed her face a good deal before dinner was ended.

‡ 3901. Are you aware of the cause of the burning of the Kent East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay?—Holding a candle over the bung-hole of a cask of spirits, the snuff fell into the cask and set it on fire. They had not presence of mind to put in the bung, which would have put out the fire; *and if a man had sat on the bung-hole it would not have burnt him*, and it would have put it out.

When men—the fact's well known—reel to and fro,
A little what is called how-come-you-so,
They think themselves as steady as a steeple,
And lay their staggerings on other people—
Taking that fact in pawn,
What proper inference would then be drawn
By e'er a dray-horse with a head to his tail,
Should anybody cry
To some one going by,
"O fie! O fie! O fie!
You're drunk—you've *nigh* had *half a pint of ale!*"*

One certain sign of fumes within the skull,
They say, is being rather slow and dull,
Oblivious quite of what we are about;
No one can doubt
Some weighty queries rose, and yet you missed 'em:
For instance, when a Doctor so bethumps
What he denominates the "forcing system,"
Nobody asks him about *forcing-pumps!*†

Oh say, with hand on heart,
Suppose that I should start
Some theory like this:
"When Genesis

* 4282. Do many young men visit those houses?—A very great many have done, more so than what visit the regular public-houses. I was in one of those places about twelve months ago, waiting for a coach, and there came into the beer-shop twenty-two boys, who called for half a gallon of ale, which they drank, and then they called for another.

‡ 1211. The over-stimulation, which too frequently ends in the habit of drunkenness in Great Britain in every class, is the result of the British *forcing system* simply.

Was written, before man became a glutton,
And in his appetites ran riot,
Content with simple vegetable diet,
Eating his turnips without leg of mutton,
His spinach without lamb, carrots sans beef,
'Tis my belief
He was a polypus, and I'm convinced
Made other men when he was hashed or minced;"—
Did I in such a style as this proceed,
Would you not say I was *Farre gone*, indeed?*

Excuse me, if I doubt at each Assize
How sober it would look in public eyes,
For our King's Counsel and our learned Judges,
When trying thefts, assaults, frauds, murders, arsons,
To preach from texts of temperance like parsons,
By way of giving tipplers gentle nudges.
Imagine my Lord Bayley, Parke, or Park,†
Donning the fatal sable cap, and hark—
"These sentences must pass, howe'er I'm panged,
You Brandy must return—and Rum the same—
To the Goose and Gridiron, whence you came—
Gin!—Reverend Mr. Cotton and Jack Ketch
Your spirit jointly will despatch—
Whiskey be hanged!"

* 1282. Was not vegetable food prescribed in the first chapter of Genesis?—Vegetable food was appointed when the restorative power of man was complete. The restorative power in some of the lower animals is still complete. If a polypus be truncated or cut into several pieces, each part will become a perfect animal.—*Vide Evidence of Dr. Farre.*

† 975. What happy opportunities, for example, are offered to each Judge and King's Counsellor at every Assize to denounce all customary use of distilled spirit, as the great excitement to crime. The proper improvement of such opportunities would do much for temperance.

Suppose that some fine morning,
Mounted upon a pile of Dunlop cheeses,
I gave the following as public warning,
Would there not be sly winking, coughs, and sneezes!
Or dismal hiss of universal scorn:
"My brethren. don't be born;
But if you're born be well advised—
Don't be baptized.
If both take place, still at the worst
Do not be nursed.
At every birth each gossip dawdle
Expects her caudle;
At christenings, too, drink always hands about;
Nurses will have their porter or their stout;
Don't wear clean linen, for it leads to sin—
All washerwomen make a stand for g'n.
If you're a minister, to keep due stinting,
Never preach sermons that are worth the printing,*
Avoid a steamboat with a lady in her,†
And when you court, watch Miss well after dinner;‡
Never run bills, or if you do, don't pay,§
And *give* your butter and your cheese away;‖

* 4642. When a clergyman gets a new manse, he is fined in a bottle of wine; when he has been newly married, this circumstance subjects him to the same amicable penalty; the birth of a child also costs one bottle, and the publication of a sermon another.—*By J. Dunlop, Esq.*

† 4637. The absolute necessity of treating females in the same manner, in steamboat jaunts, is lamentable.

‡ 4637. Some youths have been known to defer their entrance into a temperance society till after their marriage, lest failure in the usual compliments should be misconstrued, and create a coldness with their future wives.

§ 1635. It (drinking) is employed in making bargains, at the payment of accounts.

‖ 4639. A landlady, in settling with a farmer for his butter and cheese, brings out the bottle and the glass with her own hands, and presses it on his

Build yachts and pleasure-boats, if you are rich,
But never have them launched, or payed with pitch;*
In fine, for Temperance if you stand high,
Don't die!"†
Did I preach thus, sir, should I not appear
Just like the "parson much bemused with beer?"

Thus far, O Mr. Buckingham, I've gathered,
But here, alas! by space my pen is tethered;
And I can merely thank you all in short,
The witnesses that have been called in court,
And the Committee for their kind Report,
Whence I have picked and puzzled out this moral,
With which you must not quarrel:
'Tis based in charity—*That men are brothers,*
And those who make a fuss,
About their Temperance thus,
Are not so much more temperate than others.

acceptance. How can he refuse a lady soliciting him to do what he is, perhaps, unfortunately already more than half inclined to?

* 4640. The launching-bowl is a bonus of drink, varying from £2 to £10, according to the size of the ship, bestowed by the owners on the apprentices of a ship-building yard at the launch of a vessel. The graving-bowl is given to the journeymen after a vessel is payed with tar.

† 4638. On the event of a decease, every one gets a glass who comes within the door until the funeral, and for six weeks after it.

ODE TO MESSRS. GREEN, HOLLOND, AND MONCK MASON,

ON THEIR LATE BALLOON EXPEDITION.

"Here we go up, up, up—and there we go down, down, downy."—OLD BALLAD.

O lofty-minded men!
Almost beyond the pitch of my goose pen!
And most inflated words!
Delicate Ariels! ethereals! birds
Of passage! fliers! angels without wings!
Fortunate rivals of Icarian darings!
Male-witches, without broomsticks—taking airings!
Kites—without strings!
Volatile spirits! light mercurial humors!
O give us soon your sky adventures truly,
With full particulars, correcting duly
All flying rumors!

Two-legged high fliers!
What upper-stories you must have to tell!
And nobody can contradict you well,
Or call you liars!
Your Region of Romance will many covet;
Besides that, you may scribble what you will,
And this great luck will wait upon you, still
All criticism, you will be above it!
Write, then, Messrs. Monck Mason, Hollond, Green!
And tell us all you have, or haven't seen!—
['Twas kind, when the balloon went out of town,
To take Monck Mason up and set him down,

For when a gentleman is at a shift
For carriage—talk of carts, and gigs, and coaches!
Nothing to a balloon approaches,
For giving one *a lift!*]
O say, when Mr. Frederic Gye
Seemed but a speck—a mote—in friendship's eye,
Did any tongue confess a sort of dryness
Seeming the soaring rashness to rebuke;
Or did each feel himself, like Brunswick's Duke,
A most Serene Highness!

Say, as you crossed the Channel,
Well clothed in well-aired linen and warm flannel,
How did your company, perceived afar,
Affect the tar?
Methinks I see him cock his weather eye
Against the sky,
Turning his *ruminating* quid full oft,
With wonder sudden taken all aback—
"My eyes!" says he,
"I'm blowed if there arn't *three!*
Three little Cherubs smiling up aloft,
A-watching for poor Jack!"

Of course, at such a height, the ocean
Affected no one by its motion—
But did internal comfort dwell with each,
Quiet and ease each comfortable skin in?
Or did brown Hollond of a sudden bleach
As white as Irish linen?
Changing his native hue,
Did Green look blue?—
In short, was any air-sick? P'rhaps Monck Mason
Was forced to have an air-pump in a bason?

Say, with what sport, or pleasure,
Might you fill up your lofty leisure?
Like Scotchman, at high jinks?
(High-spy was an appropriate game methinks)
Or cards—but playing very high;
Or skying coppers, almost to the sky;
Or did you listen, the first mortal ears
That ever drank the music of the spheres?
Or might you into vocal music get,
A trio—highly set?
Or, as the altitude so well allowed,
Perchance, you "blew a cloud."

Say, did you find the air
Give you an appetite up there?
Your cold provisions—were you glad to meet 'em?
Or did you find your victuals all so *high*—
Or blown up so by your *fly*—
You couldn't eat em?

Of course, you took some wine to sup,
Although the circumstance has not been stated:
I envy you the effervescing cup!
Warn't your Champagne *well up?*
Nay, you, yourselves, a little *elevated!*

Then, for your tea and breakfast, say,
Was it not something delicately new,
To get *sky blue*
Right genuine from the real *milky way!*

Of course, you all agreed,
Whate'er your conversation was about,

Like friends indeed—
And faith! not without need,
'Twas such an awkward place for *falling out!*

Say, after your gastronomy,
Kept you a watch all night,
Marking the planets bright,
Like three more Airys, studying astronomy;
Or near the midnight chime,
Did some one haul his nightcap on his head,
Hold out his mounted watch, and say "*high* time
To go to bed?"

Didn't your coming scare
The sober Germans, until every cap
Rose lifted by a frightened fell of hair;
Meanwhile the very pipe, mayhap,
Extinguished, like the vital spark in death,
From wonder locking up the smoker's breath!
Didn't they crouch like chickens, when the kite
Hovers in sight,
To see your vehicle of huge dimension
Aloft, like Gulliver's Laputa—nay,
I'd better say,
The Island of Ascension?

Well was it planned
To come down thus into the German land,
Where Honors you may score by such event—
For, if I read the prophecy aright,
You'll have the Eagle Order for your flight,
And all be Von'd, because of your *descent!*

REMONSTRATORY ODE

FROM THE ELEPHANT AT EXETER 'CHANGE, TO MR. MATHEWS, AT THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.[8]

"—— See with what courteous action
He beckons you to a more removed ground."—*Hamlet.*

[WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.]

Oh, Mr. Mathews! Sir!
(If a plain elephant may speak his mind,
And that I have a mind to speak I find
By my inward stir)
I long have thought, and wished to say, that we
Mar our well-merited prosperity
By being such near neighbors;
My keeper now hath lent me pen and ink,
Shoved in my truss of lunch, and tub of drink,
And left me to my labors;
The whole menagerie is in repose,
The Coatamundi is in his Sunday clothes,
Watching the Lynx's most unnatural doze;
The Panther is asleep, and the Macaw;
The Lion is engaged on something raw:
The white Bear cools his chin
'Gainst the wet tin;
And the confined old Monkey's in the straw;
All the nine little Lionets are lying
Slumbering in milk, and sighing;
Miss Cross is sipping ox-tail soup
In her front coop;
So here's the happy mid-day moment;—yes,
I seize it, Mr. Mathews, to address

A word or two
To you
On the subject of the ruin which must come
By both being in the Strand, and both at home
On the same nights; two treats
So very near each other,
As, oh my brother!
To play old gooseberry with both receipts.

When you begin
Your summer fun, three times a week, at eight,
And carriages roll up, and cits roll in,
I feel a change in Exeter 'Change's change.
And, dash my trunk! I hate
To ring my bell, when you ring yours, and go
With a diminished glory through *my* show!
It is most strange;
But crowds that meant to see me eat a stack,
And sip a water-butt or so, and crack
A root of mangel-wurzel with my foot,
Eat little children's fruit,
Pick from the floor small coins,
And then turn slowly round and show my India-rubber loins:
'Tis strange—most strange, but true,
That these same crowds seek *you!*
Pass *my* abode, and pay at *your* next door!
It makes me roar
With anguish when I think of this; I go
With sad severity my nightly rounds
Before one poor front row,
My fatal funny foe!
And when I stoop, as duty bids, I sigh

And feel that, while poor elephantine I,
Pick up the sixpence, you pick up the pounds!

Could you not go?
Could you not take the Cobourg or the Surrey?
Or Sadler's Wells—(I am not in a hurry,:
I never am!) for the next season?—oh!
Woe! woe! woe!
To both of us, if we remain; for not
In silence will I bear my altered lot,
To have you merry, sir, at my expense;
No man of any sense,
No true great person (and we both are great
In our own ways) would tempt another's fate;
I would myself depart
In Mr. Cross's cart,
But, like Othello, "am not easily moved."
There's a nice house in Tottenham Court, they say,
Fit for a single gentleman's small play;
And more conveniently, near your home;
You'll easily go and come.
Or get a room in the City—in some street—
Coachmakers' Hall, or the Paul's Head,
Cateaton Street;
Any large place, in short, in which to get your bread;
But do not stay, and get
Me into the Gazette!

Ah! The Gazette!
I press my forehead with my trunk and wet
My tender cheek with elephantine tears,
Shed of a walnut size

From my wise eyes,
To think of ruin after prosperous years.
What a dread case would be
For me—large me!
To meet at Basinghall Street, the first and seventh
And the eleventh!
To undergo (D————n!)
My last examination!
To cringe, and to surrender,
Like a criminal offender,
All my effects—my bell-pull, and my bell,
My bolt, my stock of hay, my new deal cell;
To *post* my ivory, sir!
And have some commissioner
Very irreverently search my trunk;
'Sdeath! I should die
With rage, to find a tiger in possession
Of my abode; up to his yellow knees
In my old straw; and my profound profession
Entrusted to two beasts of assignees!

The truth is simply this—if you *will* stay
Under my very nose,
Filling your rows
Just at my feeding time, to see *your* play,
My mind's made up,
No more at nine I sup,
Except on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Sundays;
From eight to eleven,
As I hope for heaven,
On Thursdays, and on Saturdays, and Mondays,
I'll squeak and roar, and grunt without cessation,
And utterly confound your recitation.

And, mark me! all my friends of the furry snout
Shall join a chorus shout:
We will be heard—we'll spoil
Your wicked ruination toil.
Insolvency must ensue
To you, sir, you;
Unless you move your opposition shop,
And let me stop.

I have no more to say:—I do not write
In anger, but in sorrow; I must look,
However, to my interests every night,
And they detest your "Memorandum-book."
If we could join our forces—I should like it;
You do the dialogue, and I the songs:
A voice to me belongs;
(The Editors of the Globe and Traveller ring
With praises of it, when I hourly sing
God save the King.)
If such a bargain could be schemed, I'd strike it;
I think, too, I could do the Welsh old man
In the Youthful Days, if dressed upon your plan;
And the attorney in your Paris trip—
I'm large about the hip!
Now think of this!—for we cannot go on
As next door rivals, that my mind declares:
I must be penniless, or you be gone!
We must live separate, or else have shares.
I am a friend or foe
As you take this;
Let me your profitable hubbub miss,
Or be it "Mathews, Elephant, and Co.!"

ADDRESS TO MR. CROSS, OF EXETER 'CHANGE,

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.[9]

"'Tis *Greece*—but living *Greece* no more."—*Giaour.*

Oh, Mr. Cross!
Permit a sorry stranger to draw near
And shed a tear
(I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss!
I've been a visitor,
Of old, a sort of a Buffon inquisitor,
Of thy Menagerie—and knew the beast
That is deceased!—
I was the Damon of the gentle giant,
And oft have been,
Like Mr. Kean,
Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant;
Whenever I approached, the kindly brute
Flapped his prodigious ears and bent his knees—
It makes me freeze
To think of it!—no chums could better suit,
Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,
For so our former dearness was begun.
I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled
The beast of his affection, like a child;
And well he loved me till his life was done
(Except when he was wild):
It makes me blush for human friends—but none
I have so truly kept or cheaply won!

Here is his pen!—
The casket—but the jewel is away!—

The den is rifled of its denizen—
Ah well a day!
This fresh free air breathes nothing of his grossness,
And sets me sighing even for its closeness.
This light one-story
Where, like a cloud, I used to feast my eyes on
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon,
Tells a dark tale of his departed glory.
The very beasts lament the change, like me.
The shaggy Bison
Leaneth his head dejected on his knee!
Th' Hyena's laugh is hushed, and Monkeys pout;
The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine,
The Panther paces restlessly about
To walk her sorrow out;
The Lions in a deeper bass repine,
The Kangaroo wrings its sorry short fore paws,
Shrieks come from the Macaws,
The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,
And pineth for the dead;
The Boa writhes into a double knot;
The keeper groans
While sawing bones,
And looks askance at the deserted spot—
Brutal and rational lament his loss,
The flower of thy beastly family!
Poor Mrs. Cross
Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,
And weakens her Bohea!

Oh, Mr. Cross, how little it gives birth
To grief, when human greatness goes to earth,
How few lament for Czars!—

But oh the universal heart o'erflowed
At his high mass
Lighted by gas,
When, like Mark Anthony, the keeper showed
The elephantine scars!—
Reporters' eyes
Were of an egg-like size,
Men that had never wept for murdered Marrs!
Hard-hearted editors with iron faces
Their sluices all unclosed—
And discomposed
Compositors went fretting to their cases!—
That grief has left its traces:
The poor old Beef-eater has gone much grayer
With sheer regret,
And the Gazette
Seems the least trouble of the beasts' Purveyor!

And I too weep!—A dozen of great men
I could have spared without a single tear;
But then
They are renewable from year to year!
Fresh Gents would rise, though Gent resigned the pen:
I should not wholly
Despair for six months of another C****,
Nor, though F********* lay on his small bier,
Be melancholy——
But when will such an Elephant appear?
Though Penley were destroyed at Drury Lane,
His like might come again!
Fate might supply
A second Powell if the first should die;
Another Bennet, if the sire were snatched;

Barnes—might be matched;
And Time fill up the gap
Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap;
Even Claremont might be equalled—I could hope
(All human greatness is, alas, so puny!)
For other Egertons—another Pope,
But not another Chunee!

Well! he is dead!
And there's a gap in Nature of eleven
Feet high by seven—
Five living tons!—and I remain—nine stone
Of skin and bone!
It is enough to make me shake my head
And dream of the grave's brink—
'Tis worse to think
How like the Beast's the sorry life *I've* led!—
A sort of show
Of my poor public self and my sagacity,
To profit the rapacity
Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,
A slavish toil to win an upper story—
And a hard glory
Of wooden beams about a weary brow!
Oh, Mr. C.!
If ever you behold me twirl my pen
To earn a public supper, that is, eat
In the hare street,
Or turn about their literary den—
Shoot *me!*

ODE TO THE LATE LORD MAYOR,[10]

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "VISIT TO OXFORD."*

> "Now, Night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
> But lives in Settle's numbers one day more."
> POPE—*On the Lord Mayor's Show.*

O WORTHY MAYOR!—I mean to say Ex-Mayor!
Chief Luddite of the ancient town of Lud!
Incumbent of the City's easy chair!—
Conservator of Thames from mud to mud!
Great river-bank director!
And dam-inspector!
Great guardian of small sprats that swim the flood!
Lord of the scarlet gown and furry cap!
King of Mogg's map!
Keeper of Gates that long have "gone their gait,"
Warder of London stone and London log!
Thou first and greatest of the civic great,
Magog or Gog!—

O Honorable Ven——
(Forgive this little liberty between us),
Augusta's first Augustus!—Friend of men
Who wield the pen!
Dillon's Mæcenas!
Patron of Learning where she ne'er did dwell,
Where literature seldom finds abettors,
Where few—except the postman and his bell—
Encourage the *bell-lettres!*—

* See the published work of the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, who, in his zealous endeavor to stamp immortality upon the civic expedition to Oxford, has outrun every production in the annals of burlesque, even the long renowned "Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud."

Well hast thou done, Right Honorable Sir—
Seeing that years are such devouring ogresses,
And thou hast made some little journeying stir
To get a Nichols to record thy Progresses!

Wordsworth once wrote a trifle of the sort;
But for diversion,
For truth—for nature—everything in short—
I own I do prefer thy own "Excursion."
The stately story
Of Oxford glory—
The Thames romance—yet nothing of a fiction—
Like thine own stream it flows along the page—
"Strong, without rage,"
In diction worthy of thy jurisdiction!
To future ages thou wilt seem to be
A second Parry;
For thou didst carry
Thy navigation to a fellow crisis.
He penetrated to a Frozen Sea,
And thou—to where the Thames is turned to *Isis!**

I like thy setting out!
Thy coachman and thy coachmaid boxed together!†
I like thy Jarvey's serious face—in doubt
Of "four fine animals"—no Cobbetts either!‡

* The Chaplain doubts the correctness of the Thames being *turned into* the Isis at Oxford: of course he is right—according to the course of the river, it must be the Isis that is turned into the Thames.

† "As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away."—*Visit.*

‡ "The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried."—*Ibid.*

I like the slow state pace—the pace allowed
The best for dignity*—and for a crowd,
And very July weather,
So hot that it let off the Hounslow powder !†
I like the She-Mayor's proffer of a seat
To poor Miss Magnay, fried to a white heat ;‡
'Tis well it didn't chance to be Miss *Crowder !*

I like the steeples with their weathercocks on,
Discerned about the hour of three, P. M. ;
I like thy party's entrance into Oxon,
For oxen soon to enter into *them !*
I like the ensuing banquet better far,
Although an act of cruelty began it ;—
For why—before the dinner at the *Star*—
Why was the poor Town-clerk sent off to *plan it?*

I like your learned rambles not amiss,
Especially at Bodley's, where ye tarried
The longest—doubtless because Atkins carried
Letters (of course from Ignorance) to Bliss !§
The other Halls were scrambled through more hastily ;
But I like this—

* "The carriage drove away ; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders ; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness."

† "On approaching Hounslow, there was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke." The Chaplain thought it was only a blowing up for rain, but it turned out to be the spontaneous combustion of a powder-mill.

‡ "The Lady Mayoress, observing that they (the Magnays) must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat."

§ "The Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. John's College, the Registrar of the University, to whom Mr. Alderman Atkins had letters of introduction."—P. 32.

I like the Aldermen who stopped to drink
Of Maudlin's "classic water" very tastily,*
Although I think—what I am loth to think—
Except to Dillon, it has proved no Castaly!

I like to find thee finally afloat;
I like thy being barged and water-bailiffed,
Who gave thee *a* lift
To thy state-galley in his own state-boat.
I like thy small sixpennyworths of largess
Thrown to the urchins at the City's charges;
I like the sun upon thy breezy fanners,
Ten splendid scarlet silken stately banners!
Thy gilded bark shines out quite transcendental!
I like dear Dillon still,
Who quotes from "Cooper's Hill,"
And Birch, the cookly Birch, grown sentimental;†
I like to note his civic mind expanding
And quoting Denham, in the watery dock
Of Ifley lock—
Plainly no Lock upon the Understanding!

I like thy civic deed
At Runnymede,
Where ancient Britons came in arms to barter
Their lives for right—Ah, did not Waithman grow
Half mad to show
Where his renowned forefathers came to bleed—
And freeborn *Magnay* triumph at his *Charter?*

* "The Buttery was next visited, in which some of the party tasted the classic water."—P. 57.

† "Mr. Alderman Birch here called to the recollection of the party the beautiful lines of Sir John Denham on the river Thames:—'Tho' deep yet clear, etc.'"—P. 90.

I like full well thy ceremonious setting
The justice-sword (no doubt it wanted whetting!)
On London Stone; but I don't like the waving
Thy banner over it,* for I must own
Flag over stone
Reads like a most superfluous piece of paving!

I like thy Cliefden treat; but I'm not going
To run the civic story through and through,
But leave thy barge to Pater Noster row-ing
My plaudit to renew.
Well hast thou done, Right Honorable rover,
To leave this lasting record of thy reign,
A reign, alas! that very soon is "over
And gone," according to the Rydal strain!
'Tis piteous how a mayor
Slips through his chair.
I say it with a meaning reverential,
But let him be rich, lordly, wise, sentential,
Still he must seem a thing inconsequential—
A melancholy truth one cannot smother;
For why? 'tis very clear
He comes in at one *year*,
To go out by the other!
This is their Lordships' universal order!—
But thou shalt teach them to preserve a name—
Make future Chaplains chroniclers of fame!
And every Lord Mayor his own Recorder!

* "It was also a part of the ceremony, which, though important, is simple, that the City banner should wave over the stone."—P. 144.

ODE TO GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER,

DEPUTY LICENSER OF PLAYS.

This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous or ignorant;—
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts;
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his.—*Hudibras*, Can. III.

Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Twelfth Night.

The play—the play's the thing;—in which to catch the conscience.—*Hamlet.*

Come, Colman! Mrs. Gibbs's chum!
Virtue's protector! Come, George, come,
Sit down beside this beech,
That flourisheth in Fulham road;
And let me all my heart unload
Of levity—and preach!

Thou'rt altered, George, since thy young days
Of wicked verse and heedless plays,
With double meanings crammed;
"White for the harvest" is thine age,
Thou chief curse-cutter for the stage,
And scourger of the damned!

Thou that wert once th' offender—thou
The police-officer art now;
The vicious are thy crop!
Thou'rt Doctor Cotton to a play,
Keeping it from damnation's way,
When doomed for the *new drop!*

Thy predecessor was content,
Like Byron, "to let Reynolds vent
His dammees, poo's, and zounds!"
But thou, like Maw-worm, cloth'st thyself
With ill-got oath-correcting pelf,
And turnest damns to pounds!

Poor Farce! her mourning now may put on!
And Comedy's as dead as mutton!
(No sheep must have a *dam.*)
Farewell to Tragedy! her knell
And neck are wrung at once—farewell
The Drama!—(dele *dram.*)

George! hath some serious man in black
Slipped in thy hand the small sly "track"
All verbal sins to paint?
Or art thou laboring to be one
Like sleek dead Mr. Huntington—
Half *Coalman*—and half saint?

Well might unusual crimson rush
Into thy cheeks—(no claret blush)
For thy young muse's sins!
Ah! who could think that prim *pursed* mouth
Of her's had worn in early youth
The *broadest* of Broad Grins!

But she—a wench of wicked sense,
Debauched into experience,
Knows what's the unclean cup:
Not one, so well, I'll warrant me,
Can pitch upon a naughty *Shee*,
And show the creature up!

Has Irving taught thee how to trounce
Dramatic man, and to renounce
The wickedness of wit?
Or James * convinced thee that the way
Some have of going to the play
Must lead them to the *Pit!*

Nothing like thee—to Heaven's praise!
(Forgive the appeal!) plagued Bess's days—
Her poet's hope to quell:
Hadst thou lived then, we should have had
No vile, immoral Warwick lad,
With all his "blasts from Hell!"

Who would believe, my good yeoman,
Like thy own deviating Dan,
Thou ever hadst given up
Thyself to whistle and to stray,
To drink, with Dukes and Ladies gay,
A very merry cup!

Two-Guinea Censor! too particular
In virtue's slang! too great a stickler
For oaths and prayers in blank!
Poor D. dash D. is all that goes
With thee, thou Legend of Montrose!—
Pah! thy offence is *Rank!*

Good bye to Godby! † (dele *God!*)
Methinks I see all curtains nod
To one sad final fall!

* Not James the apostle, but Mr. Bunn's Brummagem youth.

† A celebrated theatrical carpenter:—a great favorite with Mr. Colman, until the licenser "filched from him his good name."

Stages must sink from bad to *worser*—
The sad precursor (dele *cursor*)
Of ruin frowns on all!

Who, George—oh, who that hath of wit
A grain—his fancies will submit
To nonsense and to thee?
What!—come, to be "run through," and then
Give sovereigns to reward the pen
That cut us?

U. B. D.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF

WIT AND HUMOR.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DOMESTIC ASIDES;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

"I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles!)

"Your charming boys, I see, are hom
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home!
Well, now, I call that shabby;
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank Heaven I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home,
In future to the Skinners!")

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ODE.

O! WELL may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In Greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parched, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust:
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,

He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

O! but to hear the milkmaid blithe,
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among! —
My grass is of that sort, alas!
That makes no hay — called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

O! but to smell the woodbines sweet!
I think of cowslip cups — but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese, — or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau reviewed
His periwinkles! — mine are strewed!
My rose blooms on a gown! —
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown:

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gayly sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
And colors of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes!

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones: —
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap,
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin — not shear — the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
Sweetly, here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed — "piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mocked,
On every hand the sense is shocked,
With objects hard to bear:
Shades — vernal shades! — where wine is sold!
And, for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers

Wherein the zephyr wons!
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more.
See Hatton's Garden bricked all o'er;
And that bare wood — St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
Who brokers — not with bees.

O! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades — my eyes detest
That endless meal of brick!

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past! —
That iron age — which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought —
Is now all overcast!

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old — those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest? —
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold — enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
O, Time has plucked the plumy brow!
And none engage at Turney's now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o'Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney — nay,
Those "early champions" — what are they
But knights without a morn.

No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears —
The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace:
O, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Saladin*,
But only grow the small!

Our *Cressys*, too, have dwindled since
To penny things — at our Black Prince

Historic pens would scoff:
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off!

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now — with powder puffs.

The curtal-axe is out of date;
The good old cross-bow bends — to Fate;
'T is gone, the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft!

The spear, the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside, —
O, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone, —
And where is all chain armor gone?
Go ask a Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing handcuffs with our fists,
A low and vulgar art!
No mounted man is overthrown:
A tilt! it is a thing unknown —
Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance!
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!

'T is but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood — if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again —
Alas! the *Casque* is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place —
Though certain doctors still pretend,
A while, before they kill a friend,
To labor through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight!
Our coats and custom soften;
To rise would only make you weep —
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety coffin!

THE GREEN MAN.

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived — at least at Number Four,
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,
At fifty pounds — or thereabouts — per ann.
The lady reckoned him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter!
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers,
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers,
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter:

Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable —
Still, on one failing tenderly to touch,
The gentleman did like a drop too much
(Though there are many such),
And took more Port than was exactly portable.
In fact, — to put the cap upon the nipple,
And try the charge, — Tom certainly *did* tipple.

Once in the company of merry mates,
In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,
So sure as Eating is set off with *plates*,
His drinking always was bound up with *cuts!*
Howbeit, such bacchanalian revels
Bring very sad catastrophes about.
Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!
'T was Christmas — he had drunk the night before, —
Like Baxter, who so "went beyond his last" —
One bottle more, and then *one* bottle more,
Till, O! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was passed!
And homeward, by the short, small chimes of day,
With many a circumbendibus to spare,
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,
To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,
And all the nerves — (and sparrows) — in a twitter,
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:
The hands, o'er all are members that make motions,
A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,
Which has its swell, too, when its getting up —
An awkward circumstance enough for elves
Who shave themselves,
And Simpson just was ready to go through it,
When, lo! the first short glimpse within the glass —
He jumped — and who alive would fail to do it?

To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!
In vain each eager wipe,
With soap — without — wet — hot or cold — or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye,
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorbed in a deep study, —
But verdant and not brown, —
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed, it was a very novel case,
By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face,
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

"All claret marks," — thought he — Tom knew his forte —
"Are red — this color CANNOT come from Port!"

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,
'T was quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown.

— So he tied up his head,
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed:
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
To match his customary tea,
Black, mixed with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up stairs to learn the why;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch

By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody tied-up head,
Got over-night of course — "Harm watch, harm catch,"
From Watchmen in a boxing match.

So, liberty or not, —
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
A suicidal coffin —
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot;
Appearance, — "fiddle-sticks!" should not deter
From going to the bed,
And looking at the head;
La! Mister S——, he need not care for her!
A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad —
Her own dear late would come home late at night,
And liquor always got him in a fight.
She 'd been in hospitals — she would n't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep;
She knew what 's good for bruises and what an't —
Turlington's Drops she made a pint to keep.
Cases she 'd seen beneath the surgent's hand —
Such skulls japanned — she meant to say trepanned!

Hereat she plucked the white cravat aside,
And, lo! the whole phenomenon was seen —
"Preserve us all! He 's going to gangrene!"
Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
And brought a groan,
To move a heart of stone —
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And, as the case was imminent and urgent,

He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B's proposal for a "surgent."

Swift flew the summons, — it was life or death!
And, in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*.
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue — felt pulse — examined cheek, —
Poked, stroked, pinched, kneaded it, hemmed, shook his head.
Took a long, solemn pause the cause to seek
(Thinking, it seemed, in Greek),
Then asked — 't was Christmas — "Had he eaten grass,
Or greens — and if the cook was so improper,
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass,
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There 's turtle, and green fat?"
To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered "No."
The Doctor was at fault;
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colors came in crowds.
Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to sallow.
Even those eruptions he had never seen
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
As "*rashes* growing green" —
"Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!
Nothing, of course, but a broad Scottish joke!"
Then as to flaming visages, for those
The Scarlet fever answered, or the Rose —
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!

So matters stood in-doors — meanwhile without
Growing in going like all other rumors,
The modern miracle was buzzed about.

"Green faces!" so they all began to comment —
"Yes — opposite to Druggists' lighted shops,
But that 's a flying color — never stops —
A bottle-green, that 's vanished in a moment.
Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind —
Nothing at all to match the present piece;
Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind —
Green-grocers are not green, nor yet green geese!"
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
Of such a case had never heard,
From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;
"Or Greenland!" cried the whalers.

All tongues were full of the Green Man, and still
They could not make him out, with all their skill.
No soul could shape the matter, head or tail —
But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half-hour, in needless puzzle,
Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle;
He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought, and thought —
And still it came to naught,
When up rushed Betty, loudest of Town Criers,
"Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door!
It 's B, Ma'am, Twenty-four, —
As brought home Mister S. to Austin Friars,
And says there 's nothing but a simple case:
He got that 'ere green face
By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's!"

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

A NEW VERSION

'Meditate — meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat."
TRISTRAM SHANDY

COME, my old hat, my steps attend!
However wags may sneer and scoff,
My castor still shall be my friend,
For I'll not be a caster off.
So take again your olden place,
That always found you fit and pat,
Whatever mode might please the race,
All round my hat, all round my hat!

All round the world, while I've a head,
However I may chance to be
Without a home, without a shed,
My tile shall be a roof to me.
Black, rusty, gray, devoid of pelt,
A shocking shape, or beaten flat,
Still there are joys that may be felt
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no Salam —
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.
All men in drab he calleth friends; —
But there 's a broader brim than that —
Give me the love that comprehends
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The Monarch binds his brows in gold,
With gems and pearls to sparkle there;
But still a hat, a hat that 's old,
They say is much more easy wear.

At regal state I'll not repine
For Kaiser, King, or Autocrat,
Whilst there 's a golden sun to shine
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The soldier seeks the field of death;
He fights, he fires, he faints, he falls,
To gain an airy laurel wreath,
With berries made of musket-balls.
No love have I for shot and shell,
With hissings sharp that end in flat —
Chafers and gnats sing just as well
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, you 've got a crown;
A little nap the brush can find;
Your are not very, very brown,
Nor very much scrubbed up behind.
As yet your brim is broad and brave,—
I took some little care of that,
By not saluting every knave
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, I 've got a house,
And dine as other people do,
And fate propitious still allows
A home for me — a peg for you.
But say my bread were but a crumb,
Myself as poor as any rat —
Why, I could cry, "Good people, come
All round my hat, all round my hat!"

As yet, the best of womankind
Continues all that wife should be,
And in the self-same room I find
Her bonnet and my hat agree.

But say the bliss should not endure,
That she should turn a perfect cat, —
I'd trust to time to bring a cure,
All round my hat, all round my hat!

No acres broad pertain to me,
To furnish cattle, coal, or corn;
Like people that are born at sea,
There was no land where I was born:
Yet, when my flag of life is furled,
What landlord can do more than that?
I'll leave my heir the whole wide world,
All round my hat, all round my hat!

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

"WHO 'LL SERVE THE KING?"

AN ILLUSTRATION.

WHAT little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well called—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag,
(Our plate will show the manner.)
And wooed each tiny neighbor still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
To come beneath the banner?

Just like that ancient shape of mist
In Hamlet, crying "'List, O 'list!"
  Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead
And cut off Boneyparty's head?—
  And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
  And ape the soldier-life;
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
  At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
  With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,
To 'siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
  Or storm the garden-gates!

Ah me! my retrospective soul!
As over memory's muster-roll
  I cast my eyes anew,
My former comrades all the while
Rise up before me, rank and file,
  And form in dim review.

Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,
  And dark "Jamakey Forde!"
And limping Wood, and "Cocky Hawes,"
Our captain always made, because
  He had a real sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,
Who said he had a gun at home,
But that was all a brag;
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb
That *would* hold up the flag!

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"
Who never right-abouted right,
For he was deaf and dumb;
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,
And Dicky Bird, that wouldn't play
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,
A chap that never kept the step—
No more did "Surly Hugh;"
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim"—
We often had to halt for him,
To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,
That killed the bantam cock, to stick
The plumes within his hat;
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout
That got so thumped for calling out
"Eyes right!" to "Squinting Matt."

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,
Was always in the awkward squad,
And those two greedy Blakes,
That took our money to the fair
To buy the corps a trumpet there,
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war
With open mouth declaring for?—
  Or fall'n in bloody fray?
Compell'd to tell the truth I am,
Their fights all ended with the sham,—
  Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,
  And Jepp now deals in wine;
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,
  But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cocky Hawes's sword
Is seen upon a broker's board;
  And as for "Fighting Jim,"
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,
His unresisting cheek I spied
  Beneath a quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,
For Ryder now your eye must search
  The marts of silk and lace—
Bird's drums are fill'd with figs and mute,
And I—I've got a substitute
  To soldier in my place!

SONNET.

ON MISTRESS NICELY, A PATTERN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Written after seeing Mrs. Davenport in the character at Covent Garden

She was a woman peerless in her station,
With household virtues wedded to her name;
Spotless in linen, grass-bleached in her fame,
And pure and clear-starched in her reputation; —
Thence in my Castle of Imagination
She dwells forevermore, the dainty dame,
To keep all airy draperies from shame,
And all dream furnitures in preservation:
There walketh she with keys quite silver bright,
In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black,
Apron and stomacher of lily-white,
And decent order follows in her track:
The burnished plate grows lustrous in her sight,
And polished floors and tables shine her back.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

TAKEN BY THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

Yes, there are her features! her brow, and her hair,
And her eyes, with a look so seraphic;
Her nose, and her mouth, with the smile that is there,
Truly caught by the Art Photographic!

Yet why should she borrow such aid of the skies,
When, by many a bosom's confession,
Her own lovely face and the light of her eyes
Are sufficient to make *an impression?*

PARTY SPIRIT.

"Why did you not dine," said a Lord to a Wit,
"With the Whigs, you political sinner?"
"Why, really, I meant, but had doubts how the *Pit*
Of my stomach would bear a Fox dinner"

ART OF BOOK KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary Hooks—
Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet backward go;
And, as the tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, when I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While studying o'er the fire one day,
My "Hobbs," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you'll let them lift,
Another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated;
But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself
Is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave
Is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save,
'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my "Foot"
My "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed,
My "Taylor," too, must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offered "Bayle."

I Prior sought, but could not see
The "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
O! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickle" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle;"
And surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
My sorrows to excuse,

To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
Nor even use my "Hughes."
My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry
My "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away;
I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a look on "Gray,"
There's gray upon my locks;
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale;
I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail,
'Tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For O! they cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

DOG DAYS.

Most *doggedly* I do maintain,
And hold the *dogma* true—
That four-legged *dogs* although we see,
We've some that walk on two.

Among them there are clever dogs;
A few you'd reckon mad;
While some are very jolly dogs,
And others very sad.

You've heard of Dogs, who, early taught,
Catch halfpence in the mouth;
But we've a long-tailed *Irish* Dog,
With feats of larger growth.

Of Dogs who merely *halfpence* snatch
The admiration ceases,
For he grows saucy, sleek, and fat,
By swallowing *penny-pieces!*

He's practising some other feats,
Which time will soon reveal;
One is, to squeeze an *Orange* flat,
And strip it of its *Peel.*

The next he'll find a toughish job
For one so far in years;
He wants to pull an old *House* down,
That's now propped up by *Peers.*

I've heard of physic thrown to dogs,
And very much incline
To think it true, for we've a pack,
Who only *bark* and *w*(h)*ine.*

The *Turnspit* of the sad old days
Is vain enough to boast,
Although his "occupation's gone,"
He still could *rule the roast.*

But turnspits now are out of date,
We all despise the hack,
And in the kitchen of the state
We still prefer a *Jack*.

"BOXIANA."

I HATE the very name of *box;*
It fills me full of fears;
It 'minds me of the woes I've felt,
Since I was young in years.

They sent me to a Yorkshire school,
Where I had many knocks;
For there my schoolmates *loxed* my ears,
Because I couldn't *box*.

I packed my *box;* I picked the locks;
And ran away to sea;
And very soon I learnt to *lox*
The compass merrily.

I came ashore—I called a coach,
And mounted on the *box;*
The coach upset against a post,
And gave me dreadful knocks.

I soon got well; in love I fell,
And married Martha Cox;
To please her will, at famed *Box* hill,
I took a country *box*.

I had a pretty garden there,
All bordered round with *box;*
But ah, alas! there lived, next door,
A certain Captain Knox.

He took my wife to see the play;—
They had a private *box:*
I jealous grew, and from that day
I hated Captain Knox.

I sold my house—I left my wife;—
And went to Lawyer Fox;
Who tempted me to seek redress
All from a jury *box.*

I went to law, whose greedy maw
Soon emptied my strong *box;*
I lost my suit, and cash to boot,
All through that crafty Fox.

The name of *box* I therefore dread,
I've had so many shocks;
They'll never end—for when I'm dead,
They'll nail me in a *box.*

ON A ROYAL DEMISE.

How Monarchs die is easily explained,
And thus it might upon the Tomb be chiseled:
"As long as George the Fourth could *reign* he *reigned,*
And then he *mizzled.*"

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"If the affairs of this world did not make us so sad,
'Twould be easy enough to be merry."—*Old Song.*

THERE is nothing but plague in this house!
There's the turbot is stole by the cat,
The Newfoundland has eat up the grouse,
And the haunch has been gnawed by a rat!
It's the day of all days when I wished
That our friends should enjoy our good cheer;
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dished—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Mr. Rudge has not called, but he will,
For his rates, church, and highway, and poor;
And the butcher has brought in his bill—
Twice as much as the quarter before.
Little Charles is come home with the mumps,
And Matilda with measles, I fear;
And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,
And your banker is off to New York;
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,
And the "Wiggins" has foundered near Cork.
Mr. Merrington's bill is come back;
You are chosen to serve overseer;
The new wall is beginning to crack—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The best dinner-set's fallen to the ground;
The militia's called out, and you're drawn;

Not a piece of our plate can be found,
And there's marks of men's feet on the lawn;
Two anonymous letters have come,
That declare you shall die like a Weare;
And it may—or may not—be a hum—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The old law-suit with Levy is lost;
You are fined for not cleansing the street;
And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.
Your old tenant at seventy-four
Has gone off in the night with his gear,
And has taken the key of the door—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's the "Sun" and the "Phœnix" to pay,
For the chimney has blazed like Old Nick;
The new gig has been jammed by a dray,
And the old horse has taken to kick.
We have hardly a bushel of small,
And now coal is extravagant dear;
Your great coat is stole out of the hall—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The whole green-house is smashed by the hail,
And the plants have all died in the night;
The magnolia's blown down by the gale,
And the chimney looks far from upright;
And—the deuce take the man from the shop,
That hung up the new glass chandelier!—
It has come, in the end, to one drop—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—
It's the same in the country and town;
There's the porter has burned down his lodge,
While he went off to smoke at the Crown.
The fat butler makes free with your wine,
And the footman has drunk the strong beer,
And the coachman can't walk in a line—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,
And some day he'll abscond, I expect;
Mr. Brown has built out your back view;
The new housemaid's the greatest of flirts—
She has men in the house, that is clear;
And the laundress has pawned all your shirts—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome,"
Not a critic on earth seems to laud;
And old Huggins has lately come home,
And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude;
Your election is far from secure,
Though it's likely to cost very dear;
You're come out in a caricature—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christened an ass in the Times,
And the Chronicle calls you a fool:
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghrimes,
Has engaged the next house for a school;
And the play-ground will run by the bower
Which you took so much trouble to rear—
We shall never have one quiet hour—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Little John will not take to his book,
He's come home black and blue from the cane;
There's your uncle is courting his cook,
And your mother has married again!
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,
And against them you'll have to appear;
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

A BULL.

One day—no matter where or when,
Except 'twas after some Hibernian revel,
For why? an Irishman is ready then
"To play the Devil"—
A Pat, whose surname has escaped the Bards,
Agreed to play with Nick a game at cards.

The stake, the same that the old Source of Sin
From German Faustus, and his German cousins
Had won by dozens;
The only one, in fact, he cares a pin
To win.

By luck or roguery of course old Nick
Won every trick:
The score was full, the last turn-up had done it—
"Your soul—I've won it!"

"It's true for you, I've lost that same,"
Said Pat, a little hazy in his wits—
"My soul is yours—but come—another game—
Double, or quits!"

A CHARITY SERMON.

"I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay thee another visit; but my friends, I fancy, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately. Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me?'"

* * * * *

"I would have thee know, friend," addressing himself to Adams, "I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds."

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

I'M an extremely charitable man—no collar and long hair, though a little carrotty;
Demure, half-inclined to the unknown tongues, but I never gained anything by charity.
I got a little boy into the Foundling, but his unfortunate mother was traced and baited,
And the overseers found *her* out—and she found *me* out—and the child was affili*ated.*
Oh, Charity will home come to roost—
Like curses and chickens is Charity.

I once, near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danced over the whole of it,
Put a bad five-shilling-piece into a beggar's hat, but the old hat had got a hole in it;
And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an officer's eye seemed to care for it,
As my bad crown piece went through *his* bad crown piece, and they took me up to Queen's Square for it.
Oh, Charity, etc.

I let my very old (condemned) old house to a man at a rent that was shockingly low,
So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes—all defunct and fatherless now;

For the plaguy one-sided party wall fell in, so did the roof, on son and daughter,
And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and brought in a very personal verdict of manslaughter.
Oh, Charity, etc.

I picked up a young well-dressed gentleman, who had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court,
And charitably offered to see him home—for charity always seemed to be my forte,
And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen home, but this was a very unlucky job—
Do you know, he got my watch, my purse, my handkerchief—for it was one of the swell mob.
Oh, Charity, etc.

Being four miles from town, I stopped a horse that had run away with a man, when it seemed that they must be dashed to pieces,
Though several kind people were following him with all their might—but such following a horse his speed increases;
I held the horse while he went to recruit his strength; and I meant to ride home, of course;
But the crowd came up and took me up—for it turned out the man had run away with the horse.
Oh, Charity, etc.

I watched last month all the drovers and drivers about the suburbs, for it's a positive fact,
That I think the utmost penalty ought always to be enforced against everybody under Mr. Martin's act;

But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over the shins, or on the ears, or over the head;
And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours, and got five weeks of ten swelled fingers in bed.
Oh, Charity, etc.

Well, I've utterly done with Charity, though I used so to preach about its finest fount;
Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but *I* can't turn it to any account—
It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chirrups it up with a dust of piety;
That henceforth, let it be understood, I take my name entirely out of the list of subscribers to the Humane Society.
Oh, Charity, etc.

SONNET.

"Sweet to the sweet—farewell."—*Hamlet.*

TIME was I liked a cheesecake well enough;
All human children have a sweetish tooth;
I used to revel in a pie, or puff,
Or tart—we all are *tarters* in our youth;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I crumped,
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often liked as lumped;
On treacle's "linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Or honey, I could feast like any fly;
I thrilled when lollipops were hawked about,
How pleased to compass hardbake or bull's-eye,
How charmed if Fortune in my power cast
Elecampane—but that campaign is past!

THE CIGAR.

"Here comes Mr. Puff."—*The Critic.*

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled."—MOORE.

SOME sigh for this and that,
My wishes don't go far.
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
With Whig and Tory jar;
I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war;
I care not—I'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the Post,
I seldom read the Star;
The Globe I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock
Is sunk much under par;
It's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honors have come to men
My juniors at the Bar;
No matter—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not;
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,
But serve the household Lar;
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A General with a scar;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all,
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R.;
The jilt! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.

BACKING THE FAVORITE!

Oh, a pistol, or a knife!
For I'm weary of my life;
My cup has nothing sweet left to flavor it;
My estate is out at nurse,
And my heart is like my purse—
And all through backing of the Favorite!

At dear O'Neil's first start,
I sported all my heart:
Oh, Becher, he never marred a braver hit!
For he crossed her in her race,
And made her lose her place,
And there was an end of that Favorite!

Anon, to mend my chance,
For the goddess of the Dance*
I pined, and told my enslaver it;
But she wedded in a canter,
And made me a Levanter,
In foreign lands to sigh for the Favorite!

* The late favorite of the King's Theatre, who left the pas seul of life, for a perpetual *Ball*. Is not that her effigy now commonly borne about by the Italian image-venders—an ethereal form holding a wreath with both hands above her head—and her husband, in emblem, beneath her foot?

Then next Miss M. A. Tree
I adored, so sweetly she
  Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it;
But she left that course of life
To be Mr. Bradshaw's wife,
  And all the world lost on the Favorite!

But out of sorrow's surf,
Soon I leaped upon the turf,
  Where Fortune loves to wanton it and waver it;
But standing on the pet,
"Oh, my bonny, bonny Bet!"
  Black and yellow pulled short up with the Favorite!

Thus flung by all the crack,
I resolved to cut the pack;
  The second-raters seemed then a safer hit!
So I laid my little odds
Against Memnon! Oh, ye gods!
  Am I always to be floored by the Favorite!

THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS.

The Germans for Learning enjoy great repute;
But the English make *Letters* still more a pursuit;
For a Cockney will go from the banks of the Thames
To Cologne for an *O*, and to Nassau for *M*'s.

THE UNITED FAMILY.

"We stick at nine."—Mrs. Battle.

"Thrice to thine,
And thrice to mine,
And thrice again,
To make up nine."
The Weird Sisters in Macbeth.

How oft in families intrudes
The demon of domestic feuds;
One liking this, one hating that,
Each snapping each, like dog and cat,
With divers bents, and tastes perverse,
One's bliss, in fact, another's curse;
How seldom anything we see
Like our united family!

Miss Brown of chapels goes in search,
Her sister Susan likes the church;
One plays at cards, the other don't;
One will be gay, the other won't;
In prayer and preaching one persists,
The other sneers at Methodists;
On Sundays even they can't agree,
Like our united family.

There's Mr. Bell, a Whig at heart,
His lady takes the Tories' part,
While William, junior, nothing loth,
Spouts Radical against them both.
One likes the News, one takes the Age,
Another buys the unstamped page;
They all say *I*, and never *we*,
Like our united family.

Not so with us;—with equal zeal
We all support Sir Robert Peel;
Of Wellington our mouths are full,
We dote on Sundays on John Bull;
With Pa and Ma on self-same side,
Our house has never to divide;
No opposition members be
In our united family.

Miss Pope her "Light Guitar" enjoys,
Her father "cannot bear the noise,"
Her mother's charmed with all her songs,
Her brother jangles with the tongs:
Thus discord out of music springs,
The most unnatural of things,
Unlike the genuine harmony
In our united family!

We *all* on vocal music dote,
To each belongs a tuneful throat,
And all prefer that Irish boon
Of melody—"The Young May Moon;"
By choice we all select the harp,
Nor is the voice of one too sharp,
Another flat—all in one key
Is our united family.

Miss Powell likes to draw and paint,
But then—it would provoke a saint—
Her brother takes her sheep for pigs,
And says her trees are periwigs.
Pa praises all, black, blue, or brown;
And so does Ma—but upside down!
They cannot with the same eyes see,
Like our united family.

Miss Patterson has been to France,
Her heart's delight is in a dance;
The thing her brother cannot bear,
So she must practise with a chair.
Then at a waltz her mother winks;
But Pa says roundly what he thinks,
All dòs-à-dòs, not vis-à-vis,
Like our united family.

We none of us that whirling love,
Which both our parents disapprove;
A hornpipe we delight in more,
Or graceful Minuèt de la Cour,
A special favorite with Mamma,
Who used to dance it with Papa;
In this we still keep step, you see,
In our united family.

Then books—to hear the Cobbs' debates!
One worships Scott—another hates;
Monk Lewis, Ann fights stoutly for,
And Jane likes "Bunyan's Holy War."
The father on MacCulloch pores,
The mother says *all* books are bores;
But blue serene as heaven are we,
In our united family.

We never wrangle to exalt
Scott, Banim, Bulwer, Hope, or Galt,
We care not whether Smith or Hook,
So that a novel be the book;
And in one point we all are fast,
Of novels we prefer the last—
In that the very Heads agree
In our united family!

To turn to graver matters still,
How much we see of sad self-will!
Miss Scrope, with brilliant views in life,
Would be a poor lieutenant's wife;
A lawyer has her pa's good word,
Her ma has looked her out a lord;
What would they not all give to be
Like our united family!

By one congenial taste allied,
Our dreams of bliss all coincide;
We're all for solitudes and cots,
And love, if we may choose our lots—
As partner in the rural plan,
Each paints the same dear sort of man;
One heart alone there seems to be
In our united family.

One heart, one hope, one wish, one mind—
One voice, one choice, all of a kind;
And can there be a greater bliss—
A little heaven on earth—than this?
The truth to whisper in your ear,
It must be told!—we are not near
The happiness that ought to be
In our united family!

Alas! 'tis our congenial taste
That lays our little pleasures waste;—
We all delight, no doubt, to sing,
We all delight to touch the string,
But where's the harp that nine may touch?
And nine "May Moons" are eight too much;
Just fancy nine, all in one key,
Of our united family!

The play—O how we love a play!
But half the bliss is shorn away;
On winter nights we venture nigh,
But think of houses in July!
Nine crowded in a private box,
Is apt to pick the stiffest locks;
Our curls would all fall out, though we
Are one united family!

In art the self-same line we walk,
We all are fond of heads in chalk,
We one and all our talent strain
Adelphi prizes to obtain;
Nine turbaned Turks are duly sent,
But can the Royal Duke present
Nine silver palettes—no, not he—
To our united family?

Our eating shows the very thing,
We all prefer the liver-wing,
Asparagus when scarce and thin,
And peas directly they come in;
The marrow-bone—if there be one—
The ears of hare when crisply done,
The rabbit's brain—we all agree
In our united family.

In dress the same result is seen,
We all so doat on apple-green;
But nine in green would seem a school
Of charity to quizzing fool;
We cannot all indulge our will
With "that sweet silk on Ludgate Hill,"
No *remnant* can sufficient be
For our united family.

In reading, hard is still our fate;
One cannot read o'erlooked by eight,
And nine "Disowned"—nine "Pioneers,"
Nine "Chaperons," nine "Buccaneers,"
Nine "Maxwells," nine "Tremaines," and such,
Would dip into our means too much;
Three months are spent o'er volumes three,
In our united family.

Unhappy Muses! if the Nine
Above in doom with us combine;
In vain we breathe the tender flame,
Our sentiments are all the same,
And nine complaints addressed to Hope
Exceed the editorial scope;
One in, and eight *put out*, must be
Of our united family!

But this is naught—of deadlier kind
A ninefold woe remains behind.
O why were we so art and part?
So like in taste, so one in heart?
Nine cottages may be to let,
But here's the thought to make us fret,
We cannot each add Frederic B.
To our united family.

EPIGRAM.

After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife;
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising—
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

THE VOLUNTEER.

"The clashing of my armor in my ears
Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
In mind of a bier; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
To dig my grave." *The Lover's Progress.*

'Twas in that memorable year
France threatened to put off in
Flat-bottomed boats, intending each
To be a British coffin,
To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orphan:—

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
And heads were dredged with flour,
I listed in the Lawyers' Corps,
Against the battle-hour:
A perfect Volunteer—for why?
I brought my "will and power."

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's, over-cast—
About the hour of six (the morn
And I were breaking fast),
There came a loud and sudden sound
That struck me all aghast!

A dismal sort of morning roll,
That was not to be eaten:
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattooed through all my flesh,
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed
The morsel I was munching,
And terror locked them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand, that held the tea-pot fast,
Stiffened, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were marked with *tea*,
As they were marked already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot;
But it was nothing wonderful
My color changed, I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

And, looking forth with anxious eye,
From my snug upper story,
I saw our melancholy corps,
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seemed very loth
To axe their way to glory.

The captain marched as mourners march,
The ensign too seemed lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging—
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watched, the thought of death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, "Since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on;"—
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one;
Let those that have no homes at all,
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection, by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave,
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—ah me! it felt
Like any felon's cap.

My plume seemed borrowed from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
My belt so heavy pressed,
Four pipe-clay cross-roads seemed to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breast-plate only lacked
A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dressed,
Preparing for the vault—
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclined me quite
To peace:—and here I am!
While better lions go to war,
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthened life, that might have been
A martial epigram.

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

[FROM AN OLD MS.]

Now the loud Crye is up, and harke!
The barkye Trees give back the Bark!
The House Wyfe heares the merrie rout,
And runnes—and lets the beere run out,
Leaving her Babes to weepe—for why?
She likes to heare the Deer Dogges crye,
And see the wild Stag how he stretches

The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,
Running like one of Human kind,
Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—
As if he had not payde his Bill
For Ven'son, or was owing still
For his two Hornes, and soe did get
Over his Head and Ears in Debt;—
Wherefore he strives to paye his Waye
With his long Legges the while he maye;—
But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
As well as anye Hart may wish,
Except that one whose Heart doth beat
So faste it hasteneth his feet;—
And runninge soe, he holdeth Death
Four Feet from him—till his Breath
Faileth, and slacketh Pace at last,
From runninge slow he standeth faste,
With hornie Bayonettes at baye,
To baying Dogges around, and they
Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
And goreth them that seek his Gore—
Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
Is dead—as sure as he's alive!
Soe that courageous Hart doth fight
With Fate, and calleth up his might,
And standeth stout that he maye fall
Bravelye, and be avenged of all,
Nor like a Craven yeeld his Breath
Under the Jawes of Dogges and Death!

A RISE AT THE FATHER OF ANGLING.

THE memory of Izaak Walton has hitherto floated down the stream of time without even a nibble at it; but, alas! where is the long line so pure and even that does not come sooner or later to have a weak length detected in it? The severest critic of Moliere was an old woman; and now a censor of the same sex takes upon herself to tax the immortal work of our Piscator, with holding out an evil temptation to the rising generation. Instead of concurring in the general admiration of his fascinating pictures of fishing, she boldly asserts that the rod has been the spoiling of her child; and insists that in calling the Angler gentle and inoffensive, the Author was altogether wrong in his *dubbing*. To render her strictures more attractive, she has thrown them into a poetical form; having probably learned by experience that a rhyme at the end of a line is a very taking bait to the generality of readers. Hark! how she rates the meek Palmer, whom Winifred Jenkins would have called "an angle upon earth."

TO MR. IZAAK WALTON, AT MR. MAJOR'S THE BOOKSELLER'S, IN FLEET STREET.

Mr. Walton, it's harsh to say it, but as a Parent I can't help wishing
You'd been hung before you published your book, to set all the young people a fishing!
There's my Robert, the trouble I've had with him it surpasses a mortal's bearing,
And all through those devilish angling works—the Lord forgive me for swearing!
I thought he were took with the Morbus one day, I did, with his nasty angle!

For "oh dear," says he, and burst out in a cry, "oh my gut is all got of a tangle!"
It's a shame to teach a young boy such words—whose blood wouldn't chill in their veins
To hear him, as I overheard him one day, a-talking of blowing out brains? *
And didn't I quarrel with Sally the cook, and a precious scold I give her,
"How dare you," says I, "for to stench the whole house by keeping that stinking liver?"
'Twas enough to breed a fever, it was! they smelt it next door at the Bagots;
But it wasn't breeding a fever—not it! 'twas my son was a-breeding of maggots!
I declare that I couldn't touch meat for a week, for it all seemed tainting and going,
And after turning my stomach so, they turned to blue-flies, all buzzing and blowing.
Boys are nasty enough, goodness knows, of themselves, without putting live things in their craniums;
Well, what next? but he pots a whole cargo of worms along with my choice geraniums.
And another fine trick, though it wasn't found out, till the housemaid had given us warning,
He fished at the golden fish in the bowl, before we were up and down in the morning.
I'm sure it was lucky for Ellen, poor thing, that she'd got so attentive a lover,
As bring her fresh fish when the others deceased, which they did a dozen times over!

* Chewing and spitting out (bullock's) brains into the water for ground-bait is called *blowing of brains*.—SALTER's *Angler's Guide*.

Then a whole new loaf was short! for I know, of course, when our bread goes faster—
And I made a stir, with the bill in my hand, and the man was sent off by his master.
But, oh dear, I thought I should sink through the earth, with the weight of my own reproaches;
For my own pretty son had made away with the loaf, to make pastry to feed the roaches!
I vow I've suffered a martyrdom—with all sorts of frights and terrors surrounded!
For I never saw him go out of the doors but I thought he'd come home to me drownded.
And, sure enough, I set out one fine Monday to visit my married daughter,
And there he was standing at Sadler's Wells, a-performing with real water.
It's well he was off on the further side, for I'd have brained him else with my patten,
For I thought he was safe at school, the young wretch! a studying Greek and Latin.
And my ridicule basket he'd got on his back, to carry his fishes and gentles;
With a belt I knew he'd made from the belt of his father's regimentals.
Well, I poked his rods and lines in the fire, and his father gave him a birching,
But he'd gone too far to be easy cured of his love for chubbing and perching.
One night he never came home to tea, and although it was dark and dripping,
His father set off to Wapping, poor man! for the boy had a turn for shipping;

As for me I set up, and I sobbed and I cried for all the world like a babby,
Till at twelve o'clock he rewards my fears with two gudgings from Waltham Abbey!
And a pretty sore throat and fever he caught, that brought me a fortnight's hard nussing,
Till I thought I should go to my grey-haired grave, worn out with the fretting and fussing;
But at last he was cured, and we did have hopes that the fishing was cured as well,
But no such luck! not a week went by, before we'd another such spell.
Though he never had got a penny to spend, for such was our strict intentions,
Yet he was soon set up in tackle again, for all boys have such quick inventions:
And I lost my Lady's own Pocket Book, in spite of all my hunting and poking,
Till I found it chuck-full of tackles and hooks, and besides it had had a good soaking.
Then one Friday morning, I gets a summoning note from a sort of law attorney,
For the boy had been trespassing people's grounds while his father was gone on a journey,
And I had to go and hush it all up by myself, in an office at Hatton Garden;
And to pay for the damage he'd done, to boot, and to beg some strange gentleman's pardon.
And wasn't he once fished out himself, and a man had to dive to find him?
And I saw him brought home with my motherly eyes and a mob of people behind him?

Yes, it took a full hour to rub him to life—whilst I was a-screaming and raving,
And a couple of guineas it cost us besides, to reward the humane man for his saving.
And didn't Miss Crump leave us out of her will, all along of her taking dudgeon
At her favorite cat being choked, poor puss, with a hook sewed up in a gudgeon?
And old Brown complained that he plucked his live fowls, and not without show of reason,
For the cocks looked naked about necks and tails, and it wasn't their moulting season;
And sure and surely, when we came to inquire, there was cause for their screeching and cackles,
For the mischief confessed he had picked them a bit, for I think he called them the hackles.
A pretty tussle we had about that! but as if it warn't picking enough,
When the winter comes on, to the muff-box I goes, just to shake out my sable muff—
"O mercy!" thinks I, "there's the moth in the house!" for the fur was all gone in patches;
And then at Ellen's chinchilly I look, and its state of destruction just matches—
But it wasn't no moth, Mr. Walton, but flies—sham flies to go trolling and trouting;
For his father's great coat was all safe and sound, and that first set me a-doubting.
A plague, say I, on all rods and lines, and on young or old watery danglers!
And after all that you'll talk of such stuff as no harm in the world about anglers!

And when all is done, all our worry and fuss, why, we've never had nothing worth dishing;
So you see, Mr. Walton, no good comes at last of your famous book about fishing.
As for Robert's, I burnt it a twelvemonth ago; but it turned up too late to be lucky,
For he'd got it by heart, as I found to the cost of

Your servant,
JANE ELIZABETH STUCKEY.

"NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

A NEW VERSION.

In his bed, bolt upright,
In the dead of the night,
The French Emperor starts like a ghost!
By a dream held in charm,
He uplifts his right arm,
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,
For the charger he rides;
And he mounts him, still under the spell;
Then with echoing tramp,
They proceed through the camp,
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,
And the guards present arms,
As he glides to the posts that they keep;
Then he gives the brief word,
And the bugle is heard,
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,
But with dull row-de-dows,
And they give but a somnolent sound;
While the foot and horse, both,
Very slowly and loth,
Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,
They fall in, by command,
In a line that might be better dressed;
While the steeds blink and nod,
And the lancers think odd
To be roused like the spears from their rest.

With their mouth of wide shape,
Mortars seem all agape,
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep;
And, whatever their bore,
Seem to think it one more
In the night such a field-day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,
Fire no volley at all,
But go off, like the rest, in a doze;
And the eagles, poor things,
Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars
Takes a wink like the stars—
Open order no eye can obey:
If the plumes in their heads
Were the feathers of beds,
Never top could be sounder than they!

So, just wishing good night,
Bows Napoleon polite;
But instead of a loyal endeavor
To reply with a cheer,
Not a sound met his ear,
Though each face seemed to say, "*Nap* for ever!"

POETRY, PROSE, AND WORSE.

"Esaad Kiuprili solicited in verse permission to resign the government of Candia. The Grand Vizier, Hafiz Pasha, addressed a *Ghazel* to the Sultan to urge the necessity of greater activity in military preparations; and Murad, himself a poet, answered likewise in rhyme. Ghazi Gherai clothed in *Ghazels* his official complaint to the Sultan's preceptor. The Grand Vizier, Mustafa Pasha Bahir, made his reports to the Sultan in verse."—*Vide* Von Hammer *on Othoman Literature, in the Athenæum for Nov.* 14, 1835.

O Turkey! how mild are thy manners,
Whose greatest and highest of men
Are all proud to be rhymers and scanners,
And wield the poetical pen!

Thy Sultan rejects—he refuses—
Gives orders to bowstring his man;
But he still will coquet with the Muses,
And make it a song if he can.

The victim cut shorter for treason,
Though conscious himself of no crime,
Must submit, and believe there is reason
Whose sentence is turned into rhyme!

He bows to the metrical firman,
As dulcet as song of the South,
And his head, like self-satisfied German,
Rolls off with its pipe in its mouth.

A tax would the Lord of the Crescent?
He levies it still in a lay,
And is perhaps the sole Bard at this present
Whose Poems are certain to pay.

State edicts unpleasant to swallow
He soothes with the charms of the Muse,
And begs rays of his brother Apollo
To gild bitter pills for the Jews.

When Jealousy sets him in motion,
The fair one on whom he looks black,
He sews up with a sonnet to Ocean,
And sends her to drown in her sack.

His gifts, they are poesies latent
With sequins rolled up in a purse,
And in making Bashaws, by the patent
Their tails are all "done into verse."

He sprinkles with lilies and roses
The path of each politic plan,
And, with eyes of Gazelles, discomposes
The beards of the solemn Divan.

The Czar he defies in a sonnet,
And then a fit nag to endorse
With his Pegasus, jingling upon it,
Reviews all his Mussulman horse.

He sends a short verse, ere he slumbers,
Express unto Meer Ali Beg,
Who returns in poetical numbers
The thousands that die of the plague.

He writes to the Bey of a city
In tropes of heroical sound,
And is told in a pastoral ditty
The place is burnt down to the ground.

He sends a stern summons, but flowery,
To Melek Pasha, for some wrong,
Who describes the dark eyes of his Houri,
And throws off his yoke with a song.

His Vizier presents him a trophy,
Still, Mars to Calliope weds—
With an amorous hymn to St. Sophy,
A hundred of pickled Greek heads.

Each skull with a turban upon it
By Royal example is led:
Even Mesrour the Mute has a Sonnet
To Silence composed in his head.

E'en Hassan, while plying his hammer
To punish short weight to the poor,
With a stanza attempts to enamor
The ear that he nails to a door.

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own;
Where the times are so muddy and murky,
We want a poetical tone!

Suppose that the Throne in addresses—
For verse there is plenty of scope—
In alluding to native distresses,
Just quoted the "Pleasures of Hope."

Methinks 'twould enliven and chirp us,
So dreary and dull is the time,
Just to keep a State Poet on purpose
To put the King's speeches in rhyme.

When bringing new measures before us,
As bills for the Sabbath or poor,
Let both Houses just chant them in chorus,
And perhaps they would get an encore!

No stanzas invite to pay taxes
In notes like the notes of the south;
But we're dunned by a fellow what axes
With prose and a pen in his mouth.

Suppose—as no payers are eager—
Hard times and a struggle to live—
That he sung at our doors like a beggar
For what one thought proper to give?

Our Law is of all things the dryest
That earth in its compass can show!
Of poetical efforts its highest
The rhyming its Doe with its Roe.

No documents tender and silky
Are writ such as poets would pen,
When a beadle is sent after Wilkie,*
Or bailiffs to very shy men.

* Vide the advertisement of "The Parish Beadle after Wilkie," issued by Moon & Co.

The warrants that put in distresses
When rates have been owing too long,
Should appear in poetical dresses,
Ere goods be sold off for a song.

Suppose that—Law making its choices
Of Bishop, Hawes, Rodwell, or Cooke—
They were all set as glees for four voices,
To sing all offenders to book?

Our criminal code's as untender,
All prose in its legal dispatch,
And no constables seize an offender
While pleasantly singing a *catch*.

They haul him along like a heifer,
And tell him, "My covey, you'll swing!"
Not a hint that the wanton young zephyr
Will fan his shoe-soles with her wing.

The trial has nothing that's rosy
To soften the prisoner's pap,
And Judge Park appears dreadfully prosy
While dooming to death in his cap.

Would culprits go into hysterics,
Their spirits more likely elope,
If the jury consulted in lyrics,
The judge made a line of the rope?

When men must be hung for a warning,
How sweet if the Law would incline
In the place of the "Eight in the Morning,"
To let them indulge in the Nine!

How pleasant if asked upon juries
By Muses, thus mild as the doves,
In the place of the Fates and the Furies
That call us from home and our loves!

Our warfare is deadly and horrid,
Its bald bulletins are in prose,
And with gore made revoltingly florid,
Not tinted with couleur de rose.

How pleasant in army dispatches,
In reading of red battle-plains,
To alight on some pastoral snatches,
To sweeten the blood and the brains!

How sweet to be drawn for the Locals
By songs setting valor a-gog!
Or be pressed to turn tar by sea-vocals
Inviting—with "Nothing like Grog!"

To tenants but shortish at present,
When Michaelmas comes with its day,
O! a landlord's effusion were pleasant
That talked of the flowers in May!

How sweet if the bill that rehearses
The debt we've incurred in the year,
But enriched, as a copy of verses,
The Gem, or a new Souvenir!

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own!
For the times are so moody and murky,
We want a poetical tone!

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM FROM SIDNEY.

It may be necessary to bespeak the indulgent consideration of the reader, for the appearance of the following curiosity in such a work. The truth is, the pages of the Comic Annual naturally present to me the most obvious means of making the Poem known; besides, as it were, offering personal security for my own belief in its authenticity. And, considering my literary credit as so pledged, I do not hesitate to affirm that I think the effusion in question may confidently be referred to Sidney: and even—on the internal evidence of its pastoral character—to the Arcadia. The verses have never till now appeared in print. The lover of Old English Poetry would vainly hunt for it in any edition extant of the works of Sir Philip; and, probably, the family records and remains at Penshurst might be searched to as little purpose for a copy in MS. From the extreme quaintness of the original, which would have required the help of a glossary to render it generally intelligible, I have thought it advisable to translate many of the phrases into more current language; but scrupulously preserving the *sense* of the text. Enough of the peculiar style, however, still remains, to aid in forming a judgment of the author's æra. As for the apparent incongruity of the double vocation ascribed to the tuneful Swain in the Poem, besides abundant classical evidence that the Corydons of ancient times were often, also, heroes, or warriors, or adventurers, we have the positive contemporary testimony of modern travellers, that in those very pastures where

the scene is laid, it is at this day the practice to entrust the charge of the flocks to personages who have formerly been engaged in the same perilous career as the "Forlorn Shepherd." His lament, it will be seen, is full of regrets and stealing tears for the stirring times of Auld Lang Syne.

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

"Vell! Here I am—no Matter how it suits
A-keeping company vith them dumb Brutes,
Old Park vos no bad Judge—confound his vig!
Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig!

"The Like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails,
And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock!

"To get to sit this solitary Job
To Von whose Vork vos alvay in a Mob!
It's out of all our Lines, for sure I am
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb!

"I arn't ashamed to say I sit and veep
To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,
The spooniest Beast in Nater, all to Sticks,
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks!

"If I'd foreseed how Transports vould turn out
To only Baa! and Botanize about,
I'd quite as leaf have had the t'other Pull,
And come to Cotton as to all this Vool!

"Von only happy moment I have had
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,
And then I cotched a vild Beast in a Snooze,
And picked her Pouch of three young Kangaroos!

"Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill?
Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till;
And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,
I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye!

"If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,
And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,
I'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand!

"But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,
To my old Crib, to meet with Jack, and Sal,
I've been so gallows honest in this Place,
I shan't not like to show my sheepish Face.

"Its wery hard for nothing but a Box
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks,
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,
They've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

"But folks may tell their Troubles till they're sick
To dumb brute Beasts—and so I'll cut my Stick!
And vot's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe
Vere one can't borrow any German's Vipe?"

CLUBS,

TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs! Clubs! part 'em! part 'em! Clubs! Clubs!"—*Ancient Cries of London.*

Of all the modern schemes of Man
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all agree
They hardly know their hubs;
And heart and voice unite with me,
"We hate the name of Clubs!"

One selfish course the Wretches keep;
They come at morning chimes,
To snatch a few short hours of sleep—
Rise—breakfast—read the Times—
Then take their hats, and post away,
Like Clerks or City scrubs,
And no one sees them all the day—
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs!

On what they say, and what they do,
They close the Club-House gates;
But one may guess a speech or two,
Though shut from their debates;
"The Cook's a *hasher*—nothing more—
The Children noisy grubs—
A Wife's a quiz, and home's a bore"—
Yes—that's the style at Clubs!

With Rundle, Doctor K., or Glasse,
And such Domestic Books,
They once put up—but now alas!
It's hey! for foreign cooks!
"When *will* you dine at home, my Dove?"
I say to Mister Stubbs—
"When Cook can make an omelette, love—
An omelette like the Club's!"

Time was, their hearts were only placed
On snug domestic schemes,
The book for two—united taste—
And such connubial dreams—
Friends dropping in at close of day,
To singles, doubles, rubs,
A little music—then the tray—
And not a word of Clubs!

But former comforts they condemn;
French kickshaws they discuss,
They take their wine, the wine takes them,
And then they favor us:—
From some offence they can't digest,
As cross as bears with cubs,
Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—
That's how they come from Clubs!

It's very fine to say "Subscribe
To Andrews'—can't you read?"
When wives—the poor neglected tribe—
Complain how they proceed!
They'd better recommend at once
Philosophy and tubs;
A woman need not be a dunce
To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Picts,
Would seek us now and then;
They're pretty pattern-Benedicts
To guide our single men!
Indeed my daughters both declare
"Their Beaux shall not be subs
To White's, or Black's, or anywhere—
They've seen enough of Clubs!"

They say, "*without* the marriage ties,
They can devote their hours
To catechize, or botanize—
Shells, Sunday-schools, and flowers—
Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,
Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,
Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—
As Wives do since the Clubs."

Alas! for those departed days
Of social wedded life,
When married folks had married ways,
And lived like Man and Wife!
Oh! Wedlock then was picked by none—
As safe a lock as Chubb's!
But couples, that should be as one,
Are now the Two of Clubs!

Of all the modern schemes of man
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all allow
They meet with slights and snubs,
And say, "they have no husbands now—
They're married to their Clubs!"

LORD DURHAM'S RETURN.

"On revient toujours."—*French Song.*

"And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?"
There's nae Luck about the House.

"THE Inconstant is come!" it's in every man's mouth;
From the East to the West, from the North to the South;
With a flag at her head, and a flag at her stern;
While the Telegraph hints at Lord Durham's return.

Turn wherever you will, it's the great talk and small;
Going up to Cornhill, going down to Whitehall;
If you ask for the news, it's the first you will learn,
And the last you will lose, my Lord Durham's return.

The fat pig in the sty, and the ox in the stall,
The old dog at the door, and the cat on the wall;
The wild bird in the bush, and the hare in the fern,
All appear to have heard of Lord Durham's return.

It has flown all abroad, it is known to goose-pens,
It is brayed by the ass, it is cackled by hens:
The Pintadas, indeed, make it quite their concern,
All exclaiming, "Come back!" at Lord Durham's return.

It's the text over wine, and the talk after tea:
All are singing one tune, though not set in one key.
E'en the Barbers unite, other gossip to spurn,
While they lather away at Lord Durham's return.

All the Painters leave off, and the Carpenters go,
And the Tailor above joins the Cobbler below,
In whole gallons of beer to expend what they earn,
While discussing one pint—my Lord Durham's return.

It is timed in the Times, with the News has a run,
Goes the round of the Globe, and is writ in the Sun.
Like the Warren on walls, fancy seems to discern,
In great letters of chalk, "Try Lord Durham's return!"

Not a murder comes out; the reporters repine;
And a hanging is scarce worth a penny a line.
If a Ghost reappeared with his funeral urn,
He'd be thrown in the shade by Lord Durham's return.

No arrival could raise such a fever in town;
There's talk about 'Change, of the Stocks going down;
But the Butter gets up just as if in the churn,
It forgot it should come in Lord Durham's return.

The most silent are loud; the most sleepy awake;
Very odd that one man such a bustle can make!
But the schools all break up, and both Houses adjourn,
To debate more at ease on Lord Durham's return.

Is he well? is he ill? is he cheerful or sad?
Has he spoken his mind of the breeze that he had?
It was rather too soon with home-sickness to yearn;
There will come something yet of Lord Durham's return.

There's a sound in the wind since that ship is come home;
There are signs in the air like the omens of Rome;
And the lamps in the street, and the stars as they burn,
Seem to give a flare-up at Lord Durham's return!

THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION.

"Now's the time, and now's the hour."—Burns.
"Seven's the main."—Crockford.

Of all the agitations of the time—and agitation is useful in disturbing the duckweed that is apt to gather on the surface of human affairs—the ferment of the assistant-shopmen in the metropolis is perhaps the most beneficial. Many vital queries have lately disturbed the public mind; for instance, ought the fleet of the Thames Yacht Club to be reinforced, in the event of a war with Russia, or should the Little Pedlington Yeomanry be called out, in case of a rupture with Prussia? But these are merely national questions; whereas the Drapers' movement suggests an inquiry of paramount importance to mankind in general—namely, "When ought we to leave off?"

It is the standard complaint against jokers, and whist-players, and children, whether playing or crying—that they "never know when to leave off."

It is the common charge against English winters and flannel waistcoats—it is occasionally hinted of rich and elderly relations—it is constantly said of snuff-takers, and gentlemen who enjoy a glass of good wine—that they "do not know when to leave off."

It is the fault oftenest found with certain preachers, sundry poets, and all prosers, scolds, parliamentary orators, superannuated story-tellers, she-gossips, morning-callers, and some leave-takers, that they "do not know when to leave off." It is insinuated as to gowns and coats, of which waiting-men and waiting-women have the reversion.

It is the characteristic of a Change Alley speculator—of a beaten boxer—of a builder's row, with his own name to

it—of Hollando-Belgic protocols—of German metaphysics —of works in numbers—of buyers and sellers on credit—of a theatrical cadence—of a shocking bad hat—and of the Gentleman's Magazine, that they "do not know when to leave off."

A romp—all Murphy's frosts, showers, storms, and hurricanes—and the Wandering Jew, are in the same predicament.

As regards the Assistant Drapers, they appear to have arrived at a very general conclusion, that their proper period for leaving off is at or about seven o'clock in the evening; and it seems by the following poetical address that they have rhyme, as well as reason, to offer in support of their resolution.

THE DRAPERS' PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a class of men,
Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity,
No fancied claims, or woes fictitious, pen,
But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

Oppressed and discontented with our lot,
Among the clamorous we take our station;
A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
One piece of Irish in our agitation.

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen,
We venerate our Glorious Constitution,
We joy King William's advent should have been,
And only want a Counter Revolution.

'Tis not Lord Russell and his final measure,
'Tis not Lord Melbourne's counsel to the throne,
'Tis not this bill or that gives us displeasure,
The measures we dislike are all our own.

The Cash Law the "Great Western" loves to name,
The tone our foreign policy pervading;
The Corn Laws—none of these we care to blame,
Our evils we refer to over-trading.

By Tax or Tithe our murmurs are not drawn;
We reverence the Church—but hang the cloth!
We love her ministers—but curse the lawn!
We have, alas! too much to do with both!

We love the sex;—to serve them is a bliss!
We trust they find us civil, never surly;
All that we hope of female friends is this,
That their last linen may be wanted early.

Ah! who can tell the miseries of men
That serve the very cheapest shops in town?
Till, faint and weary, they leave off at ten,
Knocked up by ladies beating of 'em down!

But has not Hamlet his opinion given—
O Hamlet had a heart for Drapers' servants!
"That custom is"—say custom after seven—
"More honored in the breach than the observance."

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,
O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves;
Torment us all until the seventh chime,
But let us have the remnant to ourselves!

We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,
And not remain in ignorance incurable;
To study Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,
And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
And not to go bewildered to our beds;
With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
And pins and needles running in our heads!

For oh! the brain gets very dull and dry,
Selling from morn till night for cash or credit;
Or with a vacant face and vacant eye,
Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
We often think, when we are dull and vapory,
The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
Because that Adam did not deal in drapery.

RURAL FELICITY.

Well, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass and our corn.
It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write and invite me down,
Though as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes one more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all sorts of rural bliss,
For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and its poultry, looks not much amiss;
There's something about a dairy farm, with its different kinds of live stock,

That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam and his innocent flock;
But somehow the good old Elysian fields have not been well handed down,
And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear Leicester fields up in town.

To be sure it is pleasant to walk in the meads, and so I should like for miles,
If it wasn't for clodpoles of carpenters that put up such crooked stiles;
For the bars jut out, and you must jut out, till you're almost broken in two;
If you clamber you're certain sure of a fall, and you stick if you try to creep through.
Of course, in the end, one learns how to climb without constant tumbles down,
But still, as to walking so stylishly, it's pleasanter done about town.
There's a way, I know, to avoid the stiles, and that's by a walk in a lane,
And I did find a very nice shady one, but I never dared go again;
For who should I meet but a rampaging bull, that wouldn't be kept in the pound,
A trying to toss the whole world at once, by sticking his horns in the ground.
And that, by-the-by, is another thing, that pulls rural pleasures down,
Every day in the country is cattle-day, and there's only two up in town.
Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at the first early pearly dew,

And to meet Aurory, or whatever's her name, and I always
get wetted through ;
My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and a nice
draggle-tail to my gown,
That's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear our
pearls, up in town !
As for picking flowers, I have tried at a hedge, sweet
eglantine roses to snatch,
But, mercy on us ! how nettles will sting, and how the
long brambles do scratch ;
Besides hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore all the
bows from the crown ;
One may walk long enough without hats branching off, or
losing one's bows, about town.
But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose that it
blows up for rain,
And all at once you discover yourself in a real St. Swith-
in's Lane ;
And while you're running all ducked and drowned, and
pelted with sixpenny drops,
" Fine weather," you hear the farmers say ; " a nice grow-
ing shower for the crops !"
But who's to crop me another new hat, or grow me another
new gown ?
For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough, as you do
with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go with them
gathering nuts,
And we always set out by the longest way and return by
the shortest cuts.
Short cuts, indeed ! But it's nuts to them, to get a poor
lustyish aunt

To scramble through gaps or jump over a ditch, when they're morally certain she can't;
For whenever I get in some awkward scrape, and it's almost daily the case,
Though they don't laugh out, the mischievous brats, I see the hooray! in their face.

There's the other day, for my sight is short, and I saw what was green beyond,
And thought it was all terry firmer and grass till I walked in the duckweed pond:
Or perhaps when I've pulley-hauled up a bank they see me come launching down,
As none but a stout London female can do as is come a first time out of town.
Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy bank a verdurous seat to find,
But, for my part, I always found it a joy that brought a repentance behind;
For the juicy grass with its nasty green has stained a whole breadth of my gown—
And when gowns are dyed, I needn't say, it's much better done up in town.
As for country fare, the first morning I came I heard such a shrill piece of work!
And ever since—and it's ten days ago—we've lived upon nothing but pork;
One Sunday except, and then I turned sick—a plague take all countrified cooks!
Why didn't they tell me, *before* I had dined, they made pigeon-pies of the rooks?
Then the gooseberry wine, though it's pleasant when up, it doesn't agree when it's down,

But it served me right, like a gooseberry fool, to look for champagne out of town!
To be sure, Cousin G. meant it all for the best, when he started this pastoral plan,
And his wife is a worthy domestical soul, and she teaches me all that she can,
Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams, but I'm sure that I never shall learn,
And I've fetched more back-ache than butter as yet by chumping away at the churn;
But in making hay, though it's tanning work, I've found it more easy to make,
But it tries one's legs, and no great relief when you're tired to sit down on the rake.
I'd a country-dance too at harvest home, with a regular country clown,
But, Lord! they don't hug one round the waist and give one such smacks in town!
Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and the beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,
I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I can't even please the pigs.
The very hens pick holes in my hands when I grope for the new-laid eggs,
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on purpose to flap at my legs.
I've been bumped in a ditch by the cow without horns, and the old sow trampled me down,
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts—but they're kept in cages in town!
Another thing is the nasty dogs—through the village I hardly can stir,

Since giving a bumpkin a pint of beer just to call off a barking cur;
And now you would swear all the dogs in the place were set on to hunt me down,
But neither the brutes nor the people, I think, are as civilly bred as in town.
Last night, about twelve, I was scared broad awake, and all in a tremble of fright,
But, instead of a family murder, it proved an owl that flies screeching at night.
Then there's plenty of ricks and stacks all about, and I can't help dreaming of Swing—
In short, I think that a pastoral life is not the most happiest thing;
For besides all the troubles I've mentioned before, as endured for rurality's sake,
I've been stung by the bees, and I've sat among ants, and once—ugh! I trod on a snake!
And as to moskitoes, they tortured me so, for I've got a particular skin,
I do think it's the gnats coming out of the ponds that drives the poor suicides in!
And, after all, ain't there new-laid eggs to be had upon Holborn Hill?
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles's, and fresh butter wherever you will?
And a covered cart that brings Cottage Bread quite rustical-like and brown?
So one isn't so very uncountrified in the very heart of the town.
Howsomever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure Cousin Giles will be vexed,

I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the Old Bell and Crown,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is all burnt down!

STANZAS.

COMPOSED IN A SHOWER-BATH.

"Drip, drip, drip—there's nothing here but dripping."—*Remorse*, by COLERIDGE.

TREMBLING, as Father Adam stood
To pull the stalk before the Fall,
So stand I here, before the Flood,
On my own head the shock to call:
How like our predecessor's luck!
'Tis but to pluck—but needs some pluck!

Still thoughts of gasping like a pup,
Will paralyze the nervous power;
Now hoping it will yet hold up,
Invoking now the tumbling shower;—
But, ah! the shrinking body loathes,
Without a parapluie or clothes!

"Expect some rain about this time!"
My eyes are sealed, my teeth are set—
But where's the Stoic so sublime
Can ring, unmoved, for wringing wet?
Of going hogs some folks talk big—
Just let them go *the whole cold pig!*

A NEW SONG FROM THE POLISH.

It was my good fortune, one day, in a casual ramble through Deptford, to encounter an old, whimsical, frost-bitten Tar, with whom I had made a slight Somerset House acquaintance. He was a North-Poler, by name Drury, but surnamed ex-officio "Why-Then?" and the recent return of the late Arctic Expedition affording us a congenial topic, I immediately broke the ice :—"Well, Drury, what do you think of the last exploring job in the North?"

"Why then, your Honor," said Drury, taking up a talking position, "to speak my private mind, it's much the same as I said to you a year ago in the Navy Pay. It's come to the same bad end as all afore it, and as all will come to that come arter it, by trying to find what's not to be found—no, not if you took out the Town Crier."

"You stick to the old opinion, then, Drury, that the Arctic Pole is nothing but an Arctic *Gull?*"

"Why then—yes, your Honor—something between a gull and no bird at all. Since I see you last, I've turned it over and over, and took double turns of it, and by help of Scripture larnings, which is worth all other larning ten times over, not excepting navigation, I've been able to make out the pint."

"Indeed, Drury! Then you will perhaps give an old friend the benefit of the decision."

"Why, then, your Honor, it's my own argument entirely; and here it is. As for the Frozen Ocean, it's my belief, Natur would never act so agin natur, as stick a sea where there was no earthly use for it whatsomever, whether to King's ships, or to Marchantmen, or any craft you like, by reason of the ice. That I call making Cape Clear."

"And what then, Drury?"

"Why then, it stands to reason, and stands well, too, on both legs, that there never was no sea at all in them high latitudes, afore the Great Flood. Whereby, there came sich a spring tide of the Atlantic, as went over and above all the old water-marks, and so made the Frozen Ocean. That's my own private notion, and not agin Gospel nor geo-grafy neither."

"But what has that to do, Drury, with the existence of the Pole?"

"Why then—all the *do* in the world, your Honor. Give in to that, and the t'other comes arter it, like a ship's boat towing in her wake. That 'ere sea, time out of mind, has been called the Arctic Sea, and good reason why, because it was named arter the Ark, by Noah, when he diskivered it in his first voyage. That's Philosophy!"

"But the Pole, Drury, the Pole!"

"Why then—Ah! there it is!" returned Drury, with a face almost too grave to be serious. "For sartin, Captain Parry couldn't find it—and no more could Captain Ross, though he don't stick to say he did—and now there's Captain Back come home, third, without a splinter. Howsomever the Schollards—and nobody can say they don't take lots of licking—the Schollards do still insist and lay down that there was, is, and shall be, some sort of a pole, as a May pole, or a Shaving pole, or any how a bit of a spar, or even such a comedown, as a walking-stick, stuck upright at their favorite spot. I have even heard say, there be Schollards as look for a wooden needle there, accordin' to magnetism!"

"And what may be your own belief, Drury, on this point?"

"Why then—to be sure, your Honor, there's no denying

what phenomenons there might be, oceans ago on the face of the earth. But it's my own private opinion, if there was sich a pole, there, or thereabouts, why then—old Admiral Noah carried it away with him for a pole to stir up 'his wild beasts!' "

This new and original theory of Drury's of course amused me extremely. It was, perhaps, only one of the dry jokes for which the shrewd old Mariner was rather celebrated; but in that case he enjoyed it only in the *cockles* of his heart, for it was not betrayed by his *muscles*. I now asked him his opinion of the conduct of the late Expedition.

"Why then—your Honor, nothing but a fresh credit to the Service. The men have showed themselves good men, and so has their Commander; and they do seem to have had their full allowance, and something handsome besides, of nips and pinches; besides the ship's trying to climb up an iceberg after a booby's nest, and what was more awkward, starn-foremost."

"And I have been told, Drury," said I, willing to still draw him out, "that all through the winter, she had nothing for winter-clothing, but a *great coat* of ice!"

"Why then—so I heard too, your Honor," returned Drury, but without even the twinkle of an eye. "And what's more, with only ould Bluff Pint for a Cape to it. That's what I call a naked-next."

"I have often envied the feelings of such as you, Drury, after a merry Christmas among the bears, when you first saw your way open to return."

"Why, then—we did saw our way, sure enough," said Drury, wilfully misunderstanding me, "and it's harder work than fiddling, saw what tune you like. I've had a good spell of it in my time, and prefer any other sort of fun to it—letting alone riding horseback, in a hurry, a

chasing the Portsmouth Mail. That's work and overwork —why then, it's scaldings, the bosen's cat, and take-me-and-shake-me, all rolled into one!"

"So I'm told, Drury. But I still think the other Expedition must be worse. They say, Captain Back was so glad to see Papa Westra again, that he nearly wrung the old gentleman's hand off at the wrist."

"Why then—no doubt on it, your Honor! And mayhap the shake communicated to a round dozen of hands arter the first, like the shock of a torpedor—that's to say the 'lectrical heel. There's not sich a pleasant green lane in life, including the subbubs, as the first lane of open water arter wintering; and in course Captain Back, arter making sich a back-stay, would be joyful to be a bolt-rope and bolt out on it. That's only human natur—all the world over and back."

"Then, Drury, the hardships of a Polar wintering have not been magnified by the Journalists?"

"Magnified!" exclaimed Drury, with the air of a personal offence in the word—"magnified! Why then, they haven't booked half on it—and that's the half us, poor fellows, come into at coming home. Axing your Honor's pardon—why then, you have never had the bad luck to be drowned?"

"Never, Drury, whatever other catastrophe Fate may have in store for me."

"Why then, your Honor, you have lost all the pleasure and comfort of being fetched back; and an infernal sight of pain it is—worse, if worse can be, nor saddleback. So it is with the Polers; but it has been put into better shore-going lingo than I was apprenticed to—and so—why then, here goes!" So saying, without further preface or apology, my Ancient Mariner began to tune his pipes, and then fa-

vored me, to the tune of "I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy," with the following ditty. N. B.—or *Notaries* Beware—the words are copyright.

THE OLD POLER'S WARNING.

Come, messmates, attend to a warning,
From one who has gone through the whole;
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It's not for the icebergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court,
It's the shocks very hard and unpleasing
You'll meet on returning to Port.

It's joyful to sail up the Channel,
And think of your girls and your wives,
Of the warming-pans, Wallsend, and flannel,
To comfort the rest of your lives!
But Lord! you will look like a ninny
To find, when to shore you have got,
That Old England is turned into Guinea,
It feels so confoundedly hot!

The next thing is coming, in Wapping,
The houses you lived at before,
And you find there is no sort of stopping
Without open windows and door!
Then Poll, if disposed to be cruel,
Or got some one else in her grace,
She just chucks on a shovel of fuel,
And drives you smack out of the place!

There's Tomkins, that took for to grapple
With Methody Tracks at the Pole,

Is half crazy, he can't go to chapel,
It's so like Calcutta's Black Hole!
And Block, though he's not a deceiver,
But knows what to marriage belongs,
His own wife, he's obleeged for to leave her,
Because of her pokers and tongs!

Myself, though I'm able at present
To bear with one friend at a time,
And my wife, if she makes herself pleasant,
At first I was plagued with the clime.
Like powder I flew from hot cinders,
And whistled for winds fore and aft,
While I set between two open winders
A-courting a cold thorough-draft!

The first time in bed I was shoven,
The moment I pillowed my head,
O! I thought I had crept in an oven,
A-baking with all of the bread!
I soon left the blankets behind me,
And ran for a cooler retreat;
But next morning the Justices fined me
For taking a snooze in the street!

Now, there was a chance for a feller!
No roof I could sleep under twice;
Till a fishmonger let me his cellar,
Of course with the use of the ice.
But still, like old hermits in stories,
I found it a dullish concarn;
With no creature, but maids and John Dories,
To listen to spinning a yarn!

Then wanting to see Black-eyed Susan,
I went to the Surrey with Sal;
And what next?—in the part most amusin'
I fainted away like a gal!
Well, there I was, stretched without motion,
No smells and no fans would suffice,
Till my natur at last gave a notion
To grab at a gentleman's ice!

Then, Messmates, attend to a warning
From one who has gone through the whole;
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It's not for the icebergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court,
It's the shocks, very hard and unpleasing,
You'll meet on returning to Port!

HIT OR MISS.

Twa dogs, that were na thrang *at hame*,
Forgathered ance upon a time."—Burns.

One morn—it was the very morn
September's sportive month was born—
The hour, about the sunrise, early;
The sky, grey, sober, still, and pearly,
With sundry orange streaks and tinges
Through daylight's door, at cracks and hinges;
The air, calm, bracing, freshly cool,
As if just skimmed from off a pool;
The scene, red, russet, yellow, leaden,
From stubble, fern, and leaves that deaden,

Save here and there a turnip patch
Too verdant with the rest to match;
And far a-field a hazy figure,
Some roaming lover of the trigger.
Meanwhile the level light, perchance,
Picked out his barrel with a glance;
For all around a distant popping
Told birds were flying off or dropping.
Such was the morn—a morn right fair
To seek for covey or for hare—
When, lo! too far from human feet
For even Ranger's boldest beat,
A dog, as in some doggish trouble,
Came cant'ring through the crispy stubble,
With dappled head in lowly droop,
But not the scientific stoop;
And flagging, dull, desponding ears,
As if they had been soaked in tears,
And not the beaded dew that hung
The filmy stalks and weeds among.
His pace, indeed, seemed not to know
An errand, why, or where to go,
To trot, to walk, or scamper swift—
In short, he seemed a dog adrift;
His very tail, a listless thing,
With just an accidental swing,
Like rudder to the ripple veering,
When nobody on board was steering.

So, dull and moody, cantered on
Our vagrant pointer, christened Don;
When, rising o'er a gentle slope,
That gave his view a better scope,

He spied some dozen furrows distant,
But in a spot as inconsistent,
A second dog across his track,
Without a master to his back;
As if for wages, workman-like,
The sporting breed had made a strike,
Resolved nor birds nor puss to seek,
Without another paunch a week!

This other was a truant curly,
But, for a spaniel, wondrous surly;
Instead of curvets gay and brisk,
He slouched along without a frisk,
With dogged air, as if he had
A good half mind to running mad;
Mayhap the shaking at his ear
Had been a quaver too severe;
Mayhap the whip's "exclusive dealing"
Had too much hurt e'en spaniel feeling,
Nor if he had been cut, 'twas plain
He did not mean to come again.

Of course the pair soon spied each other;
But neither seemed to own a brother;
The course on both sides took a curve,
As dogs when shy are apt to swerve;
But each o'er back and shoulder throwing
A look to watch the other's going,
Till, having cleared sufficient ground,
With one accord they turned them round,
And squatting down, for forms not caring,
At one another fell to staring;
As if not proof against a touch
Of what plagues humankind so much,

A prying itch to get at notions
Of all their neighbors' looks and motions.

Sir Don at length was first to rise—
The better dog in point of size,
And, snuffing all the ground between,
Set off with easy jaunty mien;
While Dash, the stranger, rose to greet him,
And made a dozen steps to meet him;
Their noses touched, and rubbed awhile,
(Some savage nations use the style)
And then their tails a wag began,
Though on a very cautious plan,
But in their signals quantum suff.
To say, "A civil dog enough."

Thus having held out olive branches,
They sank again, though not on haunches,
But couchant, with their under jaws,
Resting between the two forepaws,
The prelude, on a luckier day,
Or sequel, to a game of play:
But now they were in dumps, and thus
Began their worries to discuss,
The Pointer, coming to the point
The first, on times so out of joint.
"Well, Friend—so here's a new September,
As fine a first as I remember;
And, thanks to such an early Spring,
Plenty of birds, and strong on wing."

"Birds!" cried the little crusty chap,
As sharp and sudden as a snap,

"A weasel suck them in the shell!
What matter birds, or flying well,
Or fly at all, or sporting weather,
If fools with guns can't hit a feather!"

"Ay, there's the rub, indeed," said Don,
Putting his gravest visage on;
"In vain we beat our beaten way,
And bring our *organs* into play,
Unless the proper killing kind
Of *barrel-tunes* are played behind:
But when *we* shoot—that's me and Squire—
We hit as often as we fire."

"More luck for you!" cried little Woolly,
Who felt the cruel contrast fully;
"More luck for you, and Squire to boot!
We miss as often as we shoot!"

"Indeed!—No wonder you're unhappy!
I thought you looking rather snappy;
But fancied when I saw you jogging,
You had an overdose of flogging;
Or p'rhaps the gun its range had tried,
While you were ranging rather wide."

"Me! running—running wide—and hit!
Me shot! what, peppered?—Deuce a bit!
I almost wish I had! That Dunce,
My master, then would hit for once!
Hit me! Lord how you talk! why zounds!
He couldn't hit a pack of hounds!"

"Well, that must be a case provoking.
What, *never*—but, you dog, you're joking!
I see a sort of wicked grin
About your jaw, you're keeping in."

"A joke! an old tin kettle's clatter
Would be as much a joking matter.
To tell the truth, that dog-disaster
Is just the type of me and master,
When fagging over hill and dale,
With his vain rattle at my tail.
Bang, bang, and bang, the whole day's run,
But *leading* nothing but his gun—
The very shot, I fancy, hisses,
It's sent upon such awful misses!"

"Of course it does! But p'rhaps the fact is,
Your master's hand is out of practice!"

"Practice?—no doctor where you will,
Has finer—but he cannot kill!
These three years past, through furze and furrow,
All covers I have hunted thorough;
Flushed cocks and snipes about the moors;
And put up hares by scores and scores;
Coveys of birds, and lots of pheasants;—
Yes, game enough to send in presents
To every friend he has in town,
Provided he had knocked it down:
But no—the whole three years together,
He has not given me flick or feather—
For all that I have had to do
I wish I had been missing too!"

"Well, such a hand would drive me mad,
But is he truly quite so bad?"

"Bad!—worse!—you cannot underscore him;
If I could put up, just before him,
The great Balloon that paid the visit
Across the water, he would miss it!
Bite him! I do believe, indeed,
It's in his very blood and breed!
It marks his life, and runs all through it;
What can be missed, he's sure to do it.
Last Monday he came home to Tooting,
Dog-tired, as if he'd been a-shooting,
And kicks at me to vent his rage—
'Get out!' says he—'I've missed the stage!'
Of course, thought I—what chance of hitting?
You'd missed the Norwich waggon, sitting!"

"Why, he must be the county's scoff!
He ought to leave, and not let, off!
As fate denies his shooting wishes,
Why don't he take to catching fishes?
Or any other sporting game,
That don't require a bit of aim?"

"Not he!—Some dogs of human kind
Will hunt by sight, because they're blind.
My master angle!—no such luck!
There he might strike, who never struck!
My master shoots because he can't,
And has an eye that aims aslant;
Nay, just by way of making trouble,
He's changed his single gun for double:

And now, as girls a-walking do,
His *misses* go by two and two!
I wish he had the mange, or reason
As good, to miss the shooting season!"

"Why, yes, it must be main unpleasant
To point to covey, or to pheasant;
For snobs, who, when the point is mooting,
Think *letting fly* as good as shooting!"

"Snobs!—if he'd wear his ruffled shirts,
Or coats with water-wagtail skirts,
Or trowsers in the place of smalls,
Or those tight fits he wears at balls,
Or pumps, and boots with tops, mayhap,
Why we might pass for Snip and Snap,
And shoot like blazes! fly or sit,
And none would stare unless we hit.
But no—to make the more combustion,
He goes in gaiters and in fustian,
Like Captain Ross, or Topping Sparks,
And deuce a miss but some one marks!
For Keepers, shy of such encroachers,
Dog us about like common poachers!
Many's the covey I've gone by,
When underneath a sporting eye;
Many a puss I've twigged, and passed her—
I miss 'em to prevent my master!"

"And so should I in such a case!
There's nothing feels so like disgrace,
Or gives you such a scurvy look—
A kick and pail of slush from Cook,

Cleftsticks, or Kettle, all in one,
As standing to a missing gun!
It's whirr! and bang! and off you bound,
To catch your bird before the ground;
But no—a pump and ginger pop
As soon would get a bird to drop!
So there you stand, quite struck a-heap,
Till all your tail is gone to sleep;
A sort of stiffness in your nape,
Holding your head well up to gape;
While off go birds across the ridges,
First small as flies, and then as midges,
Cocksure, as they are living chicks,
Death's Door is not at Number Six!"

"Yes! yes! and then you look at master,
The cause of all the late disaster,
Who gives a stamp, and raps an oath
At gun, or birds, or maybe both;
P'rhaps curses you, and all your kin,
To raise the hair upon your skin!
Then loads, rams down, and fits new caps,
To go and hunt for more miss-haps!"

"Yes! yes! but, sick and sad, you feel
But one long wish to go to heel;
You cannot scent for cutting mugs—
Your nose is turning up, like Pug's;
You can't hold up, but plod and mope;
Your tail's like sodden end of rope,
That o'er a wind-bound vessel's side
Has soaked in harbor, tide and tide.

Or thorns and scratches, till, that moment
Unnoticed, you begin to comment
You never felt such bitter brambles,
Such heavy soil in all your rambles!
You never felt your fleas so vicious!
Till, sick of life so unpropitious,
You wish at last, to end the passage,
That you were dead, and in your sassage!"

"Yes! that's a miss from end to end!
But, zounds! you draw so well, my friend,
You've made me shiver, skin and gristle,
As if I heard my master's whistle!
Though how you came to learn the knack—
I thought your Squire was quite a crack!"

"And so he is!—He always hits—
And sometimes hard, and all to bits.
But ere with him our tongues we task,
I've still one little thing to ask;
Namely, with such a random master,
Of course you sometimes want a plaster?
Such missing hands make game of more
Than ever passed for game before—
A pounded pig—a widow's cat—
A patent ventilating hat—
For shot, like mud, when thrown so thick,
Will find a coat whereon to stick!"

"What! accidentals, as they're termed?
No, never—none—since I was wormed—
Not e'en the Keeper's fatted calves—
My master does not miss by halves!

His shot are like poor orphans, hurled
Abroad upon the whole wide world;
But whether they be blown to dust,
As oftentimes I think they must,
Or melted down too near the sun,
What comes of them is known to none—
I never found, since I could bark,
A Barn that bore my master's mark!"

"Is that the case?—Why then, my brother,
Would we could swap with one another!
Or take the Squire, with all my heart,
Nay, all my liver, so we part!
He'll hit you hares—(he uses cartridge)
He'll hit you cocks—he'll hit a partridge;
He'll hit a snipe; he'll hit a pheasant;
He'll hit—he'll hit whatever's present;
He'll always hit—as that's your wish—
His pepper never lacks a dish!"

"Come, come, you banter—let's be serious;
I'm sure that I am half delirious,
Your picture set me so a-sighing—
But does he shoot so well—shoot flying?"

"Shoot flying? Yes, and running, walking—
I've seen him shoot two farmers talking—
He'll hit the game, whene'er he can,
But failing that, he'll hit a man,
A boy, a horse's tail or head,
Or make a pig a pig of lead;
Oh, friend! they say no dog as yet,
However hot, was known to sweat,

But sure I am that I perspire
Sometimes *before my master's fire!*
Misses! no, no, he *always* hits,
But so as puts me into fits!
He shot my fellow dog this morning,
Which seemed to me sufficient warning!"

"Quite, quite, enough!—So that's a hitter!
Why, my own fate I thought was bitter,
And full excuse for cut and run:
But give me still the missing gun!
Or rather, Sirius! send me this,
No gun at all, to hit or miss,
Since sporting seems to shoot thus double,
That right or left it brings us trouble!"

So ended Dash;—and Pointer Don
Prepared to urge the moral on;
But here a whistle long and shrill
Came sounding o'er the council hill,
And starting up, as if their tails
Had felt the touch of shoes and nails,
Away they scampered down the slope,
As fast as other pairs elope;
Resolved, instead of sporting rackets,
To beg or dance in fancy jackets;
At butchers' shops to try their luck;
To help to draw a cart or truck;
Or lead stone blind poor men, at most
Who could but hit or miss a post.

A FLYING VISIT.

"A Calendar! a Calendar! look in the Almanac—find out moonshine—find out moonshine!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE by-gone September,
As folks may remember,
At least if their memory saves but an ember,
One fine afternoon,
There went up a Balloon,
Which did not return to the Earth very soon.

For, nearing the sky,
At about a mile high,
The Aëronaut bold had resolved on a fly;
So cutting his string,
In a Parasol thing,
Down he came in a field like a lark from the wing.

Meanwhile, thus adrift,
The Balloon made a shift
To rise very fast, with no burden to lift;
It got very small,
Then to nothing at all;
And then rose the question of where it would fall?

Some thought that, for lack
Of the man and his pack,
'Twould rise to the Cherub that watches poor Jack;
Some held, but in vain,
With the first heavy rain,
'Twould surely come down to the Gardens again!

But still not a word
For a month could be heard
Of what had become of the Wonderful Bird:
The firm of Gye and Hughes,
Wore their boots out and shoes,
In running about and inquiring for news.

Some thought it must be
Tumbled into the sea;
Some thought it had gone off to high Germanie;
For Germans, as shown
By their writings, 'tis known
Are always delighted with what is high-flown.

Some hinted a bilk,
And that maidens who milk,
In far distant Shire would be walking in silk:
Some swore that it must,
"As they said at the *fust*,
Have gone agin flashes of lightning, and *bust!*"

However, at last,
When six weeks had gone past,
Intelligence came of a plausible cast;
A wondering clown,
At a hamlet near town,
Had seen "like a moon of green cheese" coming down.

Soon spread the alarm,
And from cottage and farm,
The natives buzzed out like the bees when they swarm;
And off ran the folk—
It is such a good joke—
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke!

And, lo! the machine,
Dappled yellow and green,
Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen:
"Yes, yes," was the cry,
"It's the old one, sure*ly*,
Where *can* it have been such a time in the sky?

"Lord! where will it fall?
It can't find out Vauxhall,
Without any pilot to guide it at all!"
Some wagered that Kent
Would behold the event,
Debrett had been posed to *predict* its descent.

Some thought it would pitch
In the old Tower Ditch;
Some swore on the Cross of St. Paul's it would hitch,
And farmers cried, "Zounds!
If it drops on our grounds,
We'll try if Balloons can't be put into pounds!"

But still to and fro
It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below;
No difficult job—
It had only to bob
Slap-dash down at once on the heads of the mob:

Who, too apt to stare
At some castle in air,
Forget that the earth is their proper affair;
Till, watching the fall
Of some soap-bubble ball,
They tumble themselves with a terrible sprawl.

Meanwhile, from its height,
Stooping downward in flight,
The Phenomenon came more distinctly in sight:
Still bigger and bigger,
And, strike me a nigger
Unfreed, if there was not a live human figure!

Yes, plain to be seen,
Underneath the machine,
There dangled a mortal;—some swore it was Green;
Some Mason could spy;
Others named Mr. Gye;
Or Hollond, compelled by the Belgians to fly.

'Twas Graham the flighty,
Whom the Duke, high and mighty,
Resigned to take care of his own lignum-vitæ;
'Twas Hampton, whose whim
Was in Cloudland to swim,
Till e'en Little Hampton looked little to him!

But all were at fault;
From the heavenly vault
The falling balloon came at last to a halt;
And bounce! with the jar
Of descending so far,
An outlandish Creature was thrown from the car!

At first with the jolt
All his wits made a bolt,
As if he'd been flung by a mettlesome colt;
And while in his faint,
To avoid all complaint,
The Muse shall endeavor his portrait to paint.

The face of this elf,
Round as platter of delf,
Was pale as if only a cast of itself:
His head had a rare
Fleece of silvery hair,
Just like the Albino at Bartlemy Fair.

His eyes they were odd,
Like the eyes of a cod,
And gave him the look of a watery god.
His nose was a snub;
Under which, for his grub,
Was a round open mouth like to that of a chub.

His person was small,
Without figure at all,
A plump little body as round as a ball:
With two little fins,
And a couple of pins,
With what has been christened a bow in the shins.

His dress it was new,
A full suit of sky-blue;
With bright silver buckles in each little shoe;
Thus painted complete,
From his head to his feet,
Conceive him laid flat in Squire Hopkins's wheat!

Fine text for the crowd!
Who disputed aloud
What sort of a creature had dropped from the cloud—
"He's come from o'er seas,
He's a Cochin Chinese—
By jingo! he's one of the wild Cherokees!"

"Don't nobody know?"
"He's a young Esquimaux,
Turned white, like the hares, by the Arctical snow."
"Some angel, my dear,
Sent from some upper *spear*
For Plumtree or Agnew, too good for this-here!"

Meanwhile, with a sigh,
Having opened one eye,
The stranger rose up on his seat by and by;
And finding his tongue,
Thus he said or he sung,
"*Mi criky bo biggamy kickery bung!*"

"Lord! what does he speak?"
"It's Dog-Latin—it's Greek!"
"It's some sort of slang for to puzzle a Beak!"
"It's no like the Scotch,"
Said a Scot on the watch,
"Phoo! it's nothing at all but a kind of hotch-potch!"

"It's not parley voo,"
Cried a schoolboy or two,
"Nor Hebrew at all," said a wandering Jew.
Some held it was sprung
From the Irvingite tongue,
The same that is used by a child very young.

Some guessed it high Dutch,
Others thought it had much
In sound of the true Hoky-poky-ish touch;
But none could be poz,
What the Dickens! (not Boz)
No mortal could tell what the Dickens it was!

When who should come pat,
In a moment like that,
But Bowring, to see what the people were at—
A doctor well able,
Without any fable,
To talk and translate all the babble of Babel.

So just drawing near,
With a vigilant ear,
That took every syllable in, very clear,
Before one could sip
Up a tumbler of flip,
He knew the whole tongue, from the root to the tip!

Then stretching his hand,
As you see Daniel stand
In the Feast of Belshazzar, that picture so grand!
Without more delay,
In the Hamilton way
He Englished whatever the elf had to say.

"*Krak kraziboo ban*,
I'm the Lunatic Man,
Confined in the Moon since creation began—
Sit muggy bigog,
Whom, except in a fog,
You see with a Lanthorn, a Bush, and a Dog.

"*Lang sinery lear*,
For this many a year,
I've longed to drop in at your own little sphere;
Och, pad-mad aroon
Till one fine afternoon,
I found that Wind-Coach on the horns of the Moon.

"*Cush quackery go*,
But, besides, you must know,
I'd heard of a profiting Prophet below;
Big botherum blether,
Who pretended to gather
The tricks that the Moon meant to play with the weather.

"*So Crismus an crash*,
Being shortish of cash,
I thought I'd a right to partake of the hash—
Slik mizzle an smak,
So I'm come with a pack,
To sell to the trade, of My Own Almanac.

"*Fiz, bobbery pershal*
Besides aims commercial,
Much wishing to honor my friend Sir John Herschel,
Cum puddin and tame,
It's inscribed to his name,
Which is now at the full in celestial fame.

"*Wept wepton wish wept*,
Pray this copy accept"——
But here on the stranger some kidnapper leaped:
For why? a shrewd man
Had devised a sly plan
The Wonder to grab for a show-caravan.

So plotted, so done—
With a fight as in fun,
While mock pugilistical rounds were begun,
A knave who could box,
And give right and left knocks,
Caught hold of the Prize by his silvery locks.

And hard he had fared,
But the people were scared
By what the Interpreter roundly declared:
"You ignorant Turks!
You will be your own Burkes—
He holds all the keys of the lunary works!

"You'd best let him go!
If you keep him below,
The Moon will not change, and the tides will not flow;
He left her at full,
And with such a long pull,
Zounds! every man Jack will run mad like a bull!"

So awful a threat
Took effect on the set;
The fright, though, was more than their Guest could forget;
So, taking a jump,
In the car he came plump,
And threw all the ballast right out in a lump.

Up soared the machine,
With its yellow and green;
But still the pale face of the Creature was seen,
Who cried from the car,
"*Dam in yooman bi gar!*"
That is—"What a sad set of villains you are!"

Howbeit, at some height,
He threw down quite a flight
Of Almanacs, wishing to set us all right—
And, thanks to the boon,
We shall see very soon
If Murphy knows most, or the Man in the Moon!

THE DOCTOR.

A SKETCH.

"Whate'er is, is right."—POPE.

THERE once was a Doctor
(No foe to the proctor),
A physic-concocter,
Whose dose was so pat,
However it acted,
One speech it extracted—
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

And first, all unaisy,
Like woman that's crazy,
In flies Mistress Casey,
"Do come to poor Pat;
The blood's running faster!
He's torn off the plaster—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Anon, with an antic
Quite strange and romantic,
A woman comes frantic—
"What could you be at!
My darling dear Aleck
You've sent him oxalic!"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Then in comes another,
Despatched by his mother,

A blubbering brother,
Who gives a rat-tat—
"Oh, poor little sister
Has licked off a blister!"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Now home comes the flunky,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey—
With basket and that—
"The draught for the Squire, sir,
He chucked in the fire, sir—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus—
"Lord! here is a rumpus:
That pauper, Old Nat,
In some drunken notion
Has drunk up his lotion—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

At last comes a servant,
In grief very fervent:
"Alas! Dr. Derwent,
Poor Master is flat!
He's drawn his last breath, sir—
That dose was his death, sir."
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bedside.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent-like and chary;
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vowed that you should have my hand,
But Fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can;
As for my trunk, it's all packed up
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
My William, we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, although
Sir Astley has my heart!

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Tim Turpin he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies:
For Nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forced to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small;
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
And could not see at all.

Now Tim he wooed a servant maid,
And took her to his arms;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
Where'er he wished to jog,
A happy wife, although she led
The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had lived a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon oped his Milton eyes,
Like oysters, with a knife.

But when his eyes were opened thus,
He wished them dark again;
For when he looked upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat;
For she was any thing but like
A Grace before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man:
For when his sight was thick,
It made him feel for every thing—
But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knocked at his wife's head until
It opened unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
He took his slaughtered spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house.

But, like a wicked murderer,
He lived in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.

The neighbors fetched a doctor in:
Said he, This wound I dread
Can hardly be sewed up—his life
Is hanging on a thread.

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work,
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth
Would soon be sifted out!

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap
Than he contracted for!

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But though they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself, at once,
The author of her death.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscribed with double *guilt!*

Then turning round his head again
He saw before his eyes
A great judge, and a little judge,
The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment-cap,
And put it on his head.
And sentenced Tim by law to hang
Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.

THE VISION.

"Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof."—COTTON.

As I sate the other night,
Burning of a single light,
All at once a change there came
In the color of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,
Blue as summer sky is blue:
One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!
Eight! nine! ten! it struck eleven!

Pale as sheet, with stiffened hair,
Motionless in elbow chair—
Blood congealing—dead almost—
"Now," thought I, "to see a ghost!"

Strange misgiving, true as strange!
In the air there came a change,
And as plain as mortals be,
Lo! a Shape confronted me!

Lines and features I could trace
Like an old familiar face,
Thin and pallid like my own
In the morning mirror shown.

"Now," he said, and near the grate
Drew a chair for tête-à-tête,
Quite at odds with all decorum—
"Now, my boy, let's have a jorum!"

"Come," he cried, "old fellow, come,
Where's the brandy, where's the rum?
Where's the kettle—is it hot?
Shall we have some punch, or what?

"Feast of reason—flow of soul!
Where's the sugar, where's the bowl?
Lemons I will help to squeeze—
Flip, egg-hot, or what you please!"

"Sir," said I, with hectic cough,
Shock of nerves to carry off—
Looking at him very hard,
"Please oblige me with a card."

"Card!" said he, "Phoo—nonsense—stuff!
We're acquainted well enough—
Still my name, if you desire,
Eighteen Thirty-eight, Esquire.

"Ring for supper! where's the tray?
No great time I have to stay,
One short hour, and like a Mayor,
I must quit the yearly Chair!"

Scarce could I contain my rage—
O'er the retrospective page,
Looking back from date to date,
What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

"Sickness here and sickness there,
Pain and sorrow, constant care;
Fifty-two long weeks to fall,
Not a trump among them all!

"Zounds!" I cried in quite a huff,
"Go—I've known you long enough.
Seek for supper where you please,
Here you have not bread and cheese."

"Nay," cried he, "were things so ill?
Let me have your pardon still—
What I've done to give you pain,
I will never do again.

"As from others, so from you,
Let me have my honors due;
Soon the parish bells about
Will begin to ring me out."

"Ring you out?—With all my heart!"
From my chair I made a start,
Pulled the bell and gave a shout—
"Peter, show the Old Year out!"

THE BLUE BOAR.

'Tis known to man, 'tis known to woman,
'Tis known to all the world in common,
How politics and party strife
Vex public, even private, life;
But till some days ago, at least,
They never worried brutal beast.

I wish you could have seen the creature,
A tame domestic boar by nature,
Gone wild as boar that ever grunted,
By Baron Hoggerhausen hunted.
His back was up, and on its ledge
The bristles rose like quickset hedge;
His eye was fierce and red as coal,
Like furnace, shining through a hole,
And restless turned for mischief seeking;
His very hide with rage was reeking;
And oft he gnashed his crooked tusks,
Chewing his tongue instead of husks,
Till all his jaw was white and yeasty,
Showing him savage, fierce, and resty.

And what had caused this mighty vapor?
A dirty fragment of a paper,
That in his rambles he had found,
Lying neglected on the ground;
A relic of the Morning Post,
Two tattered columns at the most,
But which our irritated swine
(Derived from Learned Toby's line)

Digested easy as his meals,
Like any quidnunc Cit at Peel's.

He read, and mused, and pored, and read,
His shoulders shrugged, and shook his head;
Now at a line he gave a grunt,
Now at a phrase took sudden stunt,
And snorting turned his back upon it,
But always came again to con it;
In short, he petted up his passion,
After a very human fashion,
When Temper's worried with a bone,
She'll neither like nor let alone.
At last his fury reached the pitch
Of that most irritating itch,
When mind and will, in fevered faction,
Prompt blood and body into action;
No matter what, so bone and muscle
May vent the frenzy in a bustle;
But whether by a fight or dance
Is left to impulse or to chance.
So stood the Boar, in furious mood,
Made up for any thing but good;
He gave his tail a tighter twist,
As men in anger clench the fist,
And threw fresh sparkles in his eye
From the volcano of his fry—
Ready to raze the parish pound,
To pull the pig-sty to the ground,
To lay 'Squire Giles, his master, level,
Ready, indeed, to play the devil.

So, stirred by raving demagogues,
I've seen men rush, like rabid dogs,

Stark staring from the Pig and Whistle,
And, like his Boarship, in a bristle,
Resolved unanimous on rumpus
From any quarter of the compass;
But whether to duck Aldgate Pump
(For wits in madness never jump),
To liberate the beasts from Cross's;
Or hiss at all the Wigs in Ross's;
On Waithman's column hang a weeper;
Or tar and feather the old sweeper;
Or break the panes of landlord scurvy,
And turn the King's Head topsy-turvy;
Rebuild, or pull down, London Wall;
Or take his cross from old Saint Paul;
Or burn those wooden Highland fellows,
The snuff-men's idols, 'neath the gallows;
None fixed or cared—but all were loyal
To one design—a battle royal.

Thus stood the Boar, athirst for blood,
Trampling the Morning Post to mud,
With tusks prepared to run a-muck;
And sorrow for the mortal's luck
That came across him, Whig or Tory—
It would have been a tragic story;
But Fortune interposing now,
Brought Bessy into play—a Sow;—
A fat, sleek, philosophic beast,
That never fretted in the least,
Whether her grains were sour or sweet,
For grains are grains, and she could eat.
Absorbed in two great schemes capacious,
The farrow, and the farinaceous,

If cares she had, they could not stay,
She drank, and *washed* them all away.
In fact, this philosophic sow
Was very like a German frow;
In brief—as wit should be and fun—
If sows turn Quakers, she was one;
Clad from the duckpond, thick and slab,
In bran-new muddy suit of drab.

To still the storm of such a lubber,
She came like oil—at least like blubber—
Her pigtail of as passive shape
As ever drooped o'er powdered nape;
Her snout scarce turning up—her deep
Small eyes half settled into sleep;
Her ample ears, dependent, meek,
Like fig-leaves shading either cheek;
While, from the corner of her jaw,
A sprout of cabbage, green and raw,
Protruded—as the Dove, so stanch
For Peace, supports an olive-branch—
Her very grunt, so low and mild,
Like the soft snoring of a child,
Inquiring into his disquiets,
Served like the Riot Act, at riots—
He laid his restive bristles flatter,
And took to arguefy the matter.

"O Bess, O Bess, here's heavy news!
They mean to 'mancipate the Jews!
Just as they turned the blacks to whites,
They want to give them equal rights,
And in the twinkling of a steeple,
Make Hebrews quite like other people.

Here, read—but I forget your fetters,
You've studied litters more than letters."

"Well," quoth the Sow, "and no great miss,
I'm sure my ignorance is bliss;
Contentedly I bite and sup,
And never let my flare flare-up;
While you get wild and fuming hot—
What matters Jews be Jews or not?
Whether they go with beards like Moses,
Or barbers take them by the noses,
Whether they live, permitted dwellers,
In Cheapside shops, or Rag Fair cellars,
Or climb their way to civic perches,
Or go to synagogues or churches?"

"Churches!—ay, there the question grapples;
No, Bess, the Jews will go to Chappell's!"

"To chapel—well—what's that to you?
A Berkshire Boar, and not a Jew?
We pigs—remember the remark
Of our old drover, Samuel Slark,
When trying, but he tried in vain,
To coax me into Sermon Lane,
Or Paternoster's pious Row—
But still I stood and grunted No!
Of Lane and Creed an equal scorner,
Till bolting off at Amen Corner,
He cried, provoked at my evasion,
'Pigs, blow 'em! ar'nt of no persuasion!'"

"The more's the pity, Bess, the more,"
Said, with sardonic grin, the Boar;

"If Pigs were Methodists and Bunyans,
They'd make a sin of sage and onions;
The curse of endless flames endorse
On every boat of apple-sauce;
Give brine to Satan, and assess
Blackpuddings with bloodguiltiness;
Yea, call down heavenly fire and smoke
To burn all Epping into coke!"

"Ay," cried the Sow, extremely placid,
In utter contrast to his acid,
"Ay, that would be a Sect indeed!
And every swine would like the creed,
The sausage-making curse and all;
And should some brother have a call,
To thump a cushion to that measure,
I would sit under him with pleasure;
Nay, put down half my private fortune
T' endow a chapel at Hog's Norton.—
But what has this to do, my deary,
With their new Hebrew whigmaleery?"

"Sow that you are! this Bill, if current,
Would be as good as our death-warrant:
And with its legislative friskings,
Loose twelve new tribes upon our griskins!
Unjew the Jews, what follows then?
Why, they'll eat pork like other men,
And you shall see a Rabbi dish up
A chine as freely as a Bishop!
Thousands of years have passed, and pork
Was never stuck on Hebrew fork;
But now, suppose that relish rare
Fresh added to their bill of fare,

Fry, harslet, pettitoes, and chine,
Leg, choppers, bacon, ham and loin,
And then, beyond all goose or duckling—"

"Yes, yes, a little tender suckling!
It must be held the aptest savor
To make the eager mouth to slaver!
Merely to look on such a gruntling,
A plump, white, sleek, and sappy runtling,
It makes one—ah! remembrance bitter!
It made me eat my own dear litter!"

"Think, then, with this new wakened fury,
How we should fare if tried by *Jewry!*
A pest upon the meddling Whigs!
There 'll be a pretty run on pigs!
This very morn a Hebrew brother,
With three hats stuck on one another,
And o'er his arm a bag, or poke,
A thing pigs never find a joke,
Stopped—rip the fellow—though he knew
I've neither coat to sell nor shoe,
And cocked his nose—right at me, lovey!
Just like a pointer at a covey!

To set our only friends agin us!
That neither care to fat or thin us!
To boil, to broil, to roast, or fry us,
But act like real Christians by us!—
A murrain on all legislators!
Thin wash, sour grains, and rotten 'taters!
A bulldog at their ears and tails!
The curse of empty troughs and pails

Famish their flanks as thin as weasels!
May all their children have the measles;
Or in the straw untimely smother,
Or make a dinner for the mother!
A cartwhip for all law inventors!
And rubbing-posts stuck full of tenters!
Yokes, rusty rings, and gates to hitch in,
And parish pounds to pine the flitch in,
Cold, and high winds, the Devil send 'em—
And then may Sam the Sticker end 'em!"

'Twas strange to hear him how he swore!
A boar will curse, though like a boar,
While Bess, like Pity, at his side
Her swine-subduing voice supplied!
She bade him such a rage discard;
That anger is a foe to lard;
'Tis bad for sugar to get wet,
And quite as bad for fat to fret;
"Besides"—she argued thus at last—
"The Bill you fume at has not passed,
For why, the Commons and the Peers
Have come together by the ears:
Or rather, as we pigs repose,
One's tail beside the other's nose,
And thus, of course, take adverse views,
Whether of Gentiles or of Jews.
Who knows? They say the Lords' ill-will
Has thrown out many a wholesome Bill,
And p'rhaps some Peer to Pigs propitious,
May swamp a measure so *Jew-dish-us!*"

The Boar was conquered at a glance,
He saw there really was a chance—

That as the Hebrew nose is hooked,
The Bill was equally as crooked;
And might outlast, thank party embers,
A dozen tribes of Christian members;—
So down he settled in the mud,
With smoother back, and cooler blood,
As mild, as quiet, a Blue Boar
As any over tavern-door.

MORAL.

The chance is small that any measure
Will give all classes equal pleasure;
Since Tory Ministers or Whigs
Sometimes can't even please the Pigs.

JACK HALL.

'Tis very hard when men forsake
This melancholy world, and make
A bed of turf, they cannot take
A quiet doze,
But certain rogues will come and break
Their "bone repose."

'Tis hard we can't give up our breath,
And to the earth our earth bequeath,
Without Death Fetches after death,
Who thus exhume us;
And snatch us from our homes beneath,
And hearths posthumous.

The tender lover comes to rear
The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
Her glorious dust, he cries, is here!
Alack! alack!
The while his Sacharissa dear
Is in a sack!

'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
Their rogues break through it!
If they don't want us there, why did
They send us to it?

One of these sacrilegious knaves,
Who crave as hungry vulture craves,
Behaving as the goul behaves,
'Neath church-yard wall
Mayhap because he fed on graves,
Was named Jack Hall.

By day it was his trade to go
Tending the black coach to and fro;
And sometimes at the door of woe,
With emblems suitable,
He stood with brother Mute, to show
That life is mutable.

But long before they passed the ferry,
The dead that he had helped to bury,
He sacked—(he had a sack to carry
The bodies off in.)
In fact, he let them have a very
Short fit of coffin.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
He drove this dead but thriving trade;
Meanwhile his conscience never weighed
A single horsehair;
On corses of all kinds he preyed,
A perfect corsair!

At last—it may be, Death took spite,
Or jesting, only meant to fright—
He sought for Jack night after night
The church-yards round;
And soon they met, the man and sprite,
In Pancras' ground.

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon,
Perceived the bony knacker soon,
An awful shape to meet at noon
Of night, and lonely;
But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
A minute only.

Anon he gave his spade a swing
Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
Ready for what mishaps might spring
From this conjunction;
Funking indeed was quite a thing
Beside his function.

"Hallo!" cried Death, "d'ye wish your sands
Run out? the stoutest never stands
A chance with me;—to my commands
The strongest truckles;
But I'm your friend—so let's shake hands,
I should say—knuckles."

Jack, glad to see th' old sprite so sprightly,
And meaning nothing but uprightly,
Shook hands at once, and, bowing slightly,
His mull did proffer:
But Death, who had no nose, politely
Declined the offer.

Then sitting down upon a bank,
Leg over leg, shank over shank,
Like friends for conversation frank,
That had no check on:
Quoth Jack unto the Lean and Lank,
"You're Death, I reckon."

The Jaw-bone grinned:—"I am that same,
You've hit exactly on my name;
In truth it has some little fame
Where burial sod is."
Quoth Jack (and winked), "Of course you came
Here after bodies."

Death grinned again, and shook his head:
"I've little business with the dead;
When they are fairly sent to bed
I've done my turn:
Whether or not the worms are fed
Is your concern.

"My errand here, in meeting you,
Is nothing but a 'how-d'ye do;'
I've done what jobs I had—a few
Along this way;
If I can serve a crony too,
I beg you'll say."

Quoth Jack, "Your Honor's very kind!
And now I call the thing to mind,
This parish very strict I find;
But in the next 'un
There lives a very well inclined
Old sort of sexton."

Death took the hint, and gave a wink
As well as eyelet holes can blink;
Then stretching out his arm to link
The other's arm—
"Suppose," says he, "we have a drink
Of something warm."

Jack, nothing loth, with friendly ease,
Spoke up at once:—"Why, what ye please,
Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
A famous tap."
But this suggestion seemed to tease
The bony chap.

"No, no;—your mortal drinks are heady,
And only make my hand unsteady;
I do not even care for Deady,
And loathe your rum;
But I've some glorious brewage ready,
My drink is—mum!"

And off they set, each right content;
Who knows the dreary way they went?
But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
And out of breath;
At last he saw, quite evident,
The Door of Death.

All other men had been unmanned
To see a coffin on each hand,
That served a skeleton to stand
By way of sentry;
In fact, Death has a very grand
And awful entry.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
His name is writ in coffin-nails;
The mortal darts make area rails;
A scull that mocketh,
Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
Whoever knocketh.

And lo! on either side, arise
Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs:
A monumental slab supplies
The step of stone,
Where, waiting for his master, lies
A dog of bone.

The dog leaped up, but gave no yell,
The wire was pulled, but woke no bell,
The ghastly knocker rose and fell,
But caused no riot;
The ways of Death, we all know well,
Are very quiet.

Old Bones stepped in; Jack stepped behind:
Quoth Death, "I really hope you'll find
The entertainment to your mind,
As I shall treat ye—
A friend or two of goblin kind,
I've asked to meet ye."

And lo! a crowd of spectres tall,
Like jack-a-lanterns on a wall,
Were standing—every ghastly ball
An eager watcher.
"My friends," says Death—"friends, Mr. Hall,
The body-snatcher."

Lord, what a tumult it produced,
When Mr. Hall was introduced!
Jack even, who had long been used
To frightful things,
Felt just as if his back were sluiced
With freezing springs!

Each goblin face began to make
Some horrid mouth—ape—gorgon—snake;
And then a spectre-hag would shake
An airy thigh-bone;
And cried (or seemed to cry), I'll break
Your bone, with *my* bone!

Some ground their teeth; some seemed to spit—
(Nothing but nothing came of it);
A hundred awful brows were knit
In dreadful spite.
Thought Jack—I'm sure I'd better quit,
Without good-night.

One skip and hop, and he was clear,
And, running like a hunted deer,
As fleet as people run by fear
Well spurred and whipped,
Death, ghosts, and all in that career
Were quite outstripped.

But those who live by death, must die;
Jack's soul at last prepared to fly;
And when his latter end drew nigh,
Oh! what a swarm
Of doctors came; but not to try
To keep him warm.

No ravens ever scented prey
So early where a dead horse lay,
Nor vultures sniffed so far away
A last convulse:
A dozen "guests" day after day
Were "at his pulse."

'Twas strange, although they got no fees,
How still they watched by twos and threes:
But Jack a very little ease
Obtained from them;
In fact he did not find M. D.s
Worth one D—M.

The passing bell with hollow toll
Was in his thought;—the dreary hole!
Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
And then a cough:—
"There's something weighing on my soul
I wish was off;

"All night it roves about my brains,
All day it adds to all my pains:
It is concerning my remains
When I am dead:"
Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
Drew near his bed.

"Alas!" he sighed, "I'm sore afraid,
A dozen pangs my heart invade;
But when I drove a certain trade
In flesh and bone,
There was a little bargain made
About my own."

Twelve suits of black began to close,
Twelve pair of sleek and sable hose,
Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
At once drew round;
Twelve noses turned against his nose,
Twelve snubs profound.

"Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
And so I sold my body twice;
Twice did not do—I sold it thrice;
Forgive my crimes!
In short, I have received its price
A dozen times!"

Twelve brows got very grim and black,
Twelve wishes stretched him on the rack,
Twelve pair of hands for fierce attack
Took up position,
Ready to share the dying Jack
By long division.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
That twelve had struck an hour ago,
Before they had an eye to throw
On the departed;
Twelve heads turned round at once, and lo!
Twelve doctors started.

Whether some comrade of the dead,
Or Satan took it in his head
To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled!
'Tis only written,
That "*there was nothing in the bed,*
But twelve were bitten."

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
As York did ever rear;
As his dear Granny used to say,
He'd make a grenadier.

A sergeant soon came down to York,
With ribbons and a frill;
My lads, said he, let broadcast be,
And come away to drill.

But when he wanted John to list,
In war he saw no fun,
Where what is called a raw recruit
Gets often over-done.

Let others carry guns, said he,
And go to war's alarms;
But I have got a shoulder-knot
Imposed upon my arms.

For John he had a footman's place
To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, though
Her family was high.

Now when two years had passed away,
Her lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, I am a proper man,
And very tall to see;
Who knows, but now, her lord is low,
She may look up to me?

A cunning woman told me once,
Such fortune would turn up;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup!

So he walked up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amazed;
She thought, though John was tall enough,
He wanted to be raised.

But John—for why? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

Said he, Your lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain;
Not all the cries of London now
Could call him back again!

You'll soon have many a noble beau
To dry your noble tears;
But just consider this, that I
Have followed you for years.

And though you are above me far,
What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine,
And I am six foot three?

For though you are of lofty race,
And I'm a low-born elf;
Yet none among your friends could say
You matched beneath yourself.

Said she, Such insolence as this
Can be no common case;
Though you are in my service, sir,
Your love is out of place.

O Lady Wye! O Lady Wye!
Consider what you do;
How can you be so short with me,
I am not so with you?

Then ringing for her serving men,
They showed him to the door:
Said they, You turn out better now
Why didn't you before?

They stripped his coat, and gave him kicks
For all his wages due;
And off, instead of green and gold,
He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
Because of this discharge;
So he made up his mind to serve
The country all at large.

Huzza! the sergeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he looked too tall,
And so he cut him down!

DRINKING SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, AS SUNG BY MR. SPRING, AT WATERMAN'S HALL.

Come, pass around the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
The Turncock for ever! that opens the plugs!
Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim!
Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let topers, of grape-juice exultingly vapor;
But let us just whisper a word to the elves:
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

The vintage, they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps;
But water's the spring of all civilized dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps!*
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honor old Meux with their thirsty regard—
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* measure,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast:
'Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast?
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water—but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel,
And pledge her in bumpers filled brimming and oft;
But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

Some crossed in their passion can never o'erlook it,
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam;
While temperate swains are enabled to *brook* it
By help of a little meandering stream.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

Should Fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

See drinkers of water their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits;
But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straights*.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

When woman is in rags and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her,
If man would only listen more
To that small voice that crieth—"Ease her!"

Without the guidance of a friend,
Though legal sharks and screws attack her,
If man would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth—"Back her!"

So oft it would not be his fate
To witness some despairing dropper
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth—"Stop her!"

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

"Are we not here now?" continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—"and are we not" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone?—In a moment!"—*Tristram Shandy.*

TRIM, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die.
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench.

The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike,
Are knells, for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case,
Life travels at a scouring pace,
Far swifter than thy hand.
The fast-decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan,
Time wears away with—sand!

Thou needst not, mistress cook! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
That now is fresh and hot:
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone:—Cook, thou must die;
There's death within the pot.

Susannah, too, my lady's maid,
Thy pretty person once must aid
To swell the buried swarm!
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould,
That's not the "*mould of form!*"

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach—
The grave will pluck him down:
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the churchyard livery,
Grass green, turned up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath!
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her "last linen" bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind;
And e'en the stable boy will find
This life no *stable* thing.

Nay, see the household dog—even that
The earth shall take;—the very cat
Will share the common fall;
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all!

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of *service* after this;—in short——
The one the parson reads!

The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

THE DEAD ROBBERY.

"Here's that will sack a city."—Henry IV.

Of all the causes that induce mankind
To strike against themselves a mortal docket,
Two eminent above the rest we find—
To be in love, or to be out of pocket:
Both have made many melancholy martyrs,
But, p'rhaps, of all the felonies de se,
By ponds, and pistols, razors, ropes and garters,
Two thirds have been through want of £. s. d.

Thus happened it with Peter Bunce;
Both in the *dumps* and out of them at once,
From always drawing blanks in Fortune's lottery,
At last, impatient of the light of day,
He made his mind up to return his clay
Back to the pottery.

Feigning a raging tooth that drove him mad,
From twenty divers druggists' shops
He begged enough of laudanum drops
T' effect the fatal purpose that he had;
He drank them, died, and while old Charon ferried him,
The Coroner convened a dozen men,
Who found his death was *phial*-ent—and then
The parish buried him!

Unwatched, unwept,
As commonly a pauper sleeps, he slept;
There could not be a better opportunity
For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,
With all impunity:
In fact when night o'er human vice and folly
Had drawn her very necessary curtains,
Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,
Accustomed many years to drive a trade
With an Anatomy more Melancholy
Than Burton's!

The watchman in his box was dozing;
The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese;
No fear of any creature interposing,
The human jackal worked away at ease:
He tossed the mould to left and right,
The shabby coffin came in sight,
And soon it opened to his double knocks—
When lo! the stiff'un that he thought to meet,
Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,
Upon his seat!

Awakened from his trance,
For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,

Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,
He spies a shady figure, tall and bony,
Then shudders out these words, "Are—you—the—Devil?"
"The Devil a bit of him," says Mike Mahony,
"I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,
To pick up honestly, a little blunt—"
"Blunt!" echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of laughter,
"Why, man, I turned life's candle in the socket,
Without a rap in either pocket,
For want of that same blunt you're looking after!"
"That's true," says Mike, "and many a pretty man
Has cut his stick upon your very plan,
Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,
And yet he's fetched a dacent lot of stuff,
Provided he was sound and fresh enough,
And dead as dumps."

"I take," quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, "the fact is,
You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice—
I hope the question is not out of reason,
But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,
For instance like my own,
What might it chance to fetch now at this season?"
"Fetch is it?" answers Mike, "why prices differ—
But taking this same small bad job of ours,
I reckon, by the powers!
I've lost ten pounds by your not being stiffer!"

"Ten pounds!" Bunch echoes in a sort of flurry,
"Odd zounds!
Ten pounds,
How sweet it sounds,
Ten pounds!"
And on his feet upspringing in a hurry—

It seemed the operation of a minute—
A little scuffle—then a whack—
And then he took the body snatcher's sack
And poked him in it!

Such is this life!
A very pantomime for tricks and strife!
See Bunce, so lately in Death's passive stock,
Invested, now as active as a griffin,
Walking—no ghost—in velveteens and smock,
To sell a stiff'un!

A flash of red, then one of blue,
At last, like light-house, came in view;
Bunce rang the night-bell; wiped his highlows muddy;
His errand told; the sack produced:
And by a sleepy boy was introduced
To Dr. Oddy, writing in his study.
The bargain did not take long time to settle,
"Ten pounds,
Odd zounds!
How sweet it sounds,
Ten pounds,"
Chinked into Bunce's palm in solid metal.

With joy half-crazed,
It seemed some trick of sense, some airy gammon—
He gazed and gazed,
At last, possessed with the old lust of Mammon,
Thought he, "with what a very little trouble
This little capital I now might double"—
Another scuffle of its usual brevity,
And Doctor Oddy, in his suit of black,
Was finishing, within the sack,
His "Thoughts upon Longevity!"

The trick was done. Without a doubt,
The sleepy boy let Bunce and burthen out;
Who, coming to a lone convenient place,
The body stripped, hid all the clothes, and then,
Still favored by the luck of evil men,
Found a new customer in Dr. Case.
All more minute particulars to smother.
Let it suffice,
Nine guineas was the price
For which one doctor bought the other;
As once I heard a preacher say in Guinea,
"You see how one black sin bring on anudder,
Like little nigger pickaninny,
A-riding pick-a-back upon him mudder!"
"Humph!" said the Doctor, with a smile sarcastic,
Seeming to trace
Some likeness in the face,
"So Death at last has taken old Bombastic!"
But in the very middle of his joking,
The *subject*, still unconscious of the scoff,
Seized all at once with a bad fit of choking,
He too was *taken off!*
Leaving a fragment "On the Hooping Cough."

Satan still sending luck,
Another body found another buyer:
For ten pounds ten the bargain next was struck,
Dead doctors going higher.
"Here," said the purchaser, with smile quite pleasant,
Taking a glimpse at his departed brother,
"Here's half a guinea in the way of present;
Subjects are scarce, and when you get another.

Let *me* be first." Bunce took him at his word,
And suddenly his old atrocious trick did,
Sacking M. D. the third,
Ere he could furnish "Hints to the Afflicted."

Flushed with success,
Beyond all hope or guess,
His new dead-robbery upon his back,
Bunce plotted—such high flights ambition takes—
To treat the Faculty like ducks and drakes,
And sell them all ere they could utter "Quack!"
But Fate opposed. According to the schools,
When men become insufferably bad,
The gods confer to drive them mad:
March hairs upon the heads of April fools!

Tempted by the old demon avaricious,
Bunce traded on too far into the morning;
Till nods, and winks, and looks, and signs suspicious,
Even words malicious,
Forced on him rather an unpleasant warning.
Glad was he to perceive, beside a wicket,
A porter, ornamented with a ticket,
Who did not seem to be at all too busy:
"Here, my good man,
Just show me, if you can,
A doctor's—if you want to earn a tizzy!"

Away the porter marches,
And with grave face, obsequious, precedes him,
Down crooked lanes, round corners, under arches;
At last, up an old-fashioned staircase leads him,

Almost impervious to the morning ray,
Then shows a door—"There, that's a doctor's reckoned,
A rare Top-Sawyer, let who will come second—
Good-day."

"I'm right," thought Bunce, "as any trivet;
Another venture—and then up I give it!"
He rings;—the door, just like a fairy portal,
Opens untouched by mortal:
He gropes his way into a dingy room,
And hears a voice come growling through the gloom,
"Well—eh?—Who? What?—Speak out at once!"
"I will," says Bunce;
"I've got a sort of article to sell;
Medical gemmen knows me very well—"
But think, Imagination, how it shocked her,
To hear the voice roar out—"Death! Devil! d——n!
Confound the vagabond! he thinks I am
A rhubarb-and-magnesia Doctor!"
"No Doctor!" exclaimed Bunce, and dropped his jaw,
But louder still the voice began to bellow—
"Yes—yes—od zounds!—I am a Doctor, fellow,
At law!"
The word sufficed. Of things Bunce feared the most
(Next to a ghost)
Was law—or any of the legal corps;—
He dropped at once his load of flesh and bone,
And, caring for no body, save his own,
Bolted;—and lived securely till fourscore,
From never troubling Doctors any more!

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

A PASTORAL REPORT.

One Sunday morning—service done—
'Mongst tombstones shining in the sun,
A knot of bumpkins stood to chat
Of that and this, and this and that;
What people said of Polly Hatch—
Which side had won the cricket match;
And who was cotched, and who was bowled;
How barley, beans, and 'taters sold—
What men could swallow at a meal—
When Bumstead Youths would ring a peal—
And who was taken off to jail—
And where they brewed the strongest ale—
At last this question they address,
"What's Agricultural Distress?"

HODGE.

"For my peart, it's a thought o' mine,
It be the fancy farming line,
Like yonder gemman—him I mean,
As took the Willa nigh the Green—
And turned his cattle in the wheat;
And gave his porkers hay to eat;
And sent his footman up to town,
To ax the Lonnon gentry down,
To be so kind as make his hay,
Exactly on St. Swithin's day;—
With consequences you may guess—
That's Hagricultural Distress."

DICKON.

"Last Monday morning, Master Blogg
Com'd for to stick our bacon-hog;
But th' hog he cocked a knowing eye
As if he twigged the reason why,
And dodged and dodged 'un such a dance,
He didn't give the noose a chance;
So Master Blogg at last lays off,
And shams a rattle at the trough,
When swish! in bolts our bacon-hog
Atwixt the legs o' Master Blogg,
And flops him down in all the muck
As hadn't been swept up by luck—
Now that, accordin' to my guess,
Be Hagricultural Distress."

GILES.

"No, that arn't it, I tell 'ee flat;
I'ze bring a worser case nor that!
Last Friday week, I takes a start
To Reading, with our horse and cart;
Well, when I'ze set the 'taters down,
I meets a crony at the Crown;
And what betwixt the ale and Tom,
It's dark afore I start for home;
So whipping hard, by long and late,
At last we reaches nigh the gate,
And, sure enough, there Master stand,
A lantern flaring in his hand—
'Why, Giles,' says he, 'what's that 'un thear?
Yond' chestnut horse bean't my bay mear!
He bean't not worth a leg o' Bess!'
There's Hagricultural Distress!"

HOR.

"That's nothin yet, to Tom's mishap!
A-going through the yard, poor chap,
Only to fetch his milking pails,
When up he shies like head or tails;
Nor would the Bull let Tom a-be,
Till he had tossed the best o' three;—
And there lies Tom with broken bones,
A surgeon's job for Doctor Jones;
Well, Doctor Jones lays down the law,
'There's two crackt ribs, besides a jaw—
Eat well,' says he, 'stuff out your case,
For that will keep the ribs in place;'
But how was Tom, poor chap, to chaw,
Seeing as how he'd broke his jaw,
That's summut to the pint—yes, yes,
That's Hagricultural Distress!"

SIMON.

"Well, turn and turn about is fair:
Tom's bad enough, and so's the mare;
But nothing to my load of hay—
You see, 'twas hard on quarter-day,
And cash was wanted for the rent;
So up to Lonnon I was sent
To sell as prime a load of hay
As ever dried on summer's day.
Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,
A chap comes up to buy my load,
And looks, and looks about the cart,
Pretending to be cute and smart;
But no great judge, as people say,
'Cause why? he never smelt the hay.

Thinks I, as he's a simple chap,
He'll give a simple price mayhap;
Such buyers come but now and then,
So slap I axes nine pun' ten.
'That's dear,' says he, and pretty quick
He taps his leather with his stick,
'Suppose,' says he, 'we wet our clay
Just while we bargin 'bout the hay.'
So in we goes, my chap and me;
He drinks to I, and I to he;
At last, says I, a little gay,
'It's time to talk about that hay.'
'Nine pund,' says he, 'and I'm your man,
Live and let live—for that's my plan.'
'That's true,' says I, 'but still I say,
It's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay.'
And so we chaffers for a bit,
At long and last the odds we split;
And off he sets to show the way,
Where up a yard I leaves the hay.
Then, from the pocket of his coat
He pulls a book, and picks a note.
'That's ten,' says he—'I hope to pay
Tens upon tens for loads of hay.'
'With all my heart, and soon,' says I,
And feeling for the change thereby;
But all my shillings comed to five—
Says he, 'No matter, man alive!
There's something in your honest phiz
I'd trust, if twice the sum it is;
You'll pay next time you come to town.'
'As sure,' says I, 'as corn is brown.'

'All right,' says he.—Thinks I 'huzza!
He's got no bargain of the hay.'

"Well home I goes, with empty cart,
Whipping the horses pretty smart,
And whistling every yard o' way,
To think how well I'd sold the hay—
And just cotched master at his greens
And bacon, or it might be beans,
Which didn't taste the worst sure*ly*,
To hear his hay had gone so high.
But lord! when I laid down the note,
It stuck the victuals in his throat,
And choked him till his face all grew
Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue;
With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails!
They seemed a-coming out like snails!
'A note!' says he, half mad with passion,
'Why, thou dom'd fool, thou'st took a flash'un!'
Now, was n't that a pretty mess?
That's Hagricultural Distress."

COLIN.

"Phoo! phoo! You're nothing near the thing!
You only argy in a ring;
'Cause why? You never cares to look,
Like me, in any learned book;
But scholiards know the wrong and right
Of every thing in black and white.

"Well, Farming, that's its common name,
And Agriculture be the same:

So put your Farming first, and next
Distress, and there you have your text.
But here the question comes to press.
What farming be, and what's distress?
Why, farming is to plough and sow,
Weed, harrow, harvest, reap, and mow,
Thrash, winnow, sell, and buy and breed
The proper stock to fat and feed.
Distress is want, and pain, and grief,
And sickness—things as wants relief;
Thirst, hunger, age, and cold severe;
In short, ax any overseer—
Well, now, the logic for to chop,
Where's the distress about a crop?
There's no distress in keeping sheep,
I likes to see them frisk and leap;
There's no distress in seeing swine
Grow up to pork and bacon fine;
There's no distress in growing wheat
And grass for men or beasts to eat;
And making of lean cattle fat,
There's no distress, of course, in that.
Then what remains?—But one thing more,
And that's the *Farming of the Poor?*"

HODGE, DICKON, GILES, HOB, AND SIMON.

Yea!—aye!—sure*ly!*—for sartin!—yes!—
That's Hagricultural Distress!"

JOHN JONES.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"I saw the iron enter into his soul."—STEENE.

JOHN JONES he was a builder's clerk,
On ninety pounds a year,
Before his head was engine-turned
To be an engineer!

For, finding that the iron roads
Were quite the public tale,
Like Robin Redbreast, all his heart
Was set upon a rail.

But oh! his schemes all ended ill,
As schemes must come to naught,
With men who try to make short cuts,
When cut with something short.

His altitudes he did not take,
Like any other elf;
But first a spirit-level took
That levelled him himself.

Then, getting up from left to right
So many tacks he made,
The ground he meant to go upon
Got very well surveyed.

How crows may fly he did not care
A single fig to know;
He wished to make an iron road,
And not an iron crow.

So, going to the Rose and Crown,
To cut his studies short,
The nearest way from *pint* to *pint*,
He found was through a quart.

According to this rule he planned
His railroad o'er a cup;
But when he came to lay it down,
No soul would take it up!

Alas! not his the wily arts
Of men as shrewd as rats,
Who out of one sole *level* make
A precious lot of *flats!*

In vain from Z to crooked S,
His devious line he showed;
Directors even seemed to wish
For some directer road.

The writers of the public press
All sneered at his design;
And penny-a-liners wouldn't give
A penny for his line.

Yet still he urged his darling scheme,
In spite of all the fates;
Until at last his zigzag ways
Quite brought him into *straits.*

His money gone, of course he sank
In debt from day to day—
His way would not pay *him*—and so
He could not pay his way.

Said he, "All parties run me down—
How bitter is my cup!
My landlord is the only man
That ever runs me up!

"And he begins to talk of scores,
And will not draw a cork;"—
And then he railed at Fortune, since
He could not rail at York!

The morrow, in a fatal noose
They found him hanging fast;
This sentence scribbled on the wall—
"I've got my line at last!"

Twelve men upon the body sate,
And thus, on oath, did say,
"We find he got a *gruel*, 'cause
He couldn't have his *way!*"

A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

FORGET me not! It is the cry of clay,
From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten;
For who, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey,"
Would be forgotten?

Hark to the poor infant, in the age of pap,
A little Laplander on nurse's lap,
Some strange, neglectful, gossiping old Trot,
Meanwhile on dull Oblivion's lap she lieth,
In her shrill Baby-lonish language crieth—
What?
"Forget me not!"

The schoolboy writes unto the self-same tune,
The yearly letter, guiltless of a blot,
"We break up on the twenty-third of June;"
And then, with comps. from Dr. Polyglot,
"P. S. Forget me not!"

When last my elder brother sailed from Quito,
My chalky foot had in a hobble got—
Why did he plant his timber toe on *my* toe,
To stamp on memory's most tender spot,
"Forget me not!"

The dying nabob, on whose shrivelled skin
The Indian "mulliga" has left its "tawny,"
Leaving life's pilgrimage so rough and thorny,
Bindeth his kin
Two tons of sculptured marble to allot
A small "Forget me not!"

The hardy sailor parting from his wives,
Sharing among them all that he has got,
Keeps a fond eye upon their after-lives,
And says to seventeen—"If I am shot,
Forget me not."

Why, all the mob of authors that now trouble
The world with cold-pressed volumes, and with hot,
They all are seeking reputation's bubble,
Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,
To tie in fame's own handkerchief a double
Forget-me-knot!

A past, past tense,
In fact is sought for by all human kind,
And hence
One common Irish wish—to leave ourselves behind!

Forget me not!—It is the common chorus
Swelled by all those behind us and before us;
Each fifth of each November
Calls out "Remember;"
And even a poor man of straw will try
To live by dint of powder and of plot.
In short, it is the cry of every Guy,
"*Forget me not!*"

ODE TO MISS KELLY

ON HER OPENING THE STRAND THEATRE.

O Betty—I beg pardon—Fanny K.!
(I was just thinking of your Betty Finnikin)—
Permit me this to say,
In quite a friendly way—
I like your theatre, though but a minnikin;
For though small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,
Renounce me! if I don't agree with Dowton,
The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.
For me, I never can
Find wisdom in the plan
That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes, where the audience sit
A family circle; and your little pit;

I like your little stage, where you discuss
Your pleasant bill of fare,
And show us passengers so rich and rare,
Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,
Dimly remembering dramatic codgers,
The ghost of Memory—the shade of Fame!—
Lord! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers!
I like your Savage, of a one-horse power;
And Terence, done in Irish from the Latin;
And Sally—quite a kitchen-garden flower;
And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky-blue satin!
I like your girl as speechless as a mummy—
It shows you can play dummy!—
I like your boy, deprived of every gleam
Of light forever—a benighted being!
And really think—though Irish it may seem—
Your blindness is worth seeing.

I like your Governess; and there's a striking
Tale of Two Brothers, that sets tears a-flowing—
But I'm not going
All through the bill to tell you of my liking.
Suffice it, Fanny Kelly! with your art
So much in love, like others, I have grown,
I really mean myself to take a part
In "Free and Easy"—at my own bespeak—
And shall three times a week
Drop in and make your pretty house my own!

ANSWER TO PAUPER.*

Don't tell *me* of buds and blossoms,
Or with rose and vi'let wheedle—
Nosegays grow for other bosoms,
Churchwarden and Beadle.
What have you to do with streams?
What with sunny skies, or garish
Cuckoo songs, or pensive dreams?
Nature's not your parish!

What right have such as you to dun
For sun or moonbeams, warm or bright?
Before you talk about the sun,
Pay for window-light!
Talk of passions—amorous fancies!
While your betters' flames miscarry,
If *you* love your Dolls and Nancys,
Don't we make you marry?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,
Fragrant winds that blanch your bones!
You poor can always keep you warm;—
Ain't there breaking stones?
Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,
Roses fair and vi'lets meek,
You can't look for everything
On eighteen pence a week!

* The poem to which this is an answer will be found among the Notes at the end of the volume, entitled *Reply to a Pastoral Poet.*

With seasons what have you to do?
If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harmed?
What's weather to the cropless? You
Don't farm—but you are farmed!
Why everlasting murmurs hurled,
With hardship for the text?
If such as you don't like this world,
We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

Not "the posie of a ring."
SHAKSPEARE (*all but the not*).

I CAME to town a happy man;
I need not now dissemble
Why I return so sad at heart—
It's all through FANNY KEMBLE:
Oh! when she threw her flowers away,
What urged the tragic slut on
To weave in such a wreath as that,
Ah me! a bachelor's button.

None fought so hard, none fought so well,
As I to gain some token—
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken;
Huzza! said I, I'll have a flower
As sure as my name's Dutton;—
I made a snatch—I got a catch—
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch—my hat is smashed—
My clothes declare the racket;

I went there in a full-dress coat,
And came home in a jacket;
My nose is swelled, my eye is black,
My lip I've got a cut on—
Odds buds!—and what a bud to get—
The deuce—a bachelor's button!

My chest's in pain; I really fear
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
By pokes and punches in the ribs
From those herb-strewing fellows.
I miss two teeth in my front row;
My corn has had a *fut* on;
And all this pain I've had to gain
This cursed bachelor's button!

Had I but won a rose—a bud—
A pansy or a daisy—
A periwinkle—anything
But this—it drives me crazy!
My very sherry tastes like squills;
I can't enjoy my mutton;
And when I sleep I dream of it—
Still—still—a bachelor's button!

My place is booked per coach to-night;
But oh! my spirit trembles
To think how country friends will ask
Of Knowleses and of Kembles.
If they should breathe about the wreath
When I go back to Sutton,
I shall not dare to show my share—
That's all—a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,
But this my fate will harden;
I ne'er shall like my farming more,
I know I shan't my garden:
The turnips all may have the fly,
And wheat may have the smut on;
I care not—I've a blight at heart;
Ah me!—a bachelor's button!

ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Why, Lover, why
Such a water-rover
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over?*

Why, Lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Was't a lad of *Greece*
Came all over *dripping?*

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter?*

Why, Madam, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair
When he's on the *landing?*

INCENDIARY SONG.

"A member of the Corresponding Club, writing from Stoke Pogis in a season of riot and confusion, concludes his letter as follows:—"P. S. I enclose a curious document: a copy of verses which, perhaps very naturally under the circumstances of the times, our Recorder mistook for an incendiary song."

COME, all conflagrating fellows
Let us have a glorious rig:
Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows!
Burn me, but I'll burn my wig!

Christmas time is all before us:
Burn all puddings, north and south.
Burn the Turkey—burn the Devil!
Burn snap-dragon! burn your mouth!

Burn the coals! they're up at sixty!
Burn Burn's Justice—burn old Coke!
Burn the chestnuts! burn the shovel!
Burn a fire, and burn the smoke!

Burn burnt almonds! burn burnt brandy!
Let all burnings have a turn.
Burn Chabert, the Salamander—
Burn the man that wouldn't burn!

Burn the old year out; don't ring it;
Burn the one that must begin.
Burn Lang Syne; and, while you're burning,
Burn the burn he paidled in.

Burn the boxing! Burn the beadle!
Burn the baker! Burn his man!
Burn the butcher—burn the dustman!
Burn the sweeper, if you can!

Burn the postman! burn the postage!
Burn the knocker—burn the bell!
Burn the folks that come for money!
Burn the bills—and burn 'em well.

Burn the parish! Burn the rating!
Burn all taxes in a mass.
Burn the paving! Burn the lighting!
Burn the burners! Burn the gas!

Burn all candles, white or yellow!
Burn for war, and not for peace!
Burn the Czar of all the Tallow!
Burn the King of all the Greece!

Burn all canters—burn in Smithfield!
Burn Tea Tottle hum and bug;
Burn his kettle, burn his water,
Burn his muffin, burn his mug!

Burn the breeks of meddling vicars,
Picking holes in Anna's urns!
Burn all Steers's Opodeldoc,
Just for being good for burns.

Burn all swindlers! Burn Asphaltum!
Burn the money-lenders down—
Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers!
Burn the cheapest house in town!

Burn all bores and boring topics;
Burn Brunel—ay, in his hole!
Burn all *subjects* that are Irish!
Burn the niggers black as coal!

Burn all Boz's imitators !
  Burn all tales without a head !
Burn a candle near the curtain,
  Burn your Burns, and burn your bed !

Burn all wrongs that won't be righted,
  Poor poor soup, and Spanish claims ;
Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen !
  Burn all sorts of burning shames !

Burn the Whigs ! and burn the Tories !
  Burn all parties, great and small !
Burn that everlasting Poynder—
  Burn his Suttees once for all !

Burn the fop that burns tobacco ;
  Burn a critic that condemns ;
Burn Lucifer and all his matches !
  Burn the fool that burns the Thames !

Burn all burning agitators !
  Burn all torch parading elves !
And oh ! burn Parson Stephen's speeches,
  If they haven't burnt themselves.

A REFLECTION.

When Eve upon the first of Men
  The apple pressed, with specious cant,
Oh ! what a thousand pities then
  That Adam was not Adamant !

BEN BLUFF.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Pshaw, you are not on a whaling voyage, where everything that offers is game."
—*The Pilot.*

Ben Bluff was a whaler, and many a day
Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay;
But time brought a change his diversion to spoil,
And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turned up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke:
As to London, he briefly delivered his mind,
"Sparmacity," said he—but the city declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
As soon as his whales had brought profits enough,
And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste;
In fat she was lapped from her sole to her crown,
And, turned into oil, would have lighted a town.

But Ben, like a whaler, was charmed with the match,
And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch;
A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
And would not have changed her for Helen of Greece!

For Greenland was green in his memory still;
He'd quitted his trade, but retained the good-will;
And often when softened by bumbo and flip,
Would cry till he blubbered about his old ship.

No craft like the Grampus could work through a floe,
What knots she could run, and what tons she could stow!
And then that rich smell he preferred to the rose,
By just nosing the hold without holding his nose.

Now Ben he resolved, one fine Saturday night,
A snug arctic circle of friends to invite;
Old tars in the trade, who related old tales,
And drank, and blew clouds that were "very like whales."

Of course with their grog there was plenty of chat,
Of canting, and flenching, and cutting up fat;
And how gun-harpoons into fashion had got,
And if they were meant for the gun-whale or not?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
By fancies cetaceous and drink well possessed,
When, lo! as he lay by his partner in bed,
He heard something blow through two holes in its head!

"A start!" muttered Ben, in the Grampus afloat,
And made but one jump from the deck to the boat!
"Huzza! pull away for the blubber and bone—
I look on that whale as already my own!"

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon;
A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat!

"Starn all!" he sang out, "as you care for your lives—
Starn all! as you hope to return to your wives—
Stand by for the flurry! she throws up the foam!
Well done, my old iron; I've sent you right home!"

And scarce had he spoken, when lo! bolt upright
The leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
As only a fish out of water could do.

"Starn all!" echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
But too slow to escape from the creature's attack;
If flippers it had, they were furnished with nails—
"You willin, I'll teach you that women ain't whales!"

"Avast!" shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
"I've heard a whale spouting, but here is a speech!"
"A-spouting, indeed!—very pretty," said she;
"But it's you I'll blow up, not the froth of the sea!

"To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish!
You great polar bear—but I know what you wish;
You're sick of a wife that your hankering baulks,
You want to go back to some young Esquimaux!"

"O dearest," cried Ben, frightened out of his life,
"Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
I must long have bewailed!" But she only cried "Stuff!
Don't name it, you brute, you've *le-whaled* me enough!"

"Lord, Polly!" said Ben, "such a deed could I do?
I'd rather have murdered all Wapping than you!
Come, forgive what is past." "Oh you monster!" she cried,
"It was none of your fault that it passed off one side!"

However, at last she inclined to forgive;
"But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live—
If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
Take a whale for a wife—not a wife for a whale!"

A PUBLIC DINNER.

"Sit down and fall to," said the Barmacide.—*Arabian Nights.*

At seven you just nick it,
Give card—get wine ticket;
Walk round through the Babel,
From table to table,
To find—a hard matter—
Your name in a platter;
Your wish was to sit by
Your friend Mr. Whitby,
But Stewards' assistance
Has placed you at distance,
And, thanks to arrangers,
You sit among strangers;
But too late for mending;
Twelve sticks come attending
A stick of a Chairman,
A little dark spare man,
With bald shining nob,
'Mid Committee swell mob;
In short, a short figure,
You thought the Duke bigger;
Then silence is wanted,
Non Nobis is chanted;
Then Chairman reads letter,
The Duke's a regretter,
A promise to break it,
But chair he can't take it;
Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas,

And what is far better,
A cheque in the letter,
Hear! hear! and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,
And C*** brings a dish in;
Then rages the battle,
Knives clatter, forks rattle,
Steel forks with black handles,
Under fifty wax candles;
Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr. Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful;
And then comes the waiter,
"Must trouble for tater;"
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off;
Bucellas made handy,
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Or East India Sherry,
That's very hot—very.
You help Mr. Myrtle,
Then find your mock-turtle
Went off while you lingered
With waiter light-fingered.
To make up for gammon,
You order some salmon,
Which comes to your fauces
With boats without sauces.
You then make a cut on
Some Lamb big as Mutton;

And ask for some grass too,
But that you must pass too;
It served the first twenty,
But toast there is plenty.
Then, while lamb gets coldish,
A goose that is oldish—
At carving not clever—
You're begged to dissever,
And when you thus treat it,
Find no one will eat it.
So, hungry as glutton,
You turn to your mutton,
But—no sight for laughter—
The soup it's gone after.
Mr. Green then is very
Disposed to take Sherry,
And then Mr. Nappy
Will feel very happy;
And then Mr. Conner
Requests the same honor;
Mr. Clarke, when at leisure,
Will really feel pleasure;
Then waiter leans over,
To take off a cover
From fowls, which all beg of,
A wing or a leg of;
And while they all peck bone,
You take to a neck bone,
But even your hunger
Declares for a younger.
A fresh plate you call for,
But vainly you bawl for:
Now taste disapproves it,

No waiter removes it.
Still hope, newly budding,
Relies on a pudding;
But critics each minute
Set fancy agin it—
"That's queer vermicelli."
"I say, Vizetelly,
There's glue in that jelly."
"Tarts bad altogether;
That crust's made of leather."
"Some custard, friend Vesey?"
"No—batter made easy."
"Some cheese, Mr. Foster?"
"—Don't like single Glo'ster."

Meanwhile, to top table,
Like fox in the fable,
You see silver dishes,
With those little fishes,
The white bait delicious
Borne past you officious;
And hear rather plainish
A sound that's champaignish,
And glimpse certain bottles
Made long in the throttles,
And sniff—very pleasant!
Grouse, partridge, and pheasant,
And see mounds of ices
For patrons and vices,
Pine-apple, and bunches
Of grapes, for sweet munches,
And fruits of all virtue
That really *desert* you.

You've nuts, but not crack ones,
Half empty, and black ones;
With oranges sallow—
They can't be called yellow—
Some pippins well wrinkled,
And plums almond sprinkled,
Some rout cakes, and so on,
Then with business to go on;
Long speeches are stuttered,
And toasts are well buttered,
While dames in the gallery,
All dressed in fallallery,
Look on at the mummery:
And listen to flummery.
Hip, hip! and huzzaing,
And singing and saying,
Glees, catches, orations,
And lists of donations.
Hush! a song, Mr. Tinney—
"Mr. Benbow, one guinea;
Mr. Frederic Manual,
One guinea—and annual."
Song—Jockey and Jenny—
"Mr. Markham one guinea."
"Have you all filled your glasses?"
Here's a health to good lasses.
The subscription still skinny—
"Mr. Franklin—one guinea."
Franklin looks like a ninny;
"Mr. Boreham, one guinea—
Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,
Mr. Tempest—one guinea,
Mr. Merrington—twenty,"

Rough music, in plenty.
Away toddles Chairman,
The little dark spare man,
Not sorry at ending
With white sticks attending,
And some vain Tomnoddy,
Votes in his own body
To fill the void seat up,
And get on his feet up,
To say, with voice squeaking,
"Unaccustomed to speaking,"
Which sends you off seeking
Your hat, number thirty—
No coach—very dirty.
So, hungry and fevered,
Wet-footed, spoilt-beavered,
Eyes aching in socket,
Ten pounds out of pocket,
To Brook-street the Upper,
You haste home to supper.

A DROP OF GIN.

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
What magnified monsters circle therein!
Ragged, and stained with filth and mud,
Some plague-spotted, and some with blood!
Shapes of misery, shame, and sin!
Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human, that more resemble
Broods of diabolical kin,
Ghoul and vampyre, demon and Gin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
The dram of Satan! the liquor of Sin!—
Distilled from the fell
Alembics of hell,
By Guilt and Death, his own brother and twin!
That man might fall
Still lower than all
The meanest creatures with scale and fin.
But, hold;—we are neither Barebones nor Prynne,
Who lashed with such rage
The sins of the age;
Then, instead of making too much of a din,
Let Anger be mute,
And sweet Mercy dilute,
With a drop of Pity, the drop of Gin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
When, darkly, Adversity's days set in,
And the friends and peers
Of earlier years
Prove warm without, but cold within,
And cannot retrace
A familiar face
That's steeped in poverty up to the chin;
But snub, neglect, cold shoulder, and cut
The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt;
Hardly acknowledged by kith and kin,
Because, poor rat!
He has no cravat,
A seedy coat, and a hole in that!—
No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat;
Nor a change of linen—except his skin;

No gloves, no vest,
Either second or best;
And, what is worse than all the rest,
No light heart, though his trousers are thin—
While time elopes
With all golden hopes,
And even with those of pewter and tin;
The brightest dreams,
And the best of schemes,
All knocked down, like a wicket by Mynn.
Each castle in air
Seized by giant Despair,
No prospect in life worth a minnikin pin;
No credit, no cash,
No cold mutton to hash,
No bread—not even potatoes to mash;
No coal in the cellar, no wine in the binn—
Smashed, broken to bits,
With judgments and writs:
Bonds, bills, and cognovits distracting the wits,
In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin—
Till, weary of life, its worry and strife,
Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife;
Of poison—a rope—"louping over a linn."

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
Oh! then its tremendous temptations begin,
To take, alas!
To the fatal glass;—
And happy the wretch that does not win
To change the black hue
Of his ruin to "blue"—

While angels sorrow, and demons grin—
And lose the rheumatic
Chill of his attic
By plunging into the palace of Gin!

"UP THE RHINE."

Why, Tourist, why
With Passports have to do?
Prythee stay at home and pass
The Port and Sherry too.

Why, Tourist, why
Embark for Rotterdam?
Prythee stay at home and take
Thy Hollands in a dram.

Why, Tourist, why
To foreign climes repair?
Prythee take thy German Flute,
And breathe a German air.

Why, Tourist, why
The Seven Mountains view?
Any one at home can tint
A hill with Prussian Blue.

Why, Tourist, why
To old Colonia's walls?
Sure, to see a *Wrenish* dome,
One needn't leave St. Paul's.

JOSEPH'S LAMENT.

We were just informed that Grimaldi was no longer to illuminate the world of pantomime with his annual light. Grimaldi retired! Well! "It's growing dark! Boys, you may go!"

Grimaldi gone! We scarcely know where we are; we scarcely know how to write! He was so entirely rich! There was his first distorted escape out of his disguise—his cavern of a mouth—his thievish eye—his supple limb—and most undoubted laugh. What decay on earth can have mastered all these? Go to!—he is *not* retired! We will not believe it. Yet, alack! his name is not in the bills—"Clown, Mr. J. S. Grimaldi." Oh villainous J. S.! It should be, "Clown, Mr. Grimaldi;" or Pantomime should betake itself to its weeds, and pine in perfect widowhood. We will say, without a fear of contradiction, that there not only never was such a clown, but that there never will be such another!

Grimaldi requires rest—that must be all; and that we can imagine to be possible. No doubt, instead of pulling on his motley inexpressibles, and preparing his large lucky bag of a pocket, he is now sitting by a cosey fire, with a spoonful of Madeira in his eye, and *J. S.* (good in his way, but no Joe) listening to the clownish reminiscences of his inimitable papa. Perhaps he speaketh thus—but one should *see* him speak!—

Adieu to Mother Goose!—adieu, adieu,
To spangles, tufted heads, and dancing limbs;
Adieu to Pantomime—to all—that threw
O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims!

Never shall old Bologna—(old, alack!—
Once he was young and diamonded all o'er)
Take his particular Joseph on his back
And dance the matchless fling, so loved of yore.

Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
Tall, turnip-headed, carrot-fingered, lean;
Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plan,
Cabbage a body;—Joe Frankenstein;

Nor make a fire, nor eke compose a coach,
Of saucepans, trumpets, cheese, and such sweet fare;
Sorrow hath "ta'en my number:"—I encroach
No more upon the chariot—but the chair.

Gone is the stride, four steps, across the stage!
Gone is the light vault o'er a turnpike gate!
Sloth puts my legs into its tiresome cage,
And stops me for a toll—I find, too late!

How Ware would quiver his mad bow about
His rosined tight-ropes, when I flapped a dance;
How would I twitch the Pantaloon's good gout,
And help his fall—and all his fears enhance!

How children shrieked to see me eat! How I
Stole the broad laugh from aged sober folk!
Boys picked their plumbs out of my Christmas pie;
And people took my vices for a joke.

Be wise—(that's foolish)—tumblesome! be rich—
And oh, J. S., to every fancy stoop!
Carry a ponderous pocket at thy breech,
And roll thine eye, as thou wouldst roll a hoop.

Hand Columbine about with nimble hand,
Covet thy neighbors' riches as thy own;
Dance on the water, swim upon the land,
Let thy legs prove themselves bone of my bone.

Cuff Pantaloon, be sure—forget not this:
As thou beat'st him, thou'rt poor, J. S., or funny!
And wear a deal of paint upon thy phiz;
It doth boys good, and draws in gallery money.

Lastly, be jolly! be alive! be light!
Twitch, flirt, and caper, tumble, fall, and throw!
Grow up right ugly in thy father's sight!
And be an "absolute Joseph," like old Joe!

THE PLEASURES OF A PIC-NIC PARTY.

If, sick of home and luxuries,
You want a new sensation,
And sigh for the unwonted ease
Of *un*accommodation—
If you would taste as amateur,
And vagabond beginner,
The painful pleasures of the poor,
Get up a pic-nic dinner.

Presto!—'tis done!—away you start,
All frolic, fun, and laughter;
The servants and provision-cart
As gayly trotting after.

The spot is reached—when all exclaim,
With many a joyous antic—
"How sweet a scene! I'm glad we came!
How rural! how romantic!"

Half starved with hunger, parched with thirst,
All haste to spread the dishes,
When, lo! 'tis found the ale had burst
Among the loaves and fishes!
Over the pie a sudden hop
The grasshoppers are skipping;
Each roll 's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
And all the meat is dripping!

Bristling with broken glass, you find
Some cakes among the bottles—
Which those may eat who do not mind
Excoriated throttles!
The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
When squalling voices utter—
"Look! look! a toad has got astride
Our only pot of butter!"

Your solids in a liquid state,
Your cooling liquids heated,
And every promised joy by fate
Most fatally defeated.
All, save the serving-men, are soured;
They smirk—the cunning sinners—
Having, before they came, devoured
Most comfortable dinners!

Still you assume, in very spite,
A grim and gloomy sadness;
Pretend to laugh—affect delight—
And scorn all show of sadness!
While thus you smile, but storm within,
A storm without comes faster,
And down descends, in deafening din,
A deluge of disaster.

'Tis *sauve qui peut!*—the fruit dessert
Is fruitlessly deserted;
And homeward now you all revert,
Dull, desolate, and dirtied!
Each gruffly grumbling, as he eyes
His soaked and sullen brother—
"If these are *pic-nic* pleasantries,
Preserve me from another!"

A REFLECTION

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Those Evening Bells—those Evening Bells!"
How sweet they used to be and dear!
When full of all that Hope foretells,
Their voice proclaim'd the new-born Year!

But, ah! much sadder now I feel,
To hear that old melodious chime,
Recalling only how a *Peel*
Has tax'd the *comings-in of Time!*

THE CHINA-MENDER.

Good morning, Mr. What-d' ye-call! Well! here's another pretty job!
Lord help my Lady!—what a smash!—if you had only heard her sob!
It was all through Mr. Lambert: but for certain he was winy,
To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiny.
"Deuce take your stupid head!" says my lady to his very face;
But politeness, you know, is nothing, when there's Chiny in the case:
And if ever a woman was fond of China to a passion
It's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new or old fashion.
Her brother's a sea-captain, and brings her home shiploads—
Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty, squatting things, like toads;
And great nidnoddin mandarins, with palsies in the head:
I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in my bed.
But the frightfuller they are—lawk! she loves them all the better:
She'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiny if they 'd let her.
Lawk-a-mercy! break her Chiny, and its breaking her very heart;
If I touch'd it, she would very soon say, "Mary, we must part."

To be sure she *is* unlucky: only Friday comes Master Randall,
And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-cup handle:
He 's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so finger and touch,
And that's why my Lady does n't take to children much.
Well! there's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two great coat flaps,
Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherdesses' laps,
As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs in the room;
I could n't have made a greater sweep with the handle of the broom.
Mercy on us! how my mistress began to rave and tear!
Well! after all, there's nothing like good ironstone ware for wear.
If ever I marry, that 's flat, I 'm sure it won't be John Dockery,
I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of crockery.
I should never like to wipe it, though I love to be neat and tidy,
And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every Monday and Friday.
I 'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch;
The breaking the Chiny will be the breaking off of his own match.
Missis would n't have an angel, if he was careless about Chiny;
She never forgives a chip, if it 's ever so small and tiny.
Lawk! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking;
I could find in my heart to pity him for all his mischief-making.

To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like a zany;
But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend old Chaney!
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgewood's and Mr. Spode's,
He could n't make amends for the crack'd mandarins and smash'd toads.
Well! every one has their tastes, but, for my part, my own self,
I 'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grandmother's old shelf:
A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with brown ears of corns,
And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with two gilt horns,
And such a Jemmy Jessamy in top boots and sky-blue vest,
And a frill and flowered waistcoat, with a fine bowpot at the breast.
God help her, poor old soul! I shall come into 'em at her death,
Though she 's a hearty woman for her years, except her shortness of breath.
Well! you think the things will mend—if they won't, Lord mend us all!
My Lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't need to call:
I 'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,
He won't sit down again on Chiny the longest day he has to live.
Poor soul! I only hope it won't forbid his banns of marriage,
Or he 'd better have sat behind on the spikes of my Lady's carriage.

But you 'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor Mr. Lambert's friend;
I 'll look in twice a day, just to see, like, how they mend.
To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from dogs and cats;
Here's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four of its cocked hats:
Be particular with the pagoda: and then here 's this pretty bowl—
The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing because of this hole;
And here 's another Chinese man, with a face just like a doll—
Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his parasol.
But I need n't tell you what to do; only do it out of hand,
And charge whatever you like to charge—my Lady won't make a stand.
Well! good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call; for it 's time our gossip ended:
And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the Chiny's mended.

THE PAINTER PUZZLED.

"Draw, Sir!"—Old Play.

Well, something must be done for May,
The time is drawing nigh—
To figure in the Catalogue,
And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who and What?

Oh, for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance:
But *posé là*—there I am posed,
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, alack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle on the rack.

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of "coming to the scratch."

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvas still remains,
And worse a blank undrawn:

An "aching void" that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying "Tint!"

But what to tint? ay, there's the rub,
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
A subject for my *i'e.*

"Invention 's seventh heaven" the bard
Has written—but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always "smell of oil."

Yet painting pictures some folks think
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy easy-chair,
They 'd very soon be glad enough
To cut the Camel's hair.

Oh! who can tell the pang it is
To sit as I this day—
With all my canvas spread, and yet
Without an inch of way.

Till, mad at last to find I am
Amongst such empty skullers,
I feel that I could strike myself
But no—I 'll "strike my colors."

THE LOGICIANS.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands."—SCRIBLERUS.

See here two cavillers,
Would-be unravellers
Of abstruse theory and questions mystical,
In tête-à-tête,
And deep debate,
Wrangling according to forms syllogistical.

Glowing and ruddy
The light streams in upon their deep brown study,
And settles on our bald logician's skull:
But still his meditative eye looks dull
And muddy,
For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato;
But to the world without
And things about,
His eye is blind as that of a potato:
In fact, logicians
See but by syllogisms—taste and smell
By propositions;
And never let the common dray-horse senses
Draw inferences.
How wise his brow! how eloquent his nose!
The feature of itself is a negation!
How gravely double is his chin, that shows
Double deliberation;
His scornful lip forestals the confutation!

O this is he that wisely with a major
And minor proves a greengage is no gauger!—
By help of ergo,
That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager,
And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo!—
O this is he that logically tore his
Dog into dogmas—following Aristotle—
Cut up his cat into ten categories,
And cork'd an abstract conjuror in a bottle!
O this is he that disembodied matter,
And proved that incorporeal corporations
Put nothing in no platter,
And for mock turtle only supp'd sensations!

O this is he that palpably decided,
With grave and mathematical precision,
How often atoms may be subdivided
By long division;
O this is he that show'd I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity;
Proved "Ipse" absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity:—
He sounded all philosophies in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental;
And had, by virtue of his wisdom-tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental!

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone:
For why? he never let dispute alone,
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever—morning, noon, and night,
From night to morn: he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celárent!

Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,
For on the point of his two fingers full
He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a
Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.
Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe
A sophism in his angry ear! for *that*
He took ferociously between his teeth,
And shook it like a terrier with a rat!—
In fact, old Controversy ne'er begat
One half so cruel
And dangerous as he, in verbal duel!
No one had ever so complete a fame
As a debater;
And for art logical his name was greater
Than Dr. Watts's name!—

Look how they sit together!
Two bitter desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,
Merely to settle whether
This world of ours had ever a beginning—
Whether created,
Vaguely undated,
Or Time had any finger in its spinning:
When, lo!—for they are sitting at the basement—
A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,
Lets fall
A written paper through the open casement.

"O foolish wits! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question! Be content
That there is such a fair and pleasant spot

For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.
Go eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth,
For vainly ye contend;
Before you can decide about its birth,
The world will have an end!"

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

I WONDER that W———, the Ami des Enfans, has never written a sonnet, or ballad, on a girl that had broken her pitcher. There are in the subject the poignant heart's anguish for sympathy and description;—and the brittleness of jars and joys, with the abrupt loss of the watery fruits—(the *pumpkins* as it were) of her labors, for a moral. In such childish accidents there is a world of woe;—the fall of earthenware is to babes, as, to elder contemplations, the Fall of Man.

I have often been tempted myself to indite a didactic ode to that urchin in Hogarth, with the ruined pie-dish. What a lusty agony is wringing him—so that all for pity he could die;—and then, there is the instantaneous falling-on of the Beggar Girl, to lick up the fragments—expressively hinting how universally want and hunger are abounding in this miserable world—and ready gaping at every turn, for such windfalls and stray Godsends. But, hark!—what a shrill, feline cry startleth the wide Aldgate!

Oh! what 's befallen Bessy Brown,
She stands so squalling in the street;
She 's let her pitcher tumble down,
And all the water 's at her feet!

The little school-boys stood about,
And laughed to see her pumping, pumping;
Now with a curtsey to the spout,
And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbors,
To have their turns:—but she must lose
The watery wages of her labors,—
Except a little in her shoes!

Without a voice to tell her tale,
And ugly transport in her face;
All like a jugless nightingale,
She thinks of her bereaved case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams!—
And pours her flood of sorrows out,
From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
Must be dry-rubb'd with huck-a-back!

EPIGRAM,

ON THE CHINESE TREATY.

Our wars are ended—foreign battles cease—
Great Britain owns an universal peace;
And Queen Victoria triumphs over all,
Still "*Mistress of herself though China fall!*"

SONNET TO VAUXHALL.

"The English Garden."—Mason.

The cold transparent ham is on my fork—
It hardly rains—and hark the bell!—ding-dingle—
Away! Three thousand feet at gravel work,
Mocking a Vauxhall shower!—Married and Single
Crush—rush;—Soaked Silks with wet white Satin mingle.
Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright sparks lurk,
Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle
To study the Sumblime, &c.—(vide Burke)
All Noses are upturned!—Wish—ish!—On high
The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—
Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—
And Darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—
Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—and then
Back to the cold transparent ham again!

SONNET.

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN AFTER HER COUNTRY FASHION.

Well done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth,
Thou makest a washing picture well deserving
The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving:
Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,
Dashing about the water of the Firth,
To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,
And never from thy dance of duty swerving
As there were nothing else than dirt on earth!
Yet what is thy reward? Nay, do not start!
I do not mean to give thee a new damper,
But while thou fillest this industrious part
Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,
Deserving better character—thou art
What Bodkin would but call—"a common tramper."

FINE ARTS.

THERE is a story extant of a mad dog that in his progress through the St. John's Wood-road, flew and snapped at every passenger in his way except one—whom, instead of biting, he saluted in passing with a wag of the tail. The individual thus favored is said to have been a certain well-known painter, whose pictures of animals have been universally admired. The poor brute had perhaps sat or stood to him, aforetime, for its portrait; or perhaps the acknowledgement was of a more general nature, for no man, except the Great Novelist, has done so much for the canine race as Edwin Landseer.

Thanks to the pencil and the partiality of this painter, the Dog now occupies a distinguished station in our galleries. He is become as it were one of us, and is honorably hung in effigy among historical personages of our own species.

In every exhibition he has a prominent place—not unworthy for sagacity to appear beside a full-length Lord Mayor—for courage close to a Field Marshall—for honesty, on the right or left of an Attorney-General—for attachment, next to the "Portrait of a Gentleman,"—and for fidelity, by the "Portrait of a Lady." Thus his virtues, his acts, his form and features, are commemorated, and the Dog, who otherwise would only have enjoyed his proverbial day, is made immortal!

To such pictures it would not be very fanciful to attribute the introduction of a certain Bill into Parliament, and which ought to have been called "An Act to prevent Dogs being

treated like dogs." They are certainly not more cruelly used than many other animals, including some classes of our own species. The poorest of them are not sent to Northleach, nor the wickedest of them to Knutsford.

The turnspit's wheel is out of date, whereas the treadmill is in full activity. The same of other punishments. Now and then a young hound gets publicly or privately whipped, but so do some juvenile delinquents and unfortunates of human kind—and for severity, the keeper's or huntsman's whip is milder by some degrees than a red-hot rod, a billy-roller, or a cat-o'-nine-tails. As to the halter, there are more men hung than curs; it may be unpleasant to dance in a red jacket upon compulsion; but it is worse to dance upon nothing.

Then as to labor, the brutes would gain nothing by exchanging into our mines or factories, "receiving the difference." A terrier now and then has to grope under ground for a fox or rabbit, but that employment is literally *sport*, to the boring in the bowels of the earth for metals and minerals.

No—it was not the cruelty but the degradations inflicted on the animals in question that produced the Dog Bill, and enlisted the sympathies of its supporters. They had just seen the portrait of the Friend of Byron

> Who never knew but one,

when they met a Newfoundlander harnessed to a truck. They had been gazing at the Shepherd's Chief Mourner, when they encountered a creature of the same breed, dragging a barrow, full of carrion. Fresh from looking at that

dignified Dog in Office—or like a Lord Chancellor—they had stumbled on a Poodle, begging on his hind legs, for paltry coppers, with an old greasy hat in his mouth !

We have been led into these speculations, as well as the following verses, by a print from the celebrated picture called "Laying Down the Law." It is a highly-finished engraving in mezzotint, by the painter's brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer. The physiognomical expressions are well preserved—the texture of the poodle's fleece is *perfect*, and the plate altogether will be an attractive and acceptable one to a Lover of the Fine Arts and of the Faithful Animal.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

——— "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"If thou wert born a Dog, remain so ; but if thou wert born a Man, resume thy former shape." — ARABIAN NIGHTS.

A POODLE, Judge-like, with emphatic paw,
Dogmatically laying down the law, —
A batch of canine Counsel round the table,
Keen-eyed, and sharp of nose, and long of jaw,
At sight, at scent, at giving tongue, right able :
O, Edwin Landseer, Esquire, and R. A.,
Thou great Pictorial Æsop, say,
What is the moral of this painted fable ?

O, say, accomplished artist !
Was it thy purpose, by a scene so quizzical,
To read a wholesome lesson to the Chartist,
So over partial to the means called Physical,

Sticks, staves, and swords, and guns, the tools of treason?
To show, illustrating the better course,
The very Brutes abandoning Brute Force,
The worry and the fight,
The bark and bite,
In which, says Doctor Watts, the dogs delight,
And lending shaggy ears to Law and Reason,
As uttered in that Court of high antiquity
Where sits the Chancellor, supreme as Pope,
But works — so let us hope —
In equity, not iniquity?
Or was it but a speculation,
Or transmigration,
How certain of our most distinguished Daniels,
Interpreters of Law's bewildering book,
Would look
Transformed to mastiffs, setters, hounds, and spaniels
(As Bramins in their Hindoo code advance),
With that great lawyer of the Upper House
Who rules all suits by equitable *nous*,
Become — like vile Arnina's spouse —
A Dog, called Chance? *
Methinks, indeed, I recognize
In those deep-set and meditative eyes
Engaged in mental puzzle,
And that portentous muzzle,
A celebrated judge, too prone to tarry
To hesitate on devious inns and outs,
And, on preceding doubts, to build *redoubts*
That regiments could not carry —
Prolonging even Law's delays, and still
Putting a skid upon the wheel up-hill,

* See the story of Sidi Nonman, in the *Arabian Nights*

Meanwhile the weary and desponding client
Seemed — in the agonies of indecision —
In Doubting Castle, with that dreadful Giant
Described in Bunyan's Vision!

So slow, indeed, was justice in its ways,
Beset by more than customary clogs,
Going to law in those expensive days
Was much the same as going to the Dogs!
But possibly I err,
And that sagacious and judicial Creature,
So Chancellor-like in feature,
With ears so wig-like, and a cape of fur,
Looking as grave, responsible, and sage,
As if he had the guardianship, in fact,
Of all poor dogs, or crackt,
And puppies under age —
It may be that the Creature was not meant
Any especial Lord to represent,
Eldon or Erskine, Cottenham or Thurlow,
Or Brougham (more like him whose potent jaw
Is holding forth the letter of the law),
Or Lyndhurst, after the vacation's furlough,
Presently sitting in the House of Peers,
On wool he sometimes wishes in his ears,
When touching Corn Laws, Taxes, or Tithe-piggery,
He hears a fierce attack,
And, sitting on his sack,
Listens in his great wig to greater Whiggery!

So, possibly, those others,
In coats so various, or sleek, or rough,
Aim not at any of the legal brothers,
Who wear the silken robe, or gown of stuff.
Yet who that ever heard or saw

The Counsel sitting in that solemn Court,
Who, having passed the Bar, are safe in port,
Or those great Sergeants, learned in the Law, —
Who but must trace a feature now and then
Of those forensic men,
As good at finding heirs as any harriers,
Renowned like greyhounds for long tales — indeed,
At worrying the car as apt as terriers, —
Good at conveyance as the hairy carriers
That bear our gloves, umbrellas, hats, and sticks,
Books, baskets, bones, or bricks,
In Deeds of Trust as sure as Tray the trusty, —
Acute at sniffing flaws on legal grounds, —
And lastly — well the catalogue it closes! —
Still following their predecessors' noses,
Through ways however dull or dusty.
As fond of hunting precedents, as hounds
Of running after foxes more than musty.

However slow or fast,
Full of urbanity, or supercilious,
In temper wild, serene, or atrabilious,
Fluent of tongue, or prone to legal saw,
The Dogs have got a Chancellor, at last,
For Laying down the Law!
And never may the canine race regret it,
With whinings and repinings loud or deep, —
Ragged in coat, and shortened in their keep,
Worried by day, and troubled in their sleep,
With cares that prey upon the heart and fret it —
As human suitors have had cause to weep —
For what is Law, unless poor Dogs can get it
Dog-cheap?

A WINTER NOSEGAY.

O, WITHER'D winter Blossoms,
Dowager-flowers—the December vanity.
In antiquated visages and bosoms—
What are ye plann'd for,
Unless to stand for
Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

There is my Quaker Aunt,
A Paper-Flower—with a formal border
No breeze could e'er disorder,
Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
A pucker'd berry;
And Box, like tough-liv'd annuitant—
Verdant alway—
From quarter-day even to quarter-day;
And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,
Well named—God-wot;
Under the baptism of the water-pot,
The very apparition of a plant;
And why,
Dost hold thy head so high,
Old Winter-Daisy;—
Because thy virtue never was infirm,
Howe'er thy stalk be crazy?
That never wanton fly, or blighted worm,
Made holes in thy most perfect indentation?
'Tis likely that sour leaf,
To garden thief,
Forcepp'd or wing'd, was never a temptation;—
Well—still uphold thy wintry reputation;

Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial:
And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of ours
Converse with flow'rs,
Then thou shalt be the token of denial.

Away! dull weeds,
Born without beneficial use or needs!
Fit only to deck out cold winding-sheets;
And then not for the milkmaid's funeral-bloom,
Or fair Fidele's tomb——
To tantalize—vile cheats!
Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,
Frigid and rigid,
As if ye never knew
One drop of dew,
Or the warm sun resplendent;
Indifferent of culture and of care,
Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
Churlishly independent—
I hate ye, of all breeds!
Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
And now by interchange of kindly deeds—
Hence!—from my shelf!

EPIGRAM,

ON MRS. PARKES'S PAMPHLET.

Such strictures as these
Could a learned Chinese
Only read on some fine afternoon,
He would cry with pale lips,
"We shall have an Eclipse,
For a Dragon has seized on the Moon!"

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

All you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been
Except in one regard—
He did not like *soft* water,
So he took to *drinking hard.*

Said he, let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no *Bohe*mian,
So do not like *Bohea:*
If wine 's a poison, so is tea,
Though in another shape;
What matter whether one is killed
By *canister* or *grape?*

According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of *port*, he made
A *port*-hole of his mouth!
A single pint he might have sipped
And not been out of sorts;
In geologic phrase, the rock
He split upon was *quarts!*

To hold the mirror up to vice
With him was hard, alas!
The worse for wine he often was,
But not before a glass.

No kind and prudent friend he had
To bid him drink no more;
The only *chequers* in his course
Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in *toe!*
And joined with this an evil came
Of quite another sort,
For while he drank himself, his purse
Was getting "*something short.*"

For want of cash he soon had pawned
One half that he possessed;
And drinking showed him *duplicates*
Beforehand of the rest.
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets,
For why they found that his *half pay*
Did not *half pay* his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
His creditors to chouse,
For his own execution he
Put into his own house!
A pistol to the muzzle charged,
He took devoid of fear;
Said he "this *barrel* is my last,
So now for my last *bier.*"

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
And not against his brain;
So he blew out his *lights*, and none
Could blow them in again!
A jury for a verdict met,
And gave it in these terms:
"We find as how as certain *slugs*
Has sent him to the *worms*."

ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.,*

BLACKSMITH AND JOINER (WITHOUT LICENSE) AT GRETNA GREEN.

Ah me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?
It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!
From Prospect House there comes a sound of wo—
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs. T's Establishment
"For Six Young Ladies
In a retired and healthy part of Kent."
All weeping, Mr. L—— gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,

* On the third inst. died in Springfield, near Gretna Green, David Laing, aged seventy-two, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lancaster, to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields, from the effects of which he never recovered.—*Newspapers, July*, 1827.

And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
With the two parlor-boarders and th' apprentice—
So universal this mistimed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!
The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviors:
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like paviors!
Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;
And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of *matches* against time!

Along the northern route
The road is water'd by postillion's eyes:
The topboot paces pensively about,
And yellow jackets are all stain'd with sighs;
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.
The post-boys heart is cracking—not his whip!—
To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His wayworn horses seem so glad to slip—
And think upon the dollars
That used to urge his gallop—quicker! quicker!
All hope is fled
For Laing is dead—
Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar!

The barristers shed tears—
Enough to feast a snipe (snipes live on suction)
To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,

Nor knaves inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal;
The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn,
To lose the future column
On Hymen-Smithy and its fond resorters!—
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau,
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their *Chambaud.*

Sleep—David Laing!—Sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee!
Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest postboys mourn thee!
Sleep, David! safely and serenely sleep,
Bewept of many a learned legal eye!—
To see the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry!—
Especially of those that plunging deep,
In love, would "ride and tie!"—
Had I command, thou should'st have gone thy ways
In chaise and pair—and lain in Père la chaise!

EPIGRAM

ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTERS AT CABUL.

A SORRY tale, of sorry plans,
Which this conclusion grants,
That Affghan clans had all the *Khans,*
And we had all the *cants.*

REFLECTIONS

ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

YES, yes, it 's very true, and very clear!
By way of compliment and common chat,
It 's very well to wish me a New Year;
But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,
In course a longer life I won't refuse;
But while you 're wishing, wish me if you please,
A newer pair of shoes!

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,
I own to one that I should not rebut—
Instead of this old rent, to have a coat
With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 't is very pleasant, tho' I 'm poor,
To hear the steeple make that merry din;
Except I wish one bell was at the door,
To ring new trowsers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,
Although another year at last departs;
Only with twelve new months I rather need
A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it 's very true, and very clear,
By way of compliment, and common chat,
It 's very well to wish me a New Year,
But wish me a new hat!

A FIRST ATTEMPT IN RHYME.

The attempt and not the deed.—LADY MACBETH.

A FEW days since it happened to me to look into a Lady's Album—one of those pretty nuisances which are sent to one like the Taxgatherers' Schedules, with a blank or two for the victim to fill up. The Book was of the usual kind: superbly bound, of course, and filled with paper of various tints and shades, to suit the taste of the contributors: baiting, one might fancy, with a bluish tinge for Lady ——, with a light green for Mrs. Hall, or Miss Mitford, and with a French white for Miss Costello—for Moore with a flesh color, with gray for the Bard of Memory, and with rose color for the Poet of Hope—with stone color, for Allan Cunningham, with straw color for the Corn Law Rhymer, with drab and slate for Bernard Barton and the Howitts, and with a sulphur tint for Satan Montgomery. The copper color being, perhaps, aimed at the artists in general, who are partial to the warmth of its tone.

As yet, however, but few of our "celebrated pens" and pencils had enriched or ornamented the volume. The literary offerings were short and few, and the pictorial ones were still more rare. Thus, between the Mendicant begging for Scraps in the Frontispiece, and a water-colored branch of Fuchsia, there were no less than eighteen blank leaves: twenty-two more from the flower to the Group of Shells—if they *were* shells—for they looked more like petrifactions of a cracknel, a French roll, and a twist—and fifteen barren pages from the Conchology to the great Parrot—which, by the by, seemed purposely to have been put into the same livery as the lady's footman, namely, a pea-green coat, with

crimson smalls. There was only one more drawing; a view of some Dutch place, done in sepia, and which some wag had named in pencil as "a Piece of Brown Holland."

The prose and verse were of the ordinary character: Extracts from Byron, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans; a Parody of an Irish Melody, an Unpublished Ballad, attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and sundry original effusions, including a Sonnet of sixteen lines to an Infant. There were also two specimens of what is called Religious Poetry—the one working up a Sprig of Thyme into an "ETERNITY!" and the other setting out as jauntily as a Song, but ending in a "HIM."

In glancing over these effusions it was my good fortune to be attracted to some verses by a certain singularity in their construction, the nature of which it required a second perusal to determine. Indeed, the peculiarity was so unobtrusive that it had escaped the notice of the owner of the Album, who had even designated the lines in question as "nothing particular." They were, she said, as the title implied, the first attempt in rhyme, by a female friend; and who, to judge from her manner and expressions, with respect to her maiden essay, had certainly not been aware of any thing extraordinary in her performance. On the contrary, she had apologized for the homely and commonplace character of the lines, and had promised, if she ever improved in her poetry, to contribute another and a better sample. A pledge which Death, alas! had forbidden her to redeem.

As a Literary Curiosity, the Proprietress of the original Poem has kindly allowed me to copy and present it to the Public. Instead of a mere commonplace composition, the careful Reader will perceive that while aiming at, and so singularly missing, what Garrick called "the jingle of

verse," the Authoress has actually invented a New Species of Poetry—an intermediate link, as it were, between Blank Verse and Rhyme, and as such likely to be equally acceptable to the admirers of Thomson and the lovers of Shenstone.

(COPY.)

If I were used to writing verse,
And had a Muse not so perverse,
But prompt at Fancy's call to spring
And carol like a bird in Spring;
Or like a Bee, in summer time,
That hums about a bed of thyme,
And gathers honey and delights
From ev'ry blossom where it 'lights;
If I, alas! had such a Muse,
To touch the Reader or amuse,
And breathe the true poetic vein,
This page should not be fill'd in vain?
But ah! the pow'r was never mine
To dig for gems in Fancy's mine;
Or wander over land and main
To seek the Fairies' old domain—
To watch Apollo while he climbs
His throne in oriental climes;
Or mark the "gradual dusky veil"
Drawn over Tempé's tuneful vale,
In classic lays remembered long—
Such flights to bolder wings belong;
To Bards who on that glorious height
Of sun and song, Parnassus hight,
Partake the fire divine that burns
In Milton, Pope, and Scottish Burns,
Who sang his native braes and burns.

For me, a novice strange and new,
Who ne'er such inspiration knew,
But weave a verse with travail sore,
Ordain'd to creep and not to soar,
A few poor lines alone I write,
Fulfilling thus a friendly rite,
Not meant to meet the Critic's eye,
For oh! to hope from such as I,
For any thing that 's fit to read,
Were trusting to a broken reed!

E. M. G.

A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY.

One day—I had it from a hasty mouth
Accustom'd to make many blunders daily,
And therefore will not name, precisely, South,
Herschel or Baily—
But one of those great men who watch the skies,
With all their rolling, winking eyes,
Was looking at that Orb whose ancient God
Was patron of the Ode, and Song, and Sonnet,
When thus he musing cried—"It 's very odd
That no Astronomer of all the squad
Can tell the nature of those spots upon it!"

"Lord, master!" muttered John, a liveried elf,
"To wonder so at spots upon the sun!
I 'll tell you what he 's done—
Freckled hisself!"

THE FAREWELL.

TO A FRENCH AIR.

FARE thee well,
Gabrielle!
Whilst I join France,
With bright cuirass and lance!
Trumpets swell,
Gabrielle!
War horses prance,
And Cavaliers advance!

In the night,
Ere the fight,
In the night,
I'll think of thee!
And in pray'r,
Lady fair,
In *thy* pray'r,
Then think of me!

Death may knell,
Gabrielle!
Where my plumes dance,
By arquebuss or lance!
Then farewell,
Gabrielle!
Take my last glance!
Fair miracle of France!

THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the Ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand;
A steamer brave
Is on the wave,
Bound, positively, for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Bulloigne, and thou,
Richard, lion-hearted King,
Candidly inform us, now,
Did you ever?
No you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations
Enter'd your imaginations
As the ensuing—
'Ease her, stop her!"

"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"'Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir."
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem! 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, Sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who 's for Cairo?"
"Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady 's for the Nile,
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes! Sir!" "Steady!"
"Now, where 's that party for Engedi?"—

Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,
Had ye e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say,
"Buss," perchance, to Jericho;
"Only sixpence all the way."
Cabs in Solyma may ply;—
—'T is a not unlikely tale—
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by "rail."

THE UNIVERSITY FEUD.

THE Contest for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford ought hardly to be passed over in silence by a Literary Periodical. Indeed it was our original intention to have gone into the subject, whilst it might have been treated as a cause pertaining solely to the Belles Lettres, and equally unconnected with the great bells that ring in Protestant steeples, or the little bells that tinkle before papistical altars. There was a classical seat to be filled; and it would never have occurred to us to examine into the opinions of either candidate on abstruse questions of divinity, any more than at the new-bottoming of an old chair, we should have inquired whether the rushes were to be supplied by the Lincolnshire Fens, or the Pontine Marshes. That any but poetical qualifications were to be considered would never have entered into our mind—we should as soon have dreamt of the Judge at a Cattle Show awarding the Premium, not to the fattest and best fed beast, but to an ox of a favorite color. No—in our simplicity we should have summoned the rival Poets

before us, in black and white, and made them give alternate specimens of their ability in the tuneful art, like Daphnis and Strephon in the Pastoral—

> Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;

and to the best of our humble judgment we should have awarded the Prize Chair, squabs, castors and all, to the melodious victor. As to demanding of either of the competitors what he thought of the Viaticum, or Extreme Unction, it would have seemed to us a far less pertinent question than to ask the would-be Chairman of a Temperance Society whether he preferred gin or rum. We should have considered the candidates, in fact, as Architects professing to "build the lofty rhyme," without supposing its possible connection with the building of churches or chapels. In that character only should we have reviewed the parties before us; and their several merits would have been discussed in an appropriate manner. Thus we might perhaps have pointed out that Mr. Garbett possessed the finer ear, but Mr. Williams the keener eye for the picturesque;—that the Fellow of Brazen Nose had the greater command of language, but the Trinity man displayed a better assortment of images: and we might have particularized by quotations where the first reminded us of a Glover or a Butler, and the last of a Prior or a Pope. We might also have deemed it our duty to examine into the acquaintance of the parties with the works of the Fathers, not of Theology but of poetry; and it might have happened for us to inquire how certain probationary verses stood upon their feet—but certainly not the when, where, or wherefore, the author went down upon his knees. We should as soon have thought of examining a professed cook in circumnavigation, or a theatrical star in astronomy; or of proposing to an Irish chairman, of sedantary habits, to fill the disputed seat.

The truth is, that unlike a certain class of persons who would go to the pole for polemics, and seek an altercation at the altar, we have neither a turn nor a taste for religious disputation, and therefore never expected nor wished to find a theological controversy in a question of prosyversy. We never conceived the suspicion that the Père La Chaise of Poetry might become a Confessor as well as a Professor, and initiate his classes in the mysteries of Rome, any more than we should have feared his converting them to the Polytheism of the heathen Ovid, or that very blind Pagan old Homer. On the contrary, our first inkling of a division at Oxford concerning the Muses suggested to us simply that it must be the old literary quarrel of the Classicists and the Romanticists, or a dispute perhaps on the claims of Blank Verses to get prizes. At any rate we should never have committed such an anachronism as to associate Poetry, which is older by some ages than Christianity, with either Protestantism or Popery. It would have been like jumbling up Noah of Ark with Joan of Arc, as man and wife.

Our first intentions, however, have been frustrated; for even while preparing for the task, as if by one of those magical transformations peculiar to the season, the Chair has turned into a Pulpit, and the rival collegians are transfigured—pantomime fashion—into Martin Luther and the Pope of Rome! Such a metamorphosis places the performance beyond our critical pale; but we will venture in a few sentences to deprecate religious dissension, and to forewarn such as call themselves friends of the church against the probable interference of those hot-headed and warm-tempered individuals who seem, as the Irish gentleman said, to have been vaccinated from mad bulls. Such persons may, doubtless, mean well; but the best-intentioned people have sometimes far more zeal than discretion, even as the medalsome Mathewite, who thinks that he must drink water *usque ad*

nauseam in lieu of *usque ad baugh;* or like that over-humane lady, who feels so strongly against Capital Punishments and the gallows, that she would like to "hang Jack Ketch with her own hands." Let the breach then be stopped in time. The fate of a house divided against itself has been foretold; and surely there can not be a more dangerous and destructive practice than where a crack presents itself to insert a wedge. It is by a parallel process that many a magnificent Sea-Palace has been broken up at Deptford—timber after timber, plank after plank, till nothing was left entire, perhaps, but the Figure-Head, staring, as only a figure-head can stare, at the conversion of a noble Ship, by continual split, split, splitting, into firewood, chips, and matches.

Seriously, then, we can not discuss the University Feud in these pages: but our rules do not preclude us from giving some account of a Little Go that seems to have been modeled on the great one, and which aptly serves to exemplify the evil influence of bad example in high places.

A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

"Glorious Apollo from on high behold us." — OLD SONG.

As latterly I chanced to pass
A Public House, from which, alas!
The Arms of Oxford dangle!
My ear was startled by a din,
That made me tremble in my skin,
A dreadful hubbub from within,
Of voices in a wrangle —
Voices loud, and voices high,
With now and then a party-cry,
Such as used in times gone by

To scare the British border:
When foes from North and South of Tweed —
Neighbors — and of Christian creed —
Met in hate to fight and bleed,
Upsetting Social Order.
Surprised, I turned me to the crowd,
Attracted by that tumult loud,
And asked a gazer, beetle-browed,
The cause of such disquiet.
When, lo! the solemn-looking man
First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
And then, with fluent tongue, began
His version of the riot:

A row! — why, yes,—a pretty row, you might hear from this to Garmany,
And what is worse, it 's all got up among the Sons of Harmony,
The more 's the shame for them as used to be in time and tune,
And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June!
Ah! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here along,
When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song;
But Dick 's resigned the post, you see, and all them shouts and hollers
Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned scholars,
Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than any yokel,
But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal;
Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumor varies,
They 've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen canaries;
Though that might pass if they were dabs at t' other sort of thing,
For a man may make a song, you know, although he cannot sing;

But, lork! it 's many folks' belief they 're only good at prosing,
For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing;
And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,
It 's chanted like the "Dog's Meat Man," or "If I had a Donkey."
Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,
No ballad worth a ha'penny has ever come from either,
And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots of dollars,
Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that 's the meaning of the squabble that arouses
This neighborhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of Houses,
Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason,
In Christian peace and charity according to the season.
But from Number Thirty-Nine, since this electioneering job,
Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there 's an everlasting mob;
Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye;
And a pretty noise there is! — what with canvassers and spouters,
For in course each side is furnished with its backers and its touters;
And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married;
Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
If you 're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from the "Arms:"
While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their scholars,
To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Appollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame
Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same;
Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
But they 'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,—
With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,
While they 've damaged many articles and broken lots of squares,
And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and smother,
By throwing *Morning Heralds*, *Times*, and *Standards* at each other;
Not to name the ugly language Gemmen ought n't to repeat,
And the names they call each other — for I 've heard 'em in the street —
Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers, and what not,
For Pasley and his divers an't so blowing-up a lot.
And then such awful swearing! — for there 's one of them that cusses
Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition 'busses;
For he cusses every member that 's agin him at the poll,
As I would n't cuss a donkey, though it has n't got a soul;
And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob, or Jim,
To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him.
Whereby, although as yet they have not took to use their fives,
Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their knives,
I 'm bound there 'll be some milling yet, and shakings by the collars,
Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

To be sure, it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call —
And as if there was n't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,
Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about —

Why, a corn-field is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking crows—
Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stews,
To agitate society and loosen all its screws;
And which all may be agreeable and proper to their spheres,—
But it 's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
And I 've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college coach,
And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
And he says that Oxford 's famouser for sausages than songs,
And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that can chant,
As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies want,
Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind—
But it 's not the classic system for to propagate the kind.
Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars
May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,
It 's the best among the vocalists I 'd honor with the choice;
Or a poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch;
Or, at any rate, the surest hand at mixing of the punch;
'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneful frolics—
And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's.
But you see them there Initerants that preach so long and loud,
And always take advantage like the prigs of any crowd,
Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can compass,
Have turned a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,
And him as knows most hymns—although I can't see how it follers—
They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Appollers!

Well, that 's the row—and who can guess the upshot after all?
Whether Harmony will ever make the "Arms" her House of call,

Or whether this here mobbing — as some longish heads foretell it,
Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it,
Howsomever, for the present, there 's no sign of any peace.
For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New Police,
But if I was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,
Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,
Why, I 'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a needle,
For I 'd have another candidate — and that 's the Parish Beadle,
Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy,
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy;
Whereby — if folks was wise — instead of either of them Scholars,
And straining their own lungs along of contradictious hollers,
They 'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as follers,
Namely — Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

ETCHING MORALIZED.

TO A NOBLE LADY.

"To point a moral." — JOHNSON.

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,
Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,
And a style more of Gay than of Milton,
A few opportune verses designed to impart
Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,
Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand
Of the fairest and first in this insular land,
But in Patronage Royal delighting;
And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,
Though it scarce seems a lady-like work that begins
In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting*!

Yet, O! that the dames of the Scandalous School
Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,
That are plied in the said operations—
O! would that our Candors on copper would sketch!
For the first of all things in beginning to etch
Are — good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,
Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks
That would ruin the copper completely;
Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee
So applauded by Watts, the divine L.L.D.,
Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,
Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,
Aquafortis is far from a joker;
And attacking the part that no coating protects
Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*
As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,
Until all the bright metal is covered enough
To repel a destructive so active;
For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note
That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,
Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,
And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,
Still from future disasters to screen it,
Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,
You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*
Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,

Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember —
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,
Such as having your copper made up into caps
To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,
You secure the veiled surface, and trace thereupon
The design you conceive the most proper:
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,
Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,
Witness Shylock's judicial exposure;
Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,
And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose
To indulge in some little extempore views,
Like the older artistical people;
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,
Like the columns of certain diurnals;
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail —
Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study — or rich Arabesque —
Allegorical dream — or a view picturesque,
Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence;
Or "as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,"

A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste
Will insure a design very charming and chaste,
Like yourself, full of nature and beauty —
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,
You will need a few others — of well-tempered steel,
And especially formed for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,
Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,
While the jack, trout, or barbel, effects its escape
Through the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore let the steel point be set truly and round,
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,
Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.
But, alas for the needle that fetters the hand,
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land
To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

O! the botches I 've seen by a tool of the sort,
Rather hitching, than etching, and making, in short,
Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,
That the figures seemed statues or mummies from tombs,
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,
And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully ironed and starched,
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arched
Something more like a road than a river.
Prithee, who in such characteristics could see
Any trace of the beautiful land of the free —
The Free-Mason — Free-Trader — Free-Liver!

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,
The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,
At the will of the Gentle Designer,
Who impelling the needle just presses so much,
That each line of her labor *the copper may touch.*
As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And, behold! how the fast-growing images gleam!
Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,
Till, perplexed by the glittering issue,
You repine for a light of a tenderer kind —
And in choosing a substance for making a blind,
Do not sneeze at the paper called *tissue.*

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,
Your design will appear in a soberer light,
And reveal its defects on inspection,
Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,
And some more of our dazzling performances, seem
Not so bright on a *cooler reflection.*

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views
His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse
Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender —
Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,
And, alas! *takes the shine out of every line*
That had formed such a vision of splendor.

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,
Which, designed by a hand unaccustomed to etch,
With a luckless result may be branded;
Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,
Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,
And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed.*

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,
But remember how often mere blessings fall out,

That at first seemed no better than curses;
So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend,
That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,
And console you for all your *reverses*.

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth
Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,
Of that Club (may all honor betide it!)
Which, though dealing in copper, by genius and taste
Has accomplished *a service of plate* not disgraced
By the work of a Goldsmith beside it! *

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate
It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,
Which involves a precise operation,
With a keen-biting fluid, which *eating its way* —
As in other professions is common, they say —
Has attained an artistical station.

And it's O! that some splenetic folks I could name,
If they *must* deal in acids, would use but the same
In such innocent graphical labors!
In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith —
Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith —
They keep biting the backs of their neighbors!

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch,
You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which
You may pour the dilute aquafortis.
For if raw, like a dram, it will shock you to trace
Your design with a horrible froth on its face,
Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure,
From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,
A vile practice, most sad and improper!

* The Deserted Village, illustrated by the Etching Club.

For, from painful examples, this warning is found,
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,
In the church-yard, as well as on copper!

But the Acid has duly been lowered, and bites
Only just where the visible metal invites,
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles;
And, behold! as each slender and glittering line
Effervesces, you trace the completed design
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles!

And yet, constantly, secretly, eating its way,
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while
That the face is illumed by its cheerfullest smile,
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff
Has corroded and deepened some portions enough —
The pure sky, and the water so placid —
And, these tenderer tints to defend from attack,
With some turpentine, varnish, and sooty lampblack,
You must *stop* out the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed
From the other less innocent liquor —
After which, on whatever you want to protect,
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,
Like the black one that hangs on the Vicar.

Then the varnish well dried — urge the biting again,
But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,
Time and practice alone can determine:
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,

The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,
With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,
Is considered as rather Rembrandty;
And that very black cattle, and very black sheep,
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep,
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,
From our birth to our final adjourning —
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack!
What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning!

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,
While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,
More transparent than ebony shutters,
Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,
Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,
As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,
Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti, or sweet —
For your hand a performance scarce proper —
So some careful professional person secure —
For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur —
To assist you in *cleaning the copper*.

And, in truth, 't is a rather unpleasantish job,
To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob —
Though as sure of an instant forgetting
When — as after the dark clearing off of a storm —
The fair landscape shines out in a lustre as warm
As the glow of the sun in its setting!

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,
That with certain assistance from paper and print,
  Which the proper Mechanic will settle,
You may charm all your Friends — without any sad tale
Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale —
  With *a fine India Proof of your Metal.*

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds,
  My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
  Within yon irksome walls!

Ay, that 's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
  Its chimneys in the rear!
And there 's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turned our table-beer!

There I was birched! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
  From Learning's woful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con! —
The hopeless leaves I wept upon! —
  Most fruitless leaves to me! —

The summoned class! — the awful bow! —
I wonder who is master now
  And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,

How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S * * * ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the palour) yet
Some favored two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea?

Ay, there 's the playground! there 's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read! —
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where 's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they 're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
And some have perished young! —
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the *wayne* of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To Savages at Owhyee;
Poor Chase is with the worms! —
All, all are gone—the olden breed! —
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
"And push us from our *forms!*"

Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
At play where we have played !
Some hop, some run, (some fall), some twine
Their crony arms; some in the shine,
And some are in the shade !

Lo there what mixed conditions run !
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
And Fortune's favored care —
The wealthy born, for whom she hath
Macadamized the future path —
The nabob's pampered heir !

Some brightly starred — some evil born,—
For honor some, and some for scorn,—
For fair or foul renown !
Good, bad, indifferent — none they lack !
Look, here 's a white, and there 's a black !
And there 's a creole brown !

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home; —
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come !

A foolish wish ! There 's one at hoop;
And four at *fives !* and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed !
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow-cob about,
Would I were in his *steed !*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop

With this world's heavy van —
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
While thou can be a horse at school
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,— to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?
That manhood's mirth?— O, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when ——— *plays*,
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave! — thy tops are rare! —
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight! —
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead,
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
There's sky-blue in thy cup!

Thou 'lt find thy manhood all too fast —
Soon come, soon gone! and age at last
A sorry *breaking up!*

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

O, WHEN I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind! —
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing; —
But now those past delights I drop;
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles,— once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string!
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite — how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'T was papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote — my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;

My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football 's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro; —
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask:
My authorship 's an endless task,
My head 's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh: —
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then; — no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

O, for the garb that marked the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red!
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill —

It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

O, for the riband round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

O, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even! — and that small Turk
That fagged me! — worse is now my work –
A fag for all the town!

O, for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene* — Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home —
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame — a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach —
The joyous shout — the loud approach —
  The winding horns like rams' !
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweet-meats almost sweeter still,
  No "satis" to the "jams!" —

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our SAVIOUR'S natal day,
CHARITY'S perennial treat;
Thus I heard a Pauper say:—
"Ought not I to dance and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
  Heigho!
  I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"After labor's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding-time is come at last!

But are raisins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Fed upon the coarsest fare
Three hundred days and sixty-four
But for *one* on viands rare,
Just as if I wasn't poor!
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, and overseer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Treated like a welcome guest,
One of Nature's social chain,
Seated, tended on, and press'd—
But when shall I be press'd again,
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,
A dozen times to ale and beer?
Heigho!
I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year!

"Come to-morrow how it will;
Diet scant and usage rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?
Heigho!
I only know
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow—
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago—
Glad enough to sing a song—
To-morrow shall I volunteer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in!
But the happy tide to hail!
With a sigh or with a tear,
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!"

EPIGRAM.

ON A CERTAIN EQUESTRIAN STATUE.

Whoever has looked upon Wellington's breast,
Knows well that he is not so full in the chest:
But the sculptor, to humor the Londoners partial,
Has turn'd the lean Duke to a plump City Marshall.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

Oh! weary goes the scrubbing-brush upon the dingy floor,
And sorely weary are the hands that scrub for evermore;
It 's scrub, scrub, scrub, from Monday morn, right on to
Friday night,
Scrub, scrub, as soon as daylight breaks—scrub, scrub, by
candle-light.
I 'm sick to death of cleaning with its everlasting rout—
I 'm sure my life 's no good to me 'cept on my Sunday out.
Ah! folks may talk of factory-girls, and what they have to
do,
And make a dreadful fuss about the women-miners too—
And bring in bills to Parliament, and talk a lot of stuff—
They 'd better let them all alone—I 'm sure they 're well
enough.
If they have extra work to do, don't they get extra pay?
But here, my mistress thinks there is no extra to the day.
She rings me up at five o'clock, and often three or four,
And keeps me scrubbing till I drop asleep upon the floor.
The factory engines and their din can't be as bad, I 'm clear,
As mistress' screaming, scolding voice forever in my ear.
Those mines must be a Paradise down underneath the
ground,
With nothing in the world but coals, or dirty stones all
round!—
There 's not a bit of scrubbing there, no chests nor tables
bright—
For dirt can't be distinguished in the dingy candle-light,
And nobody would think of cleaning, even if it were.
Oh dear!—be what there might to do, I wish *I* could be
there!

If gentlemen would look at home who talk of factory work,
They 'd see their household servants slave worse than the heathen Turk.
They 'd better mend their own concerns, and lighten servants' cares,
Than lay down laws for other men about their own affairs.
And while they talk of needlework, and mantua-makers too,
Calling the nation's eyes to look at what these women do,
Bidding young ladies calculate the cost of each new dress,
By weary heads, and worn-out eyes, and so on—I confess
I wish when such sit down at home, in nicely furbished rooms,
They 'd count the cost of cleanliness in work, instead of brooms—
And recollect that where they lounge, so pleasantly at ease,
"*White Slaves*" have toil'd and moil'd for hours, sometimes upon their knees.
I wish I were the scrubbing-brush itself, I do declare,
For then I might scrub all my life, and never know nor care.
But now I am so weary, that I can't enjoy my bed;
I go to sleep the very instant I lay down my head.
And as to lying there at morn—why, I 'd defy the lark
To wake before my mistress rings; I wish that bell—hush—hark!—
I hear her voice upon the stairs, she 's coming up this way,
My goodness! if she comes in here whatever will she say?
I 'm sure I shan't get this room clean'd before the clock strikes two,
And she expects it done by twelve—she 's here!—What shall I do?

A TALE OF TEMPER.

Of all cross breeds of human sinners,
The crabbedest are those who dress our dinners;
Whether the ardent fires at which they roast
And broil and bake themselves like Smithfield martyrs,
Are apt to make them crusty, like a toast,
Or drams, encouraged by so hot a post;
However, cooks are generally Tartars;
And altogether might be safely cluster'd
In scientific catalogues
Under two names, like Dinmont's dogs,
Pepper and Mustard.

The case thus being very common,
It followed, quite of course, when Mr. Jervis
Engaged a clever culinary woman,
He took a mere Xantippe in his service—
In fact—her metal not to burnish,
As vile a shrew as Shrewsbury could furnish—
One who in temper, language, manners, looks,
In every respect
Might just have come direct
From him who is supposed to send us cooks.

The very day she came into her place
She slapp'd the scullion's face;
The next, the housemaid being rather pert,
Snatching the broom, she "treated her like dirt"—
The third, a quarrel with the groom she hit on—
Cyrus, the page, had half-a-dozen knocks;
And John, the coachman, got a box
He couldn't sit on.

Meanwhile, her strength to rally,
Brandy, and rum, and shrub she drank by stealth,
Besides the Cream of some mysterious Valley
That may, or may not, be the Vale of Health:
At least, while credit lasted, or her wealth—
For finding that her blows came only thicker,
Invectives and foul names but flew the quicker,
The more she drank, the more inclin'd to bicker,
The other servants, one and all,
Took Bible oaths whatever might befal,
Neither to lend her cash, nor fetch her liquor!

This caused, of course, a dreadful schism,
And what was worse, in spite of all endeavor,
After a fortnight of Tea-totalism,
The Plague broke out more virulent than ever!
The life she led her fellows down the stairs!
The life she led her betters in the parlor!
No parrot ever gave herself such airs,
No pug dog cynical was such a snarler!
At woman, man, and child, she flew and snapp'd,
No rattlesnake on earth so fierce and rancorous—
No household cat that ever lapp'd
To swear and spit was half so apt—
No bear, sore-headed could be more cantankerous—
No fretful porcupine more sharp and crabbed—
No wolverine
More full of spleen—
In short, the woman was completely rabid!

The least offence of look or phrase,
The slightest verbal joke, the merest frolic,
Like a snap-dragon set her in a blaze,

Her spirit was so alcoholic!
And woe to him who felt her tongue!
It burnt like caustic—like a nettle stung,
Her speech was scalding,—scorching,—vitriolic!
And larded, not with bacon fat,
Or any thing so mild as that,
But curses so intensely diabolic,
So broiling hot, that he at whom she levell'd,
Felt in his very gizzard he was devil'd!

Often and often Mr. Jervis
Long'd and yet feared, to turn her from his service;
For why? Of all his philosophic loads
Of reptiles loathsome, spiteful, and pernicious,
Stuff'd Lizards, bottled Snakes, and pickled Toads,
Potted Tarantulas, and Asps malicious,
And Scorpions cured by scientific modes,
He had not any creature half so vicious!

At last one morning
The coachman had already given warning,
And little Cyrus
Was gravely thinking of a new cockade,
For open War's rough sanguinary trade,
Or any other service, quite desirous,
Instead of quareling with such a jade—
When accident explain'd the coil she made,
And whence her Temper had derived the virus!

Struck with the fever called the scarlet,
The Termagant was lying sick in bed,—
And little Cyrus, that precocious varlet,
Was just declaring her "as good as dead,"
When down the attic stairs the housemaid, Charlotte,

Came running from the chamber overhead,
Like one demented;
Flapping her hands, and casting up her eyes,
And giving gasps of horror and surprise,
Which thus she vented—
"O Lord! I wonder that she didn't bite us!
Or sting us like a Tantalizer,*
(The note will make the Reader wiser,)
And set us all a dancing like St. Witus!

"Temper! No wonder that the creatur had
A temper so uncommon bad!
She 's just confessed to Doctor Griper
That being out of Rum, and like denials,—
Which always was prodigious trials,—
Because she couldn't pay the piper,
She went one day, she did, to Master's wials,
And drunk the spirits as preserv'd the Wiper!"

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

ON WILHEM'S METHOD.

THERE'S a Music aloft in the air
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it 's high, now it 's low, here and there,
There 's a harmony floating along!
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

* Tarantula.

We are Chartists, Destructives and rogues,
We are Radicals, Tories and Whigs,
We are Churchmen, Dissenters, what not,
We are asses, curs, monkeys and pigs,
But in spite of the slanderous names
Partisans on each other will fling,
Tho' in concord we cannot agree,
Yet we all in a chorus may sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may not have a happy New Year,
Be perplex'd by all possible ills—
Find the bread and the meat very dear,
And be troubled with very *hard bills*—
Yet like linnets, cock-robins and wrens,
Larks, and nightingales joyous in Spring,
Or the finches saluting their hens,
Sure we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may have but a Lilliput purse,
And the change in the purse very small,
And our notes may not pass at the Bank,
But they 're current at Exeter Hall!
Then a fig for foul weather and fogs!
And whatever misfortune may bring,
If we go to the dogs—like the dogs
In a pack we are able to sing!
Hullahbaloo!

Though the coat may be worn with a badge—
Or the kerchief no prize for a prig—
Or the shirt never sent to the wash—
There 's the Gamut for little and big!

O then come, rich and poor, young and old.
For of course it 's a very fine thing,
Spite of Misery, Hunger, and cold,
That we all are so able to sing,
Hullahbaloo!

There are Demons to worry the rich,
There are monsters to torture the poor,
There 's the Worm that will gnaw at the heart,
There 's the Wolf that will come to the door!
We may even be short of the cash
For the tax to a queen or a king,
And the broker may sell off our beds,
But we still shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

There 's Consumption to wither the weak,
There are fevers that humble the stout—
A disease may be rife with the young,
Or a pestilence walking about—
Desolation may visit our hives,
And old death 's metaphorical sting
May dispose of the dearest of wives,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may farm at a very high rent,
And with guano manure an inch deep,
We may sow, whether broadcast or drill,
And have only the whirlwind to reap;
All our corn may be spoil'd in the ear,
And our barns be ignited by Swing,
And our sheep may die off with the rot,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Our acquaintance may cut us direct,
Even Love may become rather cold,
And a Friend of our earlier years
May look shy at the coat that is old:
We may not have a twig or a straw,
Not a reed where affection may cling,
Not a dog for our love, or a cat,
But we still shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Some are pallid with watching and want,
Some are burning with blushes of shame;
Some have lost all they had in the world,
And are bankrupts in honor and name.
Some have wasted a fortune in trade—
And by going at all in the ring,
Some have lost e'en a voice in the House;
But they all will be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Some are deep in the Slough of Despond,
And so sick of the burden of life,
That they dream of leaps over a bridge
Of the pistol, rope, poison and knife;
To the Temples of Riches and Fame
We are not going up in a string;
And to some even heaven seems black,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may give up the struggle with Care,
And the last little hope that would stop,
We may strive with a Giant Despair—
From the very blue sky we may drop,

By some sudden bewildering blow
Stricken down like a bird on the wing—
Or with hearts breaking surely and slow—
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Oh! no matter how wretched we be,
How ill-lodged, or ill-clad, or ill-fed,
And with only one tile for a roof,
That we carry about on the head:
We may croak with a very bad cold,
Or a throat that 's as dry as a ling,—
There 's the Street or the Stage for us all,
For we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

There 's a music aloft in the air,
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it 's high, now it 's low, here and there,
There 's a harmony floating along!
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

EPIGRAM.

When would be Suicides in purpose fail—
Who could not find a morsel though they needed—
If Peter sends them for attempts to jail,
What would he do to them if they succeeded?

MAGNETIC MUSINGS.

Sceptical, as we have always been, as to the imputed miracles of Phreno-Magnetism, the interests of science and truth demand the insertion of the following case, vouched for, as it is, by a medical gentleman, prepared to be answerable for unquestionable facts.

It is proper to recal before-hand, that Coleridge published a Poetical Fragment, called Kubla Kahn, which he dreamt during a sleep obviously magnetic. The poet, indeed, implies as much, by calling the piece a Psychological Curiosity; which he would scarcely have done, if his verses had been merely composed, like a majority of modern poems, during a common doze. But whoever reads that splendid fragment, will recognize from its tone, that it was inspired, in a fit of somnambulism, under the influence of which he ascended to the top of Parnassus, as some persons, in the same state, have climbed to the roof of the house.

In the present instance, the improvisatrice is a Mrs. Z—, a woman, in her ordinary or waking state, of rather a prosaic turn than otherwise; so much so, that it can not be traced that she ever attempted, even in a valentine, to throw her sentiments into rhyme. Certain phrenological developments, however, suggested to the family physician that the poetical faculty had a local habitation in her cerebrum, and only awaited the touch of the magician to awaken its tones. Accordingly, having thrown her, by the usual *passes*, into a mesmeric state, he placed his forefinger on the organ of Extempore Composition, whereupon she immediately improvised the following verses:—

Passing my brow, and passing my eyes,
And passing lower, with devious range,
Passing my chest,
And passing the rest,
I feel a something passing strange!

Over my soul there seems to pass
A middle state of life or death,
And I almost seem to feel, alas!
That I am drawing my passing breath!
And, methinks I hear the passing-bell;
But, Mr. Passmore, that reverend elf,
Gives me a pass that I know well,
A sort of passport to Heaven itself!

Passing my brow, and passing my eye,
And passing lower, with devious range,
Passing my chest,
And passing the rest,
feel a something passing strange!

Oh, Mr. Eyre, Lieutenant dear!
Oh! Lady Sale, thou gallant lass!
I know for certain that ye are near,
For I feel, I feel, the Khyber Pass!
But no—'tis Brockedon passes my brow,
And I 'm in the Alpine Passes now,
With icy valleys, and snowy crests,
Whereon the passing vapor rests;
And guide and English traveler pass,
Each on a very passable ass!

Passing my ear, and passing my eye!
O joy! what pastoral meads I spy,

Full of lambs that frisk and feed
While the Pastor plays on his rustic reed—
To the very best of his humble ability,
Piping ever shrill and loud,
But oh! what new magnetic cloud
Passes over my passability!

Over my soul there seems to pass
A middle state of life or death,
And I almost seem to feel, alas!
That I am drawing my passing breath.
No more prospects bright and sunny,
No more chance of pleasant cheer,
No more hope of passing money—
I feel the pass of the Overseer!

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

A FABLE.

"Lo! here the gentle lark!"—SHAKSPEARE.

ONCE on a time—no matter where—
A Lark took such a fancy to the air,
That though he often gaz'd beneath,
Watching the breezy down, or heath,
Yet very, very seldom he was found
To perch upon the ground.

Hour after hour,
Through ev'ry change of weather, hard or soft,
Through sun and shade, and wind and show'r,
Still fluttering aloft;

In silence now, and now in song,
Up, up in cloudland all day long,
On weary wing, yet with unceasing flight,
Like to those Birds of Paradise, so rare,
Fabled to live, and love, and feed in air,
But never to alight.

It caus'd, of course, much speculation
Among the feather'd generation;
Who tried to guess the riddle that was in it—
The robin puzzled at it, and the wren,
The swallows, cock and hen,
The wagtail, and the linnet,
The yellowhammer, and the finch as well—
The sparrow ask'd the tit, who couldn't tell,
The jay, the pie—but all were in the dark,
Till out of patience with the common doubt,
The Rook at last resolv'd to worm it out,
And thus accosted the mysterious Lark:—

"Friend, prithee, tell me why
You keep this constant hovering so high,
As if you had some castle in the air,
That you are always poising there,
A speck against the sky—
Neglectful of each old familiar feature
Of Earth that nurs'd you in your callow state—
You think you 're only soaring at heaven's gate,
Whereas you 're flying in the face of Nature!"

"Friend," said the Lark, with melancholy tone,
And in each little eye a dewdrop shone,
"No creature of my kind was ever fonder

Of that dear spot of earth
Which gave it birth—
And I was nestled in the furrow yonder!
Sweet is the twinkle of the dewy heath,
And sweet that thymy down I watch beneath,
Saluted often with a loving sonnet;
But Men, vile Men, have spread so thick a scurf
Of dirt and infamy about the Turf,
I do not like to settle on it!"

MORAL.

Alas! how nobles of another race
Appointed to the bright and lofty way,
Too willingly descend to haunt a place
Polluted by the deeds of Birds of Prey!

THE SAUSAGE MAKER'S GHOST.

A LONDON LEGEND.

Somewhere in Leather Lane—
I wonder that it was not Mincing,
And for this reason most convincing,
That Mr. Brain
Dealt in those well-minc'd cartridges of meat,
Some people like to eat—
However, all such quibbles overstepping,
In Leather Lane he liv'd; and drove a trade
In porcine sausages, though London-made,
Call'd "Epping."

Right brisk was the demand,
Seldom his goods staid long on hand.

For out of all adjacent courts and lanes,
Young Irish ladies and their swains,
Such soups of girls and broths of boys!
Sought his delicious chains,
Preferr'd to all polonies, saveloys,
And other foreign toys—
The mere chance passengers
Who saw his "sassengers,"
Of sweetness undeniable,
So sleek, so mottled, and so friable,
Stepp'd in, forgetting ev'ry other thought,
And bought.

Meanwhile a constant thumping
Was heard, a sort of subterranean chumping—
Incessant was the noise!
But though he had a foreman and assistant,
With all the tools consistent,
(Besides a wife and two fine chopping boys)
His means were not yet vast enough
For chopping fast enough
To meet the call from streets, and lanes, and passages,
For first-chop "sassages."

However, Mr. Brain
Was none of those dull men and slow,
Who, flying bird-like by a railway train,
Sigh for the heavy mails of long ago;
He did not set his face 'gainst innovations
For rapid operations,
And therefore in a kind of waking dream
Listen'd to some hot water sprite that hinted
To have his meat chopp'd, as the Times was printed,
By steam!

Accordingly in happy-hour,
A bran new Engine went to work
Chopping up pounds on pounds of pork
With all the energy of Two-Horse-Power,
And wonderful celerity—
When lo! when ev'ry thing to hope responded,
Whether his head was turn'd by his prosperity,
Whether he had some sly intrigue, in verity,
The man absconded!

His anxious Wife in vain
Placarded Leather Lane,
And all the suburbs with descriptive bills,
Such as are issued when from homes and tills
Clerks, dogs, cats, lunatics, and children roam;
Besides advertisements in all the journals,
Or weeklies or diurnals,
Beginning "LEFT HIS HOME"—
The sausage-maker, spite of white and black,
Never came back.

Never, alive!—But on the seventh night,
Just when the yawning grave its dead releases,
Filling his bedded wife with sore affright
In walked his grisly Sprite,
In fifty thousand pieces!
"O Mary!" so it seem'd
In hollow melancholy tone to say,
Whilst thro' its airy shape the moonlight gleam'd
With scarcely dimmer ray—
"O Mary! let your hopes no longer flatter,
Prepare at once to drink of sorrow's cup,—
It an't no use to mince the matter—
The Engine's chopp'd me up!"

PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

Of all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savors strangely of the Pythagorean.

I think nobly of the soul with Malvolio, but not so meanly, as he does by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bed-ridden carcase, and find yourself floating above the world—in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semi-brutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm this part of the Brahminical Doctrine! What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel—

A BUTCHER!

Whoe'er has gone thro' London Street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—
His fat! *his* suet!

His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!
His thick flank!
And *his* thin!
His shank!
His shin!
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare
Gazing—and will not let a body by,
Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry;
Meanwhile with arms a-kimbo, and a pair
Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
Howbeit without a *Co.*
The dotage of self-love was never fonder
Than he of his brute bodies all a-row;
Narcissus in the wave did never ponder
With love so strong,
On his "portrait charmant,"
As our vain Butcher on his carcase yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!
How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!
His visage seems to be
Ripe for beef-tea;
Of brutal juices the whole man is full—
In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
The Butcher is already half a Bull.

Surpassing the Butcher in his approximation to the brute, behold yon vagrant Hassan—a wandering camel driver and exhibitor, parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandish hump, yet burdened himself with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders. For the sake of the implicit moral

merely, or as an illustration of comparative physiology, the show is valuable; but as an example of the Pythagorean dispensation, it is above its appraisement. The retributive metamorphosis has commenced—the Beast has set his seal upon the Human Form—a little further, and he will be ready for a halter and a show-man.

As there are instances of men thus transmuting into the brute; so there are brutes that, by peculiar human manners and resemblance, seem to hint at a former and a better condition. The ouran-outang, and the monkey, notoriously claim this relationship; and there are other tribes, and in particular some which use the erect posture, that are apt to provoke such Pythagorean associations. For example:—I could never read of the great William Penn's interview with the American savages, or look on the painting commemorative of that event, without dreaming that I had seen it acted over again at the meeting of a tribe of Kangaroos and a Penguin. The Kangaroos, sharp-sighted, vigilant, cunning, wild, swift, and active, as the Indians themselves; —the Penguin, very sleek, guiltless of arms, very taciturn, very sedate, except when jumping; upright in its conduct —a perfect Quaker. It confirmed me, in this last fancy, to read of the conduct of these gentle birds when assaulted, formerly, with long poles, by the seamen of Captain Cook —buffetings which the Penguins took quietly on either cheek, or side of the head, and died as meekly and passively as the primitive Martyrs of the Sect!

It is difficult to say to what excesses the desire of fresh victual, after long salt junketting, may drive a mariner; for my own part, I could not have handled a pole in that persecution without strong Pythagorean misgivings.

There is a Juvenile Poem,—"The Notorious Glutton," by Miss Taylor of Ongar, in which a duck falls sick and

dies in a very human-like way. I could never eat duck for some time after the perusal of those verses;—it seemed as if in reality the soul of my grandam might inhabit such a bird. In mere tenderness to past womanhood, I could never lay the death-scene elsewhere than in a lady's chamber—with the body of the invalid propped up by comfortable pillows on a nursery chair. The sick attendant seemed one that had relished drams aforetime—had been pompously officious at human dissolutions, and would announce that "all was over!" with the same flapping of paws and duck-like inflections of tone. As for the Physician, he was an Ex-Quack of our own kind, just called in from the pond—a sort of Man-Drake, and formerly a brother by nature, as now by name, of the author of "Winter Nights."

ANACREONTIC.

BY A FOOTMAN.

It 's wery well to talk in praise
Of Tea and Water-drinking ways,
  In proper time and place;
Of sober draughts, so clear and cool,
Dipp'd out of a transparent pool
  Reflecting heaven's face.

Of babbling brooks, and purling rills,
And streams as gushes from the hills.
  It 's wery well to talk;—
But what becomes of all sich schemes,
With ponds of ice, and running streams,
  As doesn't even walk.

When Winter comes with piercing cold,
And all the rivers, new or old,
  Is frozen far and wide;
And limpid springs is solid stuff,
And crystal pools is hard enough
  To skate upon, and slide;—

What then are thirsty men to do,
But drink of ale, and porter too,
  Champagne as makes a fizz;
Port, sherry, or the rhenish sort,
And p'rhaps a drop of summut short—
  The water-pipes is friz!

THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

"Water, water, everywhere,
  But not a drop to drink."—COLERIDGE.

It is a jolly Mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,
Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No Sea-Romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell!

Against the mast he leans aslope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy "starn;"
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn:—

"As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit, and rum,
It blew a heavy gale:
A storm that scar'd the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and then
The wind began to fail.

"Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

"No, not a cat's paw anywhere:
Hold up your finger in the air
You couldn't feel a breath;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
Had blown itself to death.

"No cloud aloft to throw a shade;
No distant breezy ripple made
The ocean dark below.
No cheering sign of any kind;
The more we whistled for the wind
The more it did not blow.

"The hands were idle, one and all;
No sail to reef against a squall;
No wheel, no steering now!
Nothing to do for man or mate,
But chew their cuds and ruminate,
Just like the Captain's Cow.

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As if she had been moor'd:
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
Of water left aboard!

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As still as any log;
The parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
And panting like a dog—

"A dog half mad with summer heat,
And running up and down the street,
By thirst quite overcome:
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue or lip,
Except Jamaica rum!

"The very poultry in the coop
Began to pine away and droop—
The cock was first to go!
And glad we were on all our parts,
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

"But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the Captain's Cow,
That daily seem'd to shrink:
Deprived of water hard or soft,
For, though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she wouldn't drink;

"But only turn'd her bloodshot eye
And muzzle up toward the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain;

"And sometimes with a steadfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw, beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

"If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
She would have had the half;
But as for John the Carpenter,
He couldn't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

"So soft of heart he was, and kind
To any creature lame, or blind,
Unfortunate, or dumb;
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathizing with the Cow,
To give her half his rum;—

"An oath from which he never swerv'd,
For surely as the rum was serv'd
He shared the cheering dram;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
Who took it like a lamb.

"At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
That stiffen'd to a gale:
Steady, steady, and strong it blew;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
Beneath a press of sail!

"Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
At last to sight the land!
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
Appear'd to understand.

"And was not she a mad-like thing,
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of fiery glass:
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
And crop the juicy grass!

"Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
By giving Rum-and-Milk!"

SKIPPING.

A MYSTERY.

Little Children skip,
The rope so gaily gripping,
Tom and Harry,
Jane and Mary,
Kate, Diana,
Susan, Anna,
All are fond of skipping!

The Grasshoppers all skip,
The early dew-drop sipping,
Under, over,
Bent and clover,
Daisy, sorrel,
Without quarrel,
All are fond of skipping!

The tiny Fairies skip,
At midnight softly tripping,
Puck and Peri,
Never weary,
With an antic,
Quite romantic,
All are fond of skipping.

The little Boats they skip,
Beside the heavy Shipping,
While the squalling,
Winds are calling,

Falling, rising,
Rising, falling,
All are fond of skipping.

The pale Diana skips,
The silver billows tipping,
With a dancing
Lustre glancing
To the motion
Of the ocean—
All are fond of skipping!

The little Flounders skip,
When they feel the dripping;
Scorching, frying,
Jumping, trying
If there is not
Any shying,
All are fond of skipping.

The very Dogs they skip,
While threatened with a whipping,
Wheeling, prancing,
Learning dancing
To a measure,
What a pleasure!
All are fond of skipping!

The little Fleas they skip,
And nightly come a nipping
Lord and Lady,
Jude and Thady,
In the night
So dark and shady—
All are fond of skipping!

The Autumn Leaves they skip,
When blasts the trees are stripping;
Bounding, whirling,
Sweeping, twirling,
And in wanton
Mazes curling,
All are fond of skipping!

The Apparitions skip,
Some mortal grievance ripping,
Thorough many
A crack and cranny
And the keyhole
Good as any—
All are fond of skipping!

But oh! how Readers skip,
In heavy volumes dipping!
* * * * * and * * * * * *
* * * * and * * * * * *
* * * and * * * *
* * * *, * * * *,
All are fond of skipping!

EPIGRAM

ON HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

We've heard of Comets, blazing things,
With "fear of change" perplexing Kings;
But, lo! a novel sight and strange,
A Queen who does not fear a 'Change!

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

It has been my fortune, or misfortune, sometimes to witness the distresses of females upon shipboard:—that is, in such fresh-victual passages as to Ramsgate—or to Leith. How they can contemplate or execute those longer voyages, beyond Good Hope's Cape—even with the implied inducements of matrimony—is one of my standard wonders. There is a natural shrinking—a cat-like antipathy—to water, in the lady-constitution—(as the false Argonaut well remembered when he shook off Ariadne)—that seems to forbid such sea-adventures. Betwixt a younger daughter, in Hampshire, for example—and a Judge's son of Calcutta there is, apparently, a great gulf fixed:—

How have I felt and shuddered, for a timid, shrinking, anxious female, full of tremblings as an aspen—about to set her first foot upon the stage—but it can be nothing to a maiden's debût on the deck of an East Indiaman.

Handkerchiefs waving—not in welcome, but in farewell—Crowded boxes—not filled with living Beauty and Fashion—but departing luggage. Not the mere noisy Gods of the gallery to encounter—but those, more boisterous of the wind and wave. And then, all before her—the great salt-water Pit!—

As I write this, the figure of Miss Oliver rises up before me—just as she looked on her first introduction, by the Neptune, to the Ocean. It was her first voyage—and she made sure would be her last. Her storms commenced at Gravesend—her sea began much higher up. She had qualms at Blackwall. At the Nore she came to the mountain-billows of her imagination; for however the ocean may disappoint the expectation, from the land—on ship-board, to

the uninitiated, it hath all its terrors. The sailor's capfull of wind was to her a North-wester. Every splash of a wave shocked her, as if each brought its torpedo. The loose cordage did not tremble and thrill more to the wind than her nerves. At every tack of the vessel—on all fours, for she would not trust to her own feet, and the outstretched hand of courtesy—she scrambled up to the higher side. Her back ached with straining against the bulwark, to preserve her own and the ship's perpendicular:—her eyes glanced right, left, above, beneath, before, behind—with all the alacrity of alarm. She had not organs enough of sight, or hearing, to keep watch against all her imagined perils; her ignorance of nautical matters, in the meantime, causing her to mistake the real sea-dangers for subjects of self-congratulation. It delighted her to understand that there were barely three fathoms of water between the vessel and the ground;—her notion had been that the whole sea was bottomless. When the ship struck upon a sand, and was left there high and dry by the tide, her pleasure was, of course, complete. "We could walk about," she said, "and pick up shells." I believe she would have been as well contented, if our Neptune had been pedestaled upon a rock—deep water and sea-room were the only subjects of her dread. When the vessel, therefore, got afloat again, the old terrors of the landswoman returned upon her with the former force. All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley, in one lot, into her apprehension:—

Cables entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes, sure of strangling her;
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her,

Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder-clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulf her:
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation:—
All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates, and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;
Every thing wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough;
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemer
That names his Redeemer—
With inward uneasiness;
The cook, known by his greasiness,
The victuals beslubbered,
Her bed—in a cupboard;
Things of strange christening,
Snatched in her listening,

Blue lights and red lights,
And mention of dead lights,
And shrouds made a theme of,
Things horrid to dream of—
And *buoys* in the water
To fear all exhort her;
Her friend no Leander;
Herself no sea gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet:
The breeze still a-stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday and sentence!
Every thing sinister,
Not a church minister—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy;
Waves oversurging her,
Sirens a dirgeing her,
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
"Good Lord deliver us!"

The rest of the voyage was occupied, excepting one bright interval, with the sea malady and sea horrors. We were

off Flamborough Head. A heavy swell, the consequence of some recent storm to the Eastward, was rolling right before the wind upon the land:—and, once under the shadow of the bluff promotory, we should lose all the advantages of a saving Westerly breeze. Even the seamen looked anxious: but the passengers (save one) were in despair. They were, already, bones of contention, in their own misgivings, to the myriads of cormorants and water-fowl inhabiting that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone was sanguine:—she was all nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles;—her cheeriness increased in proportion with our dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of the vessel could not disturb her unseasonable levity;—it was like a lightening before death—but, at length the mystery was explained. She had springs of comfort that we knew not of. Not brandy—for that we shared in common;—nor supplications—for those we had all applied to;—but her ears, being jealously vigilant of whatever passed between the mariners, she had overheard from the captain—and it had all the sound, to her, of a comfortable promise—that "if the wind held, we should certainly *go on shore.*"

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

It was a gloomy evening. The sun had set, angry and threatening, lighting up the horizon with lurid flame and flakes of blood-red—slowly quenched by slants of distant rain, dense and dark as segments of the old deluge. At last the whole sky was black, except the low driving grey scud, amidst which faint streaks of lightning wandered capriciously towards their appointed aim, like young fire-fiends playing on their errands.

"There will be a storm!" whispered Nature herself, as the crisp fallen leaves of autumn started up with a hollow rustle, and began dancing a wild round, with a whirlwind of dust, like some frantic orgy, ushering in a revolution.

"There will be a storm!" I echoed, instinctively looking round for the nearest shelter, and making towards it at my best pace. At such times the proudest heads will bow to very low lintels; and setting dignity against a ducking, I very willingly condescended to stoop into "The Plough."

It was a small hedge alehouse, too humble for the refinement of a separate parlor. One large tap-room served for all comers, gentle or simple, if gentlefolks, except from stress of weather, ever sought such a place of entertainment. Its scanty accommodations were even meaner than usual: the Plough had suffered from the hardness of the

times, and exhibited the bareness of a house recently unfurnished by the broker. The aspect of the public room was cold and cheerless. There was a mere glimmer of fire in the grate, and a single unsnuffed candle stood guttering over the neck of the stone bottle in which it was stuck, in the middle of the plain deal table. The low ceiling, blackened by smoke, hung overhead like a canopy of gloomy clouds; the walls were stained with damp, and patches of the plaster had peeled off from the naked laths. Ornament there was none, except a solitary print, gaudily daubed in body-colors, and formerly glazed, as hinted by a small triangle of glass in one corner of the black frame. The subject, "the Shipwrecked Mariner," whose corpse, jacketed in bright sky-blue, rolled on a still brighter strip of yellow shingle, between two grass-green wheat-sheaves with white ears—but intended for foaming billows. Above all, the customary odors were wanting; the faint smell of beer and ale, the strong scent of spirits, the fumes of tobacco; none of them agreeable to a nice sense, but decidedly missed with a feeling akin to disappointment. Rank or vapid, they belonged to the place, representing, though in an infinitely lower key, the bouquet of Burgundy, the aroma of choice liqueurs—the breath of Social Enjoyment.

Yet there was no lack of company. Ten or twelve men, some young, but the majority of the middle age, and one or two advanced in years, were seated at the sordid board. As many glasses and jugs of various patterns stood before them; but mostly empty, as was the tin tankard from which they had been replenished. Only a few of the party in the neighborhood of a brown earthenware pitcher had full cups; but of the very small ale called Adam's. Their coin and credit exhausted, they were keeping up the forms of drinking and good fellowship with plain water. From the same

cause, a bundle of new clay pipes lay idle on the table, unsoiled by the Indian weed.

A glance sufficed to show that the company were of the laboring class—men with tanned, furrowed faces, and hairy freckled hands—who smelt "of the earth, earthy," and were clad in fustian and leather, in velveteen and corduroy, glossy with wear or wet, soiled by brown clay and green moss, scratched and torn by brambles, wrinkled, warped, and threadbare with age, and variously patched—garments for need and decency, not show;—for if, amid the prevailing russets, drabs, and olives, there was a gayer scrap of green, blue, or red, it was a tribute not to vanity but expediency—some fragment of military broadcloth or livery plush.

As I entered, the whole party turned their eyes upon me, and having satisfied themselves by a brief scrutiny that my face and person were unknown to them, thenceforward took no more notice of me than of their own shadows on the wall. I could have fancied myself invisible, they resumed their conversation with so little reserve. The topics, such as poor men discuss among themselves:—the dearness of bread, the shortness of work, the long hours of labor, the lowness of wages, the badness of the weather, the sickliness of the season, the signs of a hard winter, the general evils of want, poverty, and disease; but accompanied by such particular revelations, such minute details, and frank disclosures, as should only have come from persons talking in their sleep! The vulgar indelicacy, methought, with which they gossiped before me of family matters—the brutal callousness with which they exposed their private affairs, the whole history of bed, board, and hearth, the secrets of home! But a little more listening and reflection converted my disgust into pity and concern. Alas! I had

forgotten that the lives of certain classes of our species have been laid almost as bare and open as those of the beasts of the field! The poor men had no domestic secrets—no private affairs! All were public—matters of notoriety—friend and foe concurring in the advertisement. The law had ferreted their huts, and scheduled their three-legged tables and bottomless chairs. Statistical Grosses had taken notes, and printed them, of every hole in their coats. Political reporters had calculated their incomings and outgoings down to fractions of pence and half ounces of tea, and had supplied the minutiæ of their domestic economy for paragraphs and leading articles. Charity, arm in arm with Curiosity, and clerical Philanthropy, linked perhaps with a religious Inquisitor, had taken an inventory of their defects, moral and spiritual; whilst medical visitors had inspected and recorded their physical sores, cancerous or scrofulous, their humors and their tumors.

Society, like a politician, had turned upon them the full blaze of its bull's eye—exploring the shadiest recesses of their privacy, till their means, food, habits, and modes of existence were as minutely familiar as those of the animalculæ exhibited in Regent Street by the solar microscope. They had no longer any decent appearances to keep up—any shabby ones to mask with a better face—any petty shifts to slur over—any household struggles to conceal. Their circumstances were known intimately, not merely to next-door neighbors, and kith and kin, but to the whole parish, the whole county, the whole country. It was one of their last few privileges to discuss in common with the Parliament, the Press, and the Public, the deplorable details of their own affairs. Their destitution was a naked Great Fact, and they talked of it like proclaimed Bankrupts, as they were, in the wide world's Gazette.

"What matters?" said a grey-headed man, in fustian, in answer to a warning nudge and whisper from his neighbor. "If walls has ears, they are welcome to what they can ketch—ay, and the stranger to boot—if so be he don't know all about us already—for it 's all in print. What we yarn, and what we spend—what we eat, and what we drink—what we wear, and the cost on it from top to toe—where we sleep, and how many on us lie in a bed—our consarns are as common as waste land."

"And as many geese and donkies turned on to them, I do think!" cried a young fellow in velveteens—"to hear how folk cackle and bray about our states. And then the queer remedies as is prescribed, like, for a starving man! A Bible says one—a Reading made Easy says another—a Temperance Medal says another—or maybe a Hagricultural Prize. But what is he to eat, I ax? Why, says one, a Corkassian Jew—says another, a cricket ball—says another, a May-pole—and says another, the Wenus bound for Horsetrailye."

"As if the idle hands and empty pockets," said the grey-headed man, "did not make signs of themselves for work and wages—and a hungry belly for bread and cheese."

"That's true, any how," said one of the water-drinkers. "I only wish a doctor would come at this minute, and listen with his *telescope* on my stomach, and he would hear it a-talking as plain as our magpie, and saying, I wants wittles."

There was a general peal of mirth at this speech, but brief and ending abruptly, as laughter does, when extorted by the odd treatment of a serious subject—a flash followed by a deeper gloom. The conversation then assumed a graver tone; each man in turn recounted the trials, privations, and visitations, of himself, his wife, and children, or

his neighbor's—not mentioned with fierceness, intermingling oaths and threats, nor with bitterness—some few allusions excepted to harsh overseers or miserly masters—but as soldiers or sailors describe the hardships and sufferings they have had to encounter in their rough vocation, and evidently endured in their own persons with a manly fortitude. If the speaker's voice faltered, or his eyes moistened, it was only when he painted the sharp bones showing through the skin, the skin through the rags, of the wife of his bosom; or how the traditional Wolf, no longer to be kept from the door, had rushed in and fastened on his young ones. What a revelation it was! Fathers, with more children than shillings per week—mothers travailing literally in the straw—infants starving before the parents' eyes, with cold, and famishing for food! Human creatures, male and female, old and young, not gnawed and torn by single woes, but worried at once by Winter, Disease, and Want, as by that triple-headed Dog, whelped in the Realm of Torments!

My ears tingled, and my cheeks flushed with self-reproach, remembering my fretful impatience under my own inflictions, no light ones either, till compared with the heavy complications of anguish, moral and physical, experienced by those poor men. My heart swelled with indignation, my soul sickened with disgust, to recall the sobs, sighs, tears, and hysterics—the lamentations and imprecations bestowed by pampered Selfishness on a sick bird or beast, a sore finger, a swelled toe, a lost rubber, a missing luxury, an ill-made garment, a culinary failure!—to think of the cold looks and harsh words cast by the same lips, eloquent in self-indulgence, on nakedness, starvation, and poverty. Wealth, with his own million of money, pointing to the new half-farthings as fitting money for the million—Glut-

tony, gorged with dainties, washed down by iced champagne, complacently commending his humble brethren to the brook of Elisha and the salads of Nebuchadnezzar; and Fashion, in furs and velvet, comfortably beholding her squalid sisters shivering in robes de zephyr, woven by winter itself, with a warp of the north, and the woof of an east wind!

"The job up at Bosely is finished," said one of the middle-aged men. "I have enjoyed but three days' work in the last fortnight, and God above knows when I shall get another, even at a shilling a day. And nine mouths to feed, big and little—and nine backs to clothe—and the rent behind-hand—and never a bed to lie on, and my good woman, poor soul, ready to ——" —a choking sound and a hasty gulp of water smothered the rest of the sentence. "There must be something done for us—there MUST," he added, with an emphatic slap of his broad, brown, barky hand, that made the glasses jingle and the idle pipes clatter on the board. And every voice in the room echoed "there must," my own involuntarily swelling the chorus.

"Ay, there must, and that full soon," said the gray-headed man in fustian, with an upward appealing look, as if through the smoky clouds of the ceiling to God himself for confirmation of the necessity. "But come, lads, time's up, so let's have our chant, and then squander."

The company immediately stood up; and one of the elders, with a deep bass voice, and to a slow, sad air, began a rude song, the composition probably of some provincial poet of his own class, the rest of the party joining occasionally in a verse that served for the burden.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!

A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
And here 's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,
In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea;
he harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of Home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days.
Where starving children huddle and crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn,
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,

To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yoeman that had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
Wherever Labor calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labor stiff and stark,
By lawful turn my living to earn,
Between the light and dark;

My daily bread, and nightly bed,
My bacon, and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a Man,
To work, and not to beg

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean,
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labor's little mite,

Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robb'd them over night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The Spital, or the Gaol!

As the last ominous word ceased ringing, the candle-wick suddenly dropped into the neck of the stone bottle, and all was darkness and silence.

* * * * * *

The vision is dispelled—the Fiction is gone—but a Fact and a Figure remain.

Some time since, a strong inward impulse moved me to paint the destitution of an overtasked class of females, who work, work, work, for wages almost nominal. But deplorable as is their condition, in the low deep there is, it seems, a lower still—below that gloomy gulf a darker region of human misery,—beneath that Purgatory a Hell—resounding with more doleful wailings and a sharper outcry—the voice of famishing wretches, pleading vainly for work! work! work!—imploring as a blessing what was laid upon Man as a curse—the labor that wrings sweat from the brow, and bread from the soil!

As a matter of conscience, that wail touches me not. As my works testify, I am of the working class myself, and in my humble sphere furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers—and critics—all receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. My gains consequently are limited—not nearly so enormous as have been realized upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c.—curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be "clothed with

curses as with a garment." My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those ciphers—those 0's, at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependent slaves. My wealth might all be hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or a tin snuff-box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden Square, would barely reach from home to Bread Street. My riches would hardly allow me a roll in them, even if turned into the new copper mites. But then, thank God! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears or blood clog the meshes, no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse. No consumptive seamstress can point at me her bony forefinger, and say, "For thee, *sewing in forma pauperis*, I am become this Living Skeleton!" or, hold up to me her fatal needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered work-woman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, "For thee, and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil"—literally a veil of tears. No famishing laborer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad hard hand seven miserable shillings, and mutters, "For these, and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn till dusk, through hot and cold, through wet and dry, I tilled thy land!" My short sleeps are peaceful; my dreams untroubled. No ghastly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow. No victims of Slow Murder, ushered by the Avenging Fiends, beset my couch, and make awful appointments with me to meet at the Divine bar on the Day of Judgment. No deformed human creatures—men, women, children, smirched black as Negroes, transfigured sudden-

ly, as Demons of the Pit, clutch at my heels to drag me down, down, down, an unfathomable shaft, into a gaping Tartarus. And if sometimes in waking visions I see throngs of little faces, with features preternaturally sharp, and wrinkled brows, and dull, seared orbs,—grouped with pitying clusters of the young-eyed cherubim,—not for me, thank Heaven! did those crippled children become prematurely old, and precociously evaporate, like so much steam power, "the dew of their youth."

For me, then, that doleful cry from the Starving Unemployed has no extrinsic horror; no peculiar pang, beyond that sympathetic one which must affect the species in general. Nevertheless, amidst the dismal chorus, one complaining voice rings distinctly on my inward ear; one melancholy Figure flits prominently before my mind's eye,—vague of feature indeed, and in form with only the common outlines of humanity,—but the Eidolon of a real person, a living breathing man, with a known name. One whom I have never seen in the flesh; never spoken with; yet whose very words a still small voice is even now whispering to me, I know not whence, like the wind from a cloud.

For months past, that indistinct Figure, associated, as in a dream, with other dim images, but all mournful—stranger faces, male and female, convulsed with grief—huge hard hands, and smaller and tenderer ones, wrung in speechless anguish, and everlasting farewells—involved with obscure ocean waves, and momentary glimpses of outlandish scenery —for months past, amidst trials of my own, in the intervals of acute pain, perchance even in my delirium, and through the variegated tissue of my own interests and affairs, that sorrowful Vision has recurred to me, more or less vividly, with the intense sense of suffering, cruelty, and

injustice, and the strong emotions of pity and indignation which originated with its birth.

It may be, that some peculiar condition of the body, inducing a morbid state of mind—some extreme excitability of the nerves, and through them of the moral sensibility, concurred to induce so deep an impression, to make so warm a sympathy attach itself to a mere Phantom, the representative of an obscure individual, an utter stranger. The Reader must judge: and when the case of my unknown, unconscious, invisible client shall be laid before him, will be able to say whether it required any unnatural sensitiveness of the system, any extraordinary softening of the heart or brain, to feel a strong human interest in the fate of Gifford White.

In the spring of the present year this very unfortunate and very young man was indicted, at the Huntingdon Assizes, for throwing the following letter, addressed externally and internally to the Farmers of Bluntisham, Hunts, into a strawyard:—

"We are determined to set fire to the whole of this place, if you don't set us to work, and burn you in your beds, if there is not an alteration. What do you think the young men are to do if you don't set them to work? They must do something. The fact is, we cannot go on any longer. We must commit robbery, and every thing that is contrary to your wish.

"I am, AN ENEMY.

For this offence, admitted by his plea, the prisoner, aged eighteen, was sentenced, by a judge since deceased, to Transportation for Life!

Far be it from me to palliate Incendiarism. Least of all, when so many conflagrations have recently illuminated the horizon; and so near the time when the memory of that Arch Incendiary Guy Faux will be revived by effigies and

bonfires. I am fully aware of the risk of even this appeal, at such a season, but, with that pleading Shade before me, dare the reddest reflections that may be cast on this paper.

Only catch a real Incendiary, bring his guilt clearly home to him, and let him suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Hang him. Or, if absolutely opposed to capital punishment, and inclined towards the philanthropy of a very French philosophy, adopt the Christianly substitute, recommended in the "Mysteries of Paris," and blind the criminal. Let fire avenge fire, and according to the prescription for Prince Arthur, with irons hot burn out both his eyes. Cruel and extreme as such tortures may seem, they would scarcely expiate one of the most dastardly and atrocious of human crimes, inasmuch as the perpetrator can neither control its extent nor calculate the results.

The truth is, my faith stops far short of the popular belief in the prevalence of wilful and malignant Fire-raising —that an epidemic of that inflammatory character is so rife and raging as represented in the provinces. I am too jealous of the national character, too chary of the good name of my humble countrymen, and think too well of "a bold peasantry, our country's pride," to look on them, willingly, as a mere pack of Samson's foxes, running from farm to farm with firebrands tied to their tails. If there be any notable increase in the number of fires, some portion of the excess may be fairly attributable to causes which have converted simple risks into Doubly Hazardous; for example, the prevalence of cigar smoking, and especially the substitution for the old tinder-box of dangerous chemical contrivances, facile of ignition, and distributed by myriads throughout the country. Talismans, that like the Arabian ones, on a slight rubbing, place a Demon at the command of the possessor—spells which have subjected the Fire

Spirit to the instant invocation not merely of the wicked, but of the weak and the witless, the infant and the idiot. Generally, we work and play with the element more profusely than formerly; witness the glowing flames, flakes, sparks, and cinders, that sweep across streets, over seas and rivers, and along railroads, from the chimneys, funnels, and furnaces of the factories, and floating and flying conveyances of Pluto, Vulcan and Company. Another cause, Spontaneous Combustion, has lately been convicted of the destruction of the railway station at New Cross; and there is no reason to suppose that conflagrations from carelessness, and excessive house-warmings from inebriety, are less common than of old. Children will still play with fire; servants, town and country, persist in snuffing long wicks, as well as noses, with finger and thumb; and Agricultural Distress has not so annihilated the breed of Jolly Farmers but that one, here and there, is still capable of blowing himself out, and putting his candle to bed.

In the meantime, vulgar Exaggeration ascribes every "rapid consumption" of property, not clearly traceable to accident, to a malicious design. The English public, according to Goldsmith, are prone to panics, and he instances them as arming themselves with thick gloves and stout cudgels against certain popular bugbears in the shapes of mad dogs. And a fatal thing it is, proverbially, for the canine race to get an ill name. But a panic becomes a far more tragical affair when it arms one class of society against another; and instead of mere brutes and curs of low degree, animals of our own species are hunted down and hung, or at best, all but banished to another world, by transportation for life. It is difficult to believe that some such local panic did not influence the very severe sentence passed on Gifford White. Indeed, the existence of something of the

kind seems intimated by the judge himself, along with the extraordinary dictum that a verbal burn is worse than the actual cautery. Lord Abinger said:—

"The offence was of a most atrocious character; and it might almost be said, that the sending of letters threatening to burn the property of parties to whom they were addressed, was worse than putting the threat into execution; for when a man lost his property by fire, he at least knew the worst of it, but he to whom such threats were made, was made to live in a state of continual terror and alarm."

Very true—and very harshly applied. The Farmers of Bluntisham are not of my acquaintance; but presuming them to be not more nervous and timorsome than farmers in general, might not their terror and alarm have been pacified on rather easier terms? Would not the banishment of the culprit for seven, or at most fourteen years, have allowed time, ample time, for the yeomanly nerves to have recovered their tone; for their affrighted hair, erect as stubble, to have subsided prone as rolled grass; nay, for the very name of Gifford White to have evaporated from their agricultural heads? Were I a Bluntisham farmer, I could not eat with relish another rasher of bacon, or swallow with satisfaction another glass of strong ale, without protesting publicly against such a sacrifice to my supposed aspen-fits, and setting on foot a petition amongst my neighbors for a mitigation of that severe and satirical sentence which condemned a fellow parishioner to expiate my fears by fifty-two years of penance—according to the scriptural calculation of human life—in the land of the kangaroo. I could not sleep soundly, and know, that for my sake a son of the same soil had been rooted out like a common weed—severed from kith and kin; from hearth and home, if he had one; from his mother-country, hard step-mother though

she had proved; from a familiar land and native air, to a foreign one and a new climate, with strange faces around him, and strange stars above him,—a banished man, not for a little while, or for a long while, but for ever!

But, methinks I hear a voice say, it was necessary to make an example—a proceeding always accompanied by a certain degree of hardship, if not injustice, as regards the party selected to be punished *in terrorem;* unless the choice be made of a criminal especially deserving such a painful preference—as for robbery with personal violence: whereas there appear to be no aggravations of the offence for which Gifford White was sentenced to a murderer's atonement. On the contrary, he pleaded guilty; a course generally admitted as an extenuation of guilt: his youth ought to have been a circumstance in his favor; and, above all, the consideration that a threat does not necessarily involve the intent, much less the deed. All who have been led, by word or writing, to hope or fear, for good or evil, have had reason to know how far is Promise from Performance,—as far as England from New South Wales. Expectants never die the sooner for golden prospects held out to them; and threatened folks are long-lived, to a proverb. And why? Because the enemy who announces his designs is the least dangerous: as the Scotch say, "his bark is waur than his bite." The truth is, menaces are about the most abundant, idle, and empty of human vaporings; the mere puffings, blowings, gruntings, and growlings, from the safety-valves and waste-pipes of high-pressure engines. The promissory notes of threateners to large amounts are ludicrously associated, instead of payment, with "no effects." Who of us has not heard a good mother, a fond mother, a doting mother, but sharp tempered, promise her own dear but troublesome offspring, her very pets, such savage inflictions, such break-

ings of bones and knocking off plaguy little heads, as ought, sincerely uttered, to have consigned her to the custody of the police? There, as my uncle Toby says, she found vent. Who has never known a friend, a worthy man, but a passionate one, to indulge in such murderous threats against the life, body, and limbs of a tight boot-maker, or a loose tailor; a blunt creditor, or a sharp critic; as ought, if in earnest, to have placed him in handcuffs and a straight waistcoat? But nobody mistakes these blazes of temper for the burnings of settled malignity—these harmless flashes of sheet lightning for the destructive gleam of the forked. It is quite possible, therefore, that the incendiary letter of Gifford White, though breathing Congreves and Lucifers, was purely theoretical; albeit read by the judge as if in serious earnest, like the fulminating prospectuses of the Duc de Normandie or Captain Warner.

I confess to have searched, in vain, through the epistle for any animus of peculiar atrocity. Its address, generally to the farmers, shows it not to have been the inspiration of personal malice or private revenge. The threat is not a direct and positive one, as in resolved retaliation for some by-gone wrong; but put hypothetically, and rather in the nature of a warning of probable consequences, dependent on future contingencies. The wish of the writer is obviously not father to the menace: on the contrary, he expostulates, and appeals, methinks most touchingly, to the reason, the justice, even the compassion of the very parties—to be burnt in their beds. So clear a proof, to me, of the absence of any serious intent, or malice prepense, that the only agitation from the fall of such a missive in my farmyard, if I had one, would be the flutter amongst the poultry. At least, theirs would be the only personal terror and alarm,—for, with other feelings, who could fail to be moved

by a momentous question and declaration re-echoed by hundreds and thousands of able and willing, but starving laborers. "What are we to do if you don't set us to work? We must do something. The fact is, we cannot go on any longer!"

Can the wholesale emigration, so often proposed, be only transportation in disguise for using such language in common with Gifford White?

To me—speaking from my heart, and recording my deliberate opinions on a material that, frail as it is, will long outlast my own fabric,—there is something deeply affecting in the spectacle of a young man, in the prime of health and vigor, offering himself, a voluntary slave, in the Labor-market without a purchaser—eagerly proffering to barter the use of his body, the day-long exertion of his strength, the wear and tear of flesh and blood, bone and muscle, for the common necessaries of life—earnestly craving for bread on the penal conditions prescribed by his Creator—and in vain—in vain! Well for those who enjoy each Blessing of earth that there are volunteers to work out the Curse! Well for the drones of the social hive that there are bees of so industrious a turn, willing for an infinitesimal share of the honey to undertake the labor of its fabrication!

Let these considerations avail an unfortunate man, or rather youth, perhaps an oppressed one, subject to the tyranny of some such ticket system as lately required the interference of the Home Secretary, in behalf of the laborers of another county.——

Methinks I see him, poor Phantom! an impertinent unit of a surplus population, humbly pleading for bread, and offered an acre of stones—to be cleared at five farthings a rood. Work and wages for the asking!—with the double alternative of the Union-house, or a free passage—the

North-West one—to the still undiscovered coast of Bohemia !——

Is a rash youth, so wrought on, to be eternally Ex-Isled from this sweet little one of our own, for only throwing a few intemperate "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" into an anonymous letter?

Let these things plead for a fellow-creature, goaded, perhaps, by the sense of wrong, as well as the physical pangs of hunger, and driven by the neglect of all milder applications to appeal to the selfish fears of men who will neither read the signs of the times, nor heed warnings, unless written, like Belshazzar's, in letters of fire!

One thing is certain. These are not times for visiting with severity the offences of the laboring poor: a class who, it is admitted by all parties, have borne the severest trials that can afflict the soul and body of man, with an exemplary fortitude, and a patience almost superhuman. A great fact, at which every true Englishman should exult, as at a National Victory, as in moral heroism it is. I, for one, am proud of my poor countrymen, and naturally loth to believe that a character which so reluctantly combines with disaffection, and indulges so sparely in outbreak, will freely absorb so vile a spirit as that of incendiarism. At any rate, before rashly adopting such a conclusion, common justice and common sense bid me look elsewhere for the causes of any unusual number of fires in the rural districts. As a mere matter of patriotism, one would rather ascribe such unfilial outrages to an alien than to a son of the soil. We have lately seen a Foreign Prince, an ally, in a time of peace, speculating with much playful naïveté on the best modes for squibbing our shipping and rocketing our harbors —the facility with which he could ignite the Thames and mull the Medway—sink the Cinque Ports—blow off

Beachy's head, shiver Deal into splinters, and knock the two Reculver steeples into one. His Highness, it is true, contemplated a bellicose state, ceremoniously proclaimed according to the usage of polite nations: but suppose some outlandish savage, as uncivilized as unshorn, say from Terra del Fuego, animated with an insane hostility to England, and burning to test his skill in Pyrotechnics—might not such a barbarian be tempted to dispense with a formal declaration of war, and make a few experimental essays how to introduce his treacherous combustibles into our perfidious towns and hamlets? Foreign incendiaries for me, rather than native; and accident or Spontaneous Combustion before either! But if we must believe in it home-made—surely, in preference to the industrious laborer, suspicion should fall on those sturdy trampers that infest the country, the foremost to crave for food and money, the last to ask for work, and one of whom might light up a dozen parishes. If it be otherwise, if a class eminently loyal, patient, peaceable, and rational, have really become such madmen throwing about fire, it is high time, methinks, with universal Artesian borings, to begin to scuttle our island for fear of its being burnt. But no—that Shadow of an Incendiary, with uplifted hands, and streaming repentant eyes, disavows with earnest gesture the foul intent; and shadow as he is, my belief acquits him, and makes me echo the imaginary sigh with which he fades again into the foggy distance between me and Port Sydney.

It is in your power, Sir James Graham! to lay the Ghost that is haunting me. But that is a trifle. By a due intercession with the earthly Fountain of Mercy, you may convert a melancholy Shadow into a happier Reality—a righted man—a much pleasanter image to mingle in our waking visions, as well as in those dreams which, as Ham-

let conjectures, may soothe or disturb us in our coffins. Think, Sir, of poor Gifford White—inquire into his hard case, and give it your humane consideration, as that of a fellow-man with an immortal soul—a "possible angel"—to be met hereafter face to face.

To me, should this appeal meet with any success, it will be one of the dearest deeds of my pen. I shall not repent a wide deviation from my usual course; or begrudge the pain and trouble caused me by the providential visitings of an importunate Phantom. In any case, my own responsibility is at an end. I have relieved my heart, appeased my conscience, and absolved my soul.

THOMAS HOOD.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1.) Ode to N. Vigors, Esq.

From the Comic Annual for 1831.

(2.) Ode to Joseph Hume.

From the Comic Annual for 1832, at about which time Hume was at the summit of his reputation as an economical reformer. He has had many imitators, without his talents or sincerity, in public bodies, who have labored to bring national faith into discredit by repudiating just demands against government, or by voting against all payments of money, whether just or unjust.

(3.) Ode to Spencer Perceval, Esq.

From the Comic Annual for 1833. Mr. Spencer Perceval made himself notorious by a motion in the House of Commons [January 26, 1832] for presenting an humble address to the King, to order a day for a general fast and humiliation, which he supported in the most extraordinary speech that has been made in Parliament since the days of Praise-God Barebones. This speech was made with a preliminary flourish, as follows:

"*Mr. Perceval* being called on to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice, rose, and said—I perceive that strangers are in the House.

"*The Speaker:* Strangers must withdraw.

"The officers of the House proceeded to clear the galleries.

"*Mr. Hume:* I presume I may move the suspension of the standing order.

"*The Speaker:* Strangers must withdraw.

"The gallery was then cleared, and the House proceeded, with

closed doors, to take into consideration Mr. Perceval's motion for a General Fast."

The doors being closed, Mr. Perceval delivered himself of a harangue, in which he denounced his brethren in the House as "infidels all"—denounced the "blasphemous proposition to admit the Jew into this House"—and predicted the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah upon all Christendom. He read copious extracts from the Bible in illustration of his views, and described himself as speaking in the name of the Lord.

When he had concluded, Lord Althorp mildly stated that he was of the opinion that such discussions did not tend to the honor of religion; and that it was the intention of Government to appoint a day of fasting. Thereupon Mr. Perceval withdrew his motion—strangers were readmitted—and business proceeded as usual.

(4.) Ode to Admiral Gambier.

From the Comic Annual for 1833.

(5.) Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew.

From the Comic Annual for 1834. The *Athenæum* of the day said that it was perhaps "the most *useful* pleasantry in the volume." After quoting extracts, it continues—"The foregoing is brave expostulation. It will do good in every way. It amuses those who seek mere amusement, and it pleasantly exposes hypocrisy and cunning. If Mr. Hood will persevere in the path which he now appears to be treading—viz., the path of the generous, manly, and merry satirist—he will do more for the good and happiness of mankind than all the preachers in existence."

Sir Andrew Agnew was the author of a bill entitled "The Lord's Day Observance Bill;" which he described as a bill "to prevent all manner of work on the Lord's day." It enacted, among other things, that any one who should be present at any meeting, assembly, or concourse of people, for any "pastime of public indecorum, inconvenience, or nuisance, or for public debating upon or discussing any subject, or for public lecture, address, or speech, or who shall be present at any news-room or club-room, shall forfeit for the first offence any sum not less than 5s., nor more than 10s.; for the second offence not less than 10s., nor more than 20s.; and for every subsequent offence, not less than 20s., nor more than £5."

Mr. *Roebuck* opposed the bill on the ground that it interrupted all the common conveniences of life on a Sunday, and "interdicted all social intercourse of human beings." "He had gone last Sunday to Greenwich, on purpose to see how the population of the metropolis amused themselves on that day. Nothing could be a more pleasing sight, or more consonant to every good feeling. The people came out for air; they were walking quietly in the Park; enjoying the pure atmosphere, breaking no commandment, and violating no law. He could oppose the honorable baronet on religious grounds, and tell him that true religion was not so cold and narrow a system as he represented it to be. The Almighty required that we should perform our duties to one another without one particle of asceticism. By this bill, one set of people, having peculiar ideas respecting a particular day, wished to compel all other persons to conform to their creed, and to worship God after their manner."

The bill was thrown out in the House of Commons on its second reading [May 16, 1833].

(6.) Ode to J. S. Buckingham, Esq.

From the Comic Annual for 1835. The *London Literary Gazette* says of it: "A rather long, irregular poem on the Report of the Temperance Committee satirically exposes a number of absurdities in that precious document: it is in Hood's best style, and with quite as much reason as rhyme, as much pungency as punning." The copious foot-notes render any additional comment unnecessary.

(7.) Ode to Messrs. Green, Hollond, and Monck Mason.

From the Comic Annual for 1837.

The extraordinary Balloon Expedition here chronicled took place in November, 1836. It originated with Mr. Hollond. The balloon belonged to the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and was under the command of Mr. Green, who had long entertained a desire to make a voyage from London to the continent, but had never before possessed a balloon of sufficient size, nor met a gentleman willing to freight his vessel. The proprietors of the balloon proposed that Mr. Monck Mason should be of the party, to which Messrs. Green and Hollond readily assented.

The voyagers took with them an apparatus to ballast and anchor their balloon, a compass, a sextant, charts, a chronometer, an excellent day and night telescope, a speaking trumpet, a ship's lamp, and

some lights which were intended to assist them in ascertaining the country over which they might pass at night. Mr. Frederic Gye also constructed for them a very simple and useful little machine to indicate at night whether the balloon was rising or sinking, with more nicety than the barometer. Passports were provided to the different countries of Europe in which the voyagers would be likely to descend, with provisions for a fortnight, and abundance of warm clothing.

The adventurous æronauts entered the car at about half-past one o'clock on the 7th of November. There was a favorable wind and fine weather. The balloon, taking a south-easterly direction, crossed the Medway at about three o'clock, was nearly over Canterbury at four, and, at twelve minutes before five, left England about one mile east of Dover Castle. In about an hour more, it was over France, about two miles east of Calais. From twenty minutes after nine to half-past eleven, it passed over several large lighted towns, at an altitude of from one to two miles. At half-past eleven, over a populous district lighted with numerous furnaces, supposed to be the neighborhood of Namour and Liege. At midnight, very dark—the earth hidden by an unbroken mass of cloud—the stars bright above. At five o'clock there was a slight appearance of daybreak, which became magnificent at about a quarter past six. The balloon descended that morning at half-past seven, near Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau. Mr. Hollond wrote:—"We have had a delightful excursion, and have been most hospitably received, the whole town being delighted with our having descended here. They have lent us the military riding-school for the balloon. It is singular enough that Blanchard descended here about fifty years ago, when he ascended from Frankfort." The inhabitants of Weilburg would not believe that the æronauts had left London the afternoon previous, until they produced the London newspapers of that day.

(8.) Remonstratory Ode

From the Elephant to Mr. Mathews.

Originally published in the *London Magazine*, and afterward in the *Whims and Oddities*. The author was John Hamilton Reynolds, to whom we have had occasion to allude in the preface to our second volume of *Hood's Poetical Works*. He published at a very early age poetry which received the approbation of Lord Byron. He next became dramatic critic for the *Champion* newspaper, and one of the

contributors to the *London Magazine*. For this journal he wrote "Edward Herbert's Letters to his Kinsfolk;" and, among numerous other articles, a "Pen and Ink Sketch of the Trial of Thurtell, the Murderer;" and an admirable notice of John Kemble. Among such writers as Charles Lamb, Talfourd, Hood, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Proctor, and Aytoun, Reynolds ranked as a man, not merely of cleverness, but of genius. In habits of constant intercourse with these men, a writer in the *London Examiner* says, that he "carried among them one of the finest natures it has been my chance to meet with in this working-day world. With splendid dark eyes, a mobile and intelligent countenance, lit up by never-failing good humor, and a quiet, bland, but somewhat arch smile, he was goodly to look at as well as to listen to. Every body's dear Tom Hood married one of his sisters, an amiable lady, worthy of both her husband and her brother. The last time but one that I saw Reynolds, we stood on a knoll upon Wood Green, contemplating a splendid sunset, and, with a sort of rivalry that was common with us, repeating from memory Collins's beautiful Ode to Evening. That is many, many years ago; but as it reminds me 'how pleasant was my friend,' it is the impression I will cherish of him."

In his *Reminiscences*, Hood alludes to Reynolds as the person who made the runaway ring at Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*. The allusion was to a poem under this title that preceded the publication of the genuine *Peter Bell*, and which was wonderfully relished by the wits of the metropolis. Reynolds was a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Retrospective*, and afterwards to the *Westminster*.

In the latter part of his life, he was clerk of the County Court of Hampshire, in the Isle of Wight, where he died, November 15, 1852.

(9.) Address to Mr. Cross, of Exeter 'Change, *On the Death of the Elephant.*

March 1, 1826. The stupendous elephant at the Exeter 'Change was killed by order of the proprietor, in consequence of its having exhibited symptoms of madness. At half-past four o'clock, his violent exertions to break the huge door and bars of his den, in which he partly succeeded, made the necessity of this measure apparent. The proprietor sent to Somerset House for some of the Guards stationed there; and, on their arrival, they commenced firing at the animal, and continued firing an hour before he fell, pierced with a

hundred and eighty musket-balls. The fatal shot entered under the ear. A few days afterwards he was dissected. It required twelve men to skin him, and the carcass was conveyed to a horse-slaughterer's, in Sharp's Alley, Cow Cross, and served out to the different purveyors of cats'-meat. The proprietor offered the body to the College of Surgeons, but they declined it, for the want of room; and the skeleton was offered to the British Museum, but the directors had no power to treat for it. The skin was sold to a private individual for £50.

(10.) Ode to the Late Lord Mayor.

If the work which called forth this Ode had been written for the express purpose of bringing municipal great men and local histories into ridicule, it could not have been more successful than in the honest purpose it manifests of chronicling events important in the eyes of the Lord Mayor and his chaplain. The volume is entitled—"The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford, in the month of July, 1826. Written at the desire of the party, by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1826."

(11.) The Blue Boar.

Though written for the year 1837, this political *jeu d'esprit* is equally *apropos* in 1857. The Jew Bill, introduced by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons this year, admitted the Jew to Parliament without any restriction; so that a Jew might not only enjoy the highest temporal honors of the realm, but become the Keeper of the Queen's Conscience, and appoint Christian bishops and other ministers of the Church. After a grand gladiatorial rencontre on the bill in the House of Lords, it was thrown out.

Answer to Pauper.

This very clever satire was called forth by the following verses; by whom written we cannot say. We first met with them in a number of the *London Athenæum*, where they were followed a week or two after by the answer in the text. This is assigned to Hood on the authority of an article in the *Westminster Review*, which says the poem to which it is responsive is from the pen of an eminent writer. We should have suspected that Hood was the author of the *Reply* as well as of the *Answer*, but we have nothing to confirm the suspicion.

Reply to a Pastoral Poet.

Tell us not of bygone days!
  Tell us not of forward times!
What's the future—what's the past—
  Save to fashion rhymes?
Show us that the corn doth thrive!
  Show us there's no winter weather!
Show us we may laugh and live—
  (Those who love—together.)

Senses have we for sweet blossoms—
  Eyes, which could admire the sun—
Passions, blazing in our bosoms—
  Hearts, that may be won!
But Labor doth forever press us,
  And Famine grins upon our board;
And none will help us, none will bless us,
  With one gentle word!

None, none! our birthright, or our fate,
  Is hunger and inclement air—
Perpetual toil—the rich man's hate—
  Want, scorn—the pauper's fare:
We fain would gaze upon the sky,
  Lie pensive by the running springs;
But if we stay to gaze or sigh,
  We starve—though the cuckoo sings!

The moon casts cold on us below;
  The sun is not our own;
The very winds which fragrance blow,
  But blanch us to the bone;
The rose for us ne'er shows its bloom,
  The violet its blue eye;
From cradle murmuring to the tomb,
  We feel no beauty, no perfume,
But only toil—and die!

PAUPER.

University Feuds.

From the London *New Monthly Magazine* for 1842—*apropos* to which the following paragraph appeared about the same time in *Punch*:

THE RIVAL APOLLOS.

We have authority for stating that our esteemed and witty friend Sibthorp, and our no less esteemed and elegant correspondent Sir E. L. Bulwer, are both candidates for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. We feel at a loss to decide on which of these great men the honor should be conferred, but the following poetic *morceaux* may enable our readers to form an idea of the style of both the competitors. The first specimen is from the delicate pen of the author of "Pelham:"—

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Ariel creature!—lightly wheeling
Through the azure depths of feeling;
Or a moon beam, in whose breathing
Joy's emotions sadly wreathing,
Writhes the fiery soul entrancing,
While the liquid pulses glancing,
Softly wake in tones opprest,
Viewless visions of the breast.

The gallant Colonel's verses are not so highly elaborated and fanciful as the Baronet's; they partake more of the sweet simplicity of the Wordsworth school. Here they are:—

TO A BLUEBOTTLE.

"Jolly old buzzer with breeches so blue,
The world's wide enough both for me and for you,
So drink and be merry; I'll do you no turn ill;
I won't as I hope to be shav'd," says the Colonel.

Etching Moralized.

The process called Etching, although patronised and practiced by the highest personage in the kingdom, is little known or understood by the public in general, who commonly suppose the term to be synonymous with engraving. It may be briefly defined as drawing on

copper with a steel point or needle. The design thus scratched through a waxen coat on the metal, is corroded or bit in with *aqua fortis;* the finest lines of all being afterwards scratched on the copper with the tool without the use of the acid, or, as it is called, with the dry point. The roughness at the sides of the slight furrows thus made in the metal is called the burr, which, in printing, retains some of the ink that would otherwise be wiped off the surface of the plate, and produces that soft smeary tint so much admired by the initiated. An etching, properly, is never touched by the *graver*, a sharp cutting tool that makes deep lines in the copper, as the surgeons would say, by the first intention, without the help of the *aqua fortis*. And in etchings, painters' etchings at least, the effect is produced, more artistically, and less mechanically, than in engravings, where the various tints are obtained by ruled lines of different degrees of closeness and thickness, according to the shade required.

The vulgar eye, accustomed to the sleekness of modern engravings, and especially those executed on steel, will be very apt to take fright at what would probably be called the scratchy appearance of an etching by a painter—just as some foreigners would object to a coat of English broad-cloth, compared to those glossy ones to be seen abroad, shining as if fresh from a drenching shower of rain. Nevertheless, as fine, or finer tints and tones of color are produced by the hand than by the ruler or machine.

In one essential particular the etching point brings the power of the artist to the test, namely drawing, in which our native painters are generally supposed to be somewhat deficient. There is no striking the outline with the sharp decisive needle as may be done with a soft pencil, a crayon, or a brush-full of color. All deformities or disproportions are glaringly apparent; a glance shows whether the designer can or can not draw, however he may affect a careless execution and a disregard for details. Every touch is visibly good or bad, right or wrong.—[*Hood's Magazine*, 1844.

ADDENDA.

[The following trifles look and read so very like Hood, that we can have little doubt of their paternity; but if not his, they are, to say the least, inimitable imitations.]

CHAUNT TO THE PRESENT FROST.

Oh, dear me, this is rascally cold weather, and I really don't know what to do;
Although it's a *literary* season, for all the noses are *read*, and all the lips are *blue!*
And to keep the blood in your pedestals circulating is a very difficult *feat*, I doubt;
Though in some respects the climate is *exhilarating*, because it's "*cold without!*"
Now, living in an hotel very much resembles a battle; the reason would you like to learn?
Because *you* steadily *keep up a fire*, and the landlord makes perpetual *charges* in return!
And there's no starving, for everybody has got *chops on hand*, if he's none in his belly;—
Besides, any one cutting figures on the ice gets a couple of "*skates*" and *calves' feet* "*gelés!*"
And folks agree with Peel; for though they cry out about "*corn*," they approve of the "*sliding scale*,"
Yet the weather's so severe, that every piece of water becomes a "*stiff un*,"—and here ends my tale.

OPINIONS ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

Last night, as I was passing through,
The close that's called Bartholomew,
In a small alley, near Cock-lane,
I lighted on a window-pane
Stuck full of penny publications;
Before which, deep in meditations,
A Dustman stood, with open eyes,
And thus he did soliloquize:—

"Well, bless us, here 's a precious lot to show us to what things is a-comin;
They may call this here country Hingland if they will, but, my eyes, if it isn't a rum un.
Here 's Peel won't let people have cheap bread, nor sugar, not even molasses,
But stops their mouths with an income-tax, and werry cheap asses;
Asses is cheap, to be sure. Then the Parliament is in a fine condition,
All corrupt bribery like, as ve told 'em in 'the People's Petition.'
That was a starter; and they says ve shall get it; and, vot's more,
Have all the fine Parliament men come bowing and scraping at a poor man's door.
As for me, it is a werry clear case that I shall feel no manner of objection
To put ten pounds into these welweteens whenever there comes an election.
And that an't bribery, neither; cos it's my honest conwiction, d'ye see,
The gentleman as does the handsome, vy he's the gentleman as ought to represent me.
Then there'll be no gentlefolks, nor no shays, nor gigs, nor nothing of that,
But them as vos gentlefolks must ride in a cart like me, and vear a fantailed hat:
And that ere I calls true liberty, ven you're poor to see other folks poor—
Do you think I'll let the rich be rich when I an't rich?—Catch me at that, to be sure.
We'll have no National Debt, no taxes, nor no soldiers, but all live in peace,

And walk up and down, and fight when we like, without axing the New Police.
As for the Queen, we says we'll have a Queen, because without some sitch condition,
They wouldn't hear us; but catch us at a Queen ven we've got the People's Petition.
And these here are my sentiments, and I thinks they does me honor;—
They an't my sentiments only, but the rale sentiments o' Mister Fergus O'Connor."

PUNCH'S PROLOGUE TO HIS THIRD VOLUME.

A mystic Number, is Number Three!
For are we not told
By Pliny of old
That three, and but three, were the Sibylke!
Three were the books they left behind;
(A second edition who can find?)
Three are the thimbles, and only three,
That have covered the wonderful little pea.
The Poor-Law Commissioners are no more;
Their spell would be broken if they were four;—
And never again could the poor be fed
On a ha'porth of cheese and a ha'porth of bread.
Fatal that Number has been, for we
Married our wife from Number Three;
And won't the next year as ever is, be
Eighteen hundred and forty-three?

Over the paper and on to our quill,
Jumping from table to window sill,
Are two little imps,
As lively as shrimps
Before they are boil'd—Will they never be still?

One has settled at last—such a strange little prig—
In a square-cut coat and a full-bottom'd wig,
And under his arm he has placed, ha! ha!
Such a queer little three-corner'd *chapeau de bras;*

The buckles are silver he wears in his shoes,
Which were made when they used to be square at the toes.
Bless us and save us! how changed he appears,
His pucker'd-up face seems the text-book of years,
And no one would think that a moment ago,
He was skipping about like Ma'amselle Cerito!

With his toes turn'd out as tho' he had stood
In the wooden box,
'Yclept the stocks,
Which is used to turn naughty girls into good;
He hands us a card which we never can hope
To decipher without we 'd a microscope;
But the little sprite
Now does the polite,
And stepping up with a gentle hem!
Says, "The name you see, belongs to me,
It's Doubleu—i—s—dee—o—m."
"Wisdom!—Are you that hoary sage?
Really you seem very small for your age."
Says he,
"I be,
And I've come to assist at 'Punch,' Volume Three."
And then without pausing a single minute,
He has leap'd to the throttle
Of our little ink-bottle,
And just like a dabchick, has soused himself in it.
Help! help! he will surely be drown'd,
And what will the coroner say when he's found?
We've poked all about with our pen, but, O la!
We can fish nothing up but his *chapeau de bras!*

The other sprite
Doth now alight,
As though to inquire "What *are* you at?"
O my! what a pair of luminous eyes,
We never saw any so bright for their size,
And so wide awake,
O wouldn't they make
Two "Union-pins" for a satin cravat,
With one of the "Albert ties?"

Gingerly over the table he trips,
Swaying his body about from the hips,
As much as to say
If you wish to convey
To the world that your made out of porcelain clay,
You'll own that my style is the right time o' day!

"I'm Wit," says he,
"So, Signior, P—,
'Twill be rather hard if we cannot agree.
"You've occasioned some sport
In my own joyous court,
So I've come to assist in your Volume Three;
And, to prove my good will,
Let me creep in your quill,
And each word shall sparkle that flows from its tip.
We can surely devise
To be witty and wise,
For Wisdom lies hid in the fount where you dip!"

Presto!
Just so—
Or the time was, if anything, shorter—
Wit flew to our pen,
And its nib we saw then—
Was a gem of the very first water.
So, tho' wondrous the tomes that we've written may be,
You'll find they 'll be nothing to Volume Three!

A CHARITY (BAWL) BALL.

These poor are all a shocking set,
And given to every vice,
In spite of our societies
To make them good and wise.
There's Lady Censurelove and I
Do nothing, I am sure,
From morn till night, but talk about
The vices of the poor.

They are so idle, one and all,
So fond of gossip too,
And very apt to imitate
Whate'er their betters do.
The servants really made remarks
The day I shut the door
Upon my niece. How quarrelsome
You ever find the poor!

Then what extravagance we see
In hamlets and in towns,
One can but wonder how they dare
Have fancy caps and gowns.
Those milliners' apprentices
In church I can't endure;
They dress so very like my girls—
'Tis odious in the poor!

Our tradesmen are exorbitant;
I do not know of one
Whose patience will outlast three years,—
They all delight to dun.
But people have not always cash
Without a sinecure,
Such as my dear Sir William has—
How thoughtless are the poor!

I patronise the Sunday-schools,
And always wish, indeed,
To get the children pious tracts
And Testaments to read.
But yet when at the bookseller's
I call for Scott or Moore,
Some servant buys the very same—
Such books destroy the poor!

THE END.

18 April 1860

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